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OF

Social Science

IN ITS

Ethical, Economical, Political, and Ameliorative
Aspects.

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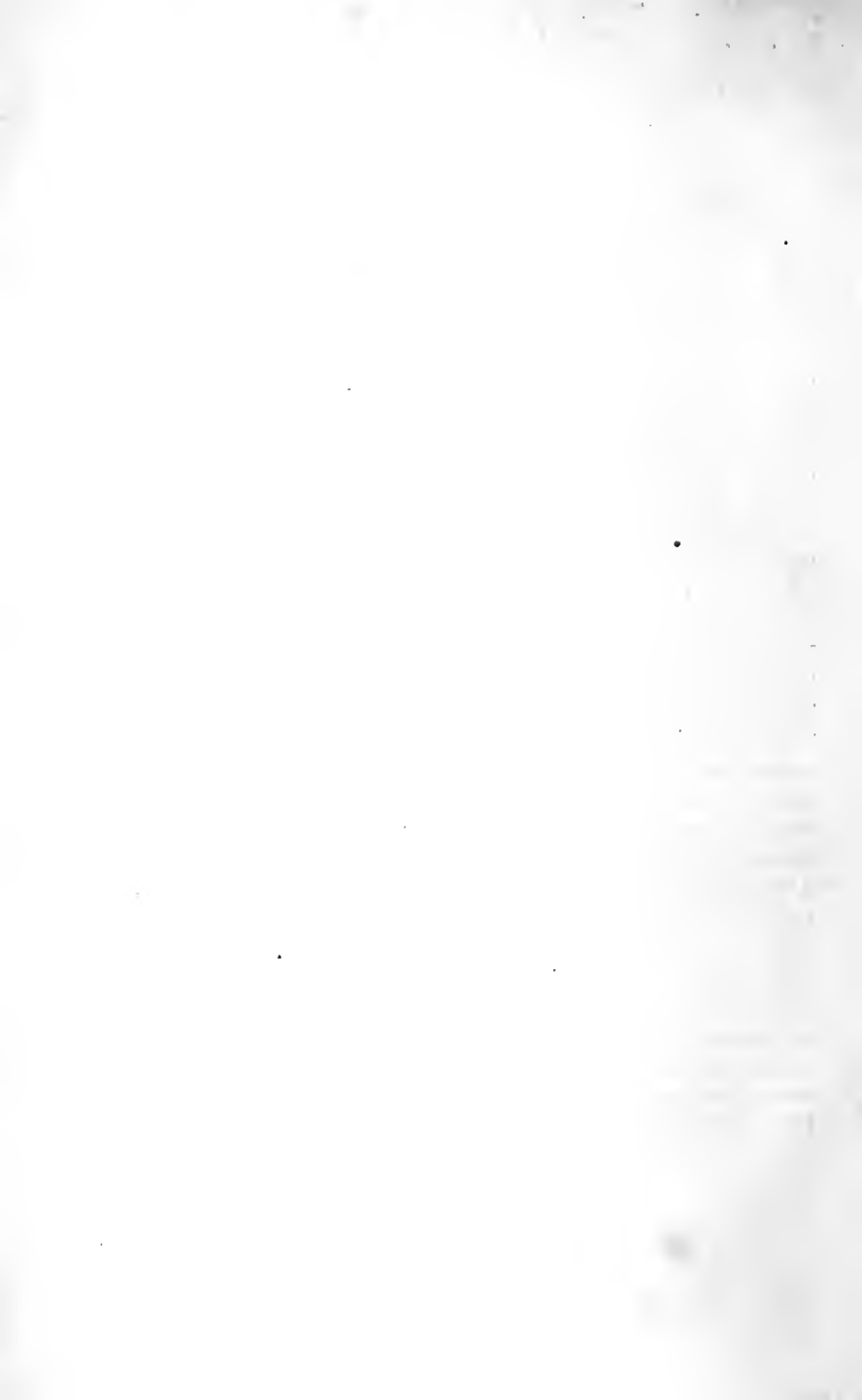
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Meliora.

- ART. I.—1. *History of the Crusades.* By M. Michaud. Translated by W. Robson. 3 vols. London: Routledge.
2. *The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be.* By Dr. Barclay. Philadelphia. Challen and Son.

NO city in the world has such a history as Jerusalem. A halo encircles it from the earliest times. Events of lasting memorial and of eternal interest have there transpired. Attractions exist within it which have drawn crowds of pilgrims, throughout long centuries of time, to gaze on its site, tread its streets, and to meditate among its tombs. The pages of the past are filled with its history, and prophecies of the future are replete with references to this city of the Great King. ‘Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be’ has formed the subject of contemplation and regard by the devout of every age. The post-diluvian patriarch, Shem, is supposed to have laid its foundations, and under the name of Melchizedek to have reigned in Salem. Abraham, the friend of God, has associated one of its hills for ever with his unparalleled devotion. David’s bravery won it for his metropolis, Solomon’s princely munificence adorned it with the temple where the tribes went up to worship, and God consecrated it with the pillar-cloud of his manifest presence. It was thus linked with the patriotism and the piety of the Jew. The captivity at Babylon could not alienate him from the holy city: the fear of a lion’s den could not prevent him from turning towards it as he prayed. Emigration to all seats of commerce could not make the Jews forget Jerusalem. ‘By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. . . . If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.’ Whenever they bent the knee in daily devotion, they prayed for the peace of Jerusalem, and pronounced their benediction on them that loved it.

Restored by the edict of Cyrus, rebuilding their city and its temple amidst many oppressions and troubles, Jerusalem became doubly dear to the Jews, and as the descendants of Abraham

assembled there year by year, their growing formalism constrained them to fancy that within its walls they were safe in the outer court of the kingdom of heaven.

But the greatest glory of Jerusalem was yet to come. In its immediate neighbourhood God became incarnate in a Jew. At Gethsemane, beside it, he endured his awful agony, and was arrested by the hands of men. In the city He was tried by the potentates of earth, and condemned to an accursed death. He bore the bitter cross along the 'dolorous way,' was crucified on Calvary, where He made expiation for human sin, and He had his tomb for a time in a rock hard by. Around it were uttered many of those words of divine wisdom which have taught the world for ages, and there were wrought many of those miracles of power which attested the Messiahship of Jesus.

Dear as was Jerusalem to the Jew, and fond as has been his attachment to it during his expatriation for eighteen centuries, the Christian has regarded the holy city with peculiar solemnity. It was the theatre where God had been manifest in flesh; where redemption had been wrought, where the Saviour had conquered death and consecrated the grave, and where He had by his rising again pledged the universal resurrection. It was natural that pilgrimages to scenes of such surpassing interest should early begin, and that Christians should love to visit the city of God. Early in the history of the Church did travellers brave many dangers and long absence from home, and freely spend their substance to look on Bethlehem and Galilee; but especially on Jerusalem, where the Cross of the Son of God had stood. As superstition corrupted the purity of Christian faith, and virtue seemed to linger on these scenes of sacred history, the blessings of heaven were deemed to favour those who sang a Christmas hymn in Bethlehem, renewed their baptism in the waters of Jordan, bewailed their sins at Gethsemane, professed their faith in the Son of God at the holy sepulchre, and looked for the return of Jesus from the rock where fancy had fixed his last footprint on earth. Under the reign of Constantine, who took the Church of the martyr ages into imperial favour, the holy places became splendid shrines. Helena, his mother, visited Jerusalem, and erected many churches on the spots where Christ had lived and suffered. Under the protection of the eagles of Rome, Christian pilgrims could now go to the Holy Land, and in the days of Jerome, at the end of the fourth century, such crowds arrived at Easter as to make an annual Pentecost in the numerous tongues which joined in the praise of the Redeemer. The wise and the enlightened saw the dangers to piety from the superstitions which had superseded faith, and lifted their warning; but the zeal of the faithful was too blind to perceive, and too fanatical to fear any dangers.

dangers. They imagined that they were better prepared for heaven if they saw the Gospel in the wooden Cross and worshipped at the tomb of Christ. As the missions of the middle ages extended the Gospel to the West, pilgrims from the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Thames were found journeying to the holy city.

The holy places were recognized as sacred asylums for those who had merited death by their crimes. After a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ, law forbore to condemn and justice hesitated to punish. There was no guilt which could not be expiated by a visit to Calvary. The murderer, after his return from Jerusalem, was revered as a saint. The faithful forgot and forgave the vices of the wicked in the acts of devotion which a pilgrimage implied. In the eleventh century the Western Church permitted pilgrimages to stand instead of canonical penances; and 'sinners were condemned to quit their country for a time and to lead a wandering life, after the example of Cain,' in order to satisfy the Church for their trespasses, and to save their souls.

It was deemed a neglect of Christian duty if any failed to perform some pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint; and he was accounted the holiest who undertook a journey to the distant East. Fathers began to dedicate their sons to travels which would merit heaven. Nor was the virtue thus supposed to be gained regarded as available only for the parties whose pilgrimage obtained it; it was supererogatory, and could lessen the pains of purgatory or secure spiritual blessings on behalf of a friend. It thus became the interest of Christians in all lands to favour the holy travellers. Pilgrims were everywhere honoured, and could make their journeys on little money. Hospitals were built for their comfort at convenient stages from the Atlantic to the holy city. Rich merchants freely gave money to sustain the devotees, and the clergy collected subscriptions to aid a work which tended so much to the glory of the Church.

In addition to those who performed some pilgrimage to expiate sin or acquire merit, there arose professional visitors of sacred places, who made it their sole business to go from shrine to shrine as substitutes for the million, and to collect relics which increased in value as the desire for pilgrimages grew. The Palmers, as these men were called, were held in high estimation, and were sustained by the charity of Christians. To them could be disclosed the deepest secrets, as the Abbess in Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion' indicates by unfolding to one the mystery of her soul—

"O holy Palmer!" she began,
"For sure he must be sainted man
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found."

Having travelled far and seen much, these pilgrims could often be of service to guide and cheer the way of knights and barons. Thus is one described in 'Marmion':

'Here is a holy Palmer come
From Salem first, and last from Rome,
One that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may still be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint and flashing levin,
'Mid shadows, mists, and darkness given.
He shows St. James' cockle-shell;
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily
Saint Rosalie retired to God.'

But when, in the seventh century, Mahomet arose and passed like a scourge over the East, and threatened also the West, obstacles were put in the way of pilgrimages to Jerusalem. The Saracens were masters of Syria and Egypt. The north of Africa yielded to their power. Constantinople was threatened by their advances. They made Spain their prey and ravaged the coasts of Greece and even of Italy itself. But Jerusalem especially was an object of desire to believers in the Koran. After a siege of four months, Omar entered into the city of God. The abomination of desolation now filled the holy place, and supplanted the mummery of superstition. A mosque arose where Solomon's temple had been. Tribute had to be paid by Christians. Persecution tried the faith of pilgrims to the sepulchre of Christ. But the fears of martyrdom did not check the desire for pilgrimage; many longed to die in the land that had been consecrated by the blood of Christ. The greater trial and danger which were experienced enhanced the religious merit in the esteem of the pilgrim and of the Church. As superstition increased in the West, which it then was doing rapidly, and crowds of pilgrims flocked to the East, the jealousy of the Saracens was aroused, churches were converted into stables, religious ceremonies interdicted, and pilgrimages were only permitted by the payment of a heavy tribute.

Meanwhile as the Mussulman power was advancing in Asia, the authority of the Church was reducing Europe to an empire greater than the Cæsars had ruled. Hildebrand made Rome again the capital of the world, and waved the two-edged sword of St. Peter

St. Peter over the kingdoms of the earth. Europe was made a vast religious society where the preservation of the faith was the principal interest, and where a spiritual law awed into submission the most powerful monarchs and feudal barons.

At such a time it was not difficult to inflame the minds of the people with a desire to win by force of arms for their devotion, the lands that had been made sacred by Christ. Gregory VII. was implored to undertake a holy war, and the crafty pope was ambitious enough to encourage the idea. But disputes with the Emperor of Germany embroiled him in European affairs, and he gave no more attention to the deliverance of Jerusalem.

The next pope had to contend with an opponent in the holy see, and could not carry out his desire of attacking the Mussulmans. The commencement of the Crusades, which engaged the attention, and commanded the united energies of Europe throughout two hundred years, was reserved for a pilgrim and a monk.

Peter the Hermit was a restless, active spirit. 'He sought in all conditions of life for an object which he could never meet with in any. The study of letters, bearing arms, celibacy, marriage, the ecclesiastical state, offered nothing to him that could fill his heart or satisfy his ardent mind. Disgusted with the world and mankind, he retired amongst the most austere cenobites.' His mind became excited, he saw visions, and dreamed dreams. He believed himself to be in special favour with heaven, and charged to declare the divine will. 'He possessed,' says one, 'the fervour of an apostle with the courage of a martyr.' A desire to see the tomb of Christ drew him from his retreat; but the sight of the persecutions of Christians and impieties of Mussulmans in the city of the Great King, aroused his indignation and called forth his zeal. He appealed to the Christian patriarch resident there, and urged him to seek the help of the West to restore to the Church the localities of its birth and bloody baptism. A voice from heaven seemed to call him to avenge the cause of Christ. Full of these thoughts, he resolved to appeal to the pope and Catholic Christendom to take arms for the holy sepulchre.

After his appeal at Rome, Urban II., then pope, pronounced him a prophet, and applauded his designs. With the papal benediction, Peter went forth to preach a crusade. He rode on a mule, with his head bare, a crucifix in his hand, his body covered with a coarse frock with hermit's hood, and girt with a thick cord. He was everywhere received as a saint, and made most powerful impressions upon the thousands that assembled to hear his words. He preached in pulpits, in the roads, in the streets, and wherever an audience could be gathered. He gave in animated style a description of the profanation of the holy

holy places, and of the torrents of Christian blood which he had seen in Jerusalem. 'He invoked, by turns, heaven, the saints, the angels, whom he called upon to bear witness to the truth of what he told them. He apostrophized Mount Zion, the rock of Calvary, and the Mount of Olives, which he made to resound with sobs and groans. When he had exhausted speech in painting the miseries of the faithful, he showed the spectators the crucifix he carried with him; striking his breast and wounding his flesh, sometimes shedding torrents of tears.' Occasionally, pilgrims on their return from Palestine joined him, and added by their tales of suffering to the impressions made by the hermit's words. The people were moved to the heart, made solemn protestations before God and the saints to give themselves, their riches, and their prayers for the deliverance of the holy places. Peter passed among them as a saint of the highest order—a special messenger from God, and happy was the man who touched his garment, or pulled a hair from his mule, as a sacred relic to inflame devotion.

At this juncture the Emperor of Constantinople sent ambassadors to the pope to solicit assistance against the Turks. The pope called a council, which was so numerous attended that no church could hold them. But though 200 bishops and archbishops, 4,000 ecclesiastics, and 30,000 of the laity were there, they did not yet determine upon a holy war. It was reserved for the martial nation of France to resolve upon the deliverance of Jerusalem. At a council assembled at Clermont, the pope and Peter appealed to the people—described the sad scenes of the holy city, recalled the bravery of Charles Martel and Charlemagne, and summoned the nation to become soldiers of the living God. The entire remission of sins was promised to all who would join in the war. Their civil concerns were placed under the protection of the Church, and heaven was to be the reward of every soldier of the Cross. The vast assembly was moved as one man, and answered the appeal with a shout: 'Dieu le veut!'—'It is the will of God!' 'It is the will of God!' They fell upon their knees, confessed their sins, and received absolution from the pontiff, who then commenced to distribute the badge of the new warfare to all the brave. Bishops, barons, knights—all swore to avenge the cause of Jesus Christ. Crowds of people received the cross of cloth from the hands of Urban and of Peter. The French seemed now to have no country but the Holy Land. Gold and steel seemed the only articles of value. Private feuds were forgotten in the general call to arms for the faith.

Other countries soon felt the flame. England, though recently disturbed by the Norman conquest, Germany, groaning under papal anathemas, Italy, torn by its own factions, Spain, itself partially occupied by Saracens, contributed many to the
Crusade.

Crusade. The entire West was moved to undertake an armed pilgrimage.

The times and the circumstances of these countries favoured the new proposal. Internecine wars had disturbed the people, and made provisions scarce. Feudal tyranny oppressed them. They gladly took the cross to avoid more galling servitude or more pressing want. By this, too, they were freed from imposts, and could not be pursued for debt. Guilt escaped the law, serfs became free under the new influence which invited them to warfare in a distant land.

Ambition moved some. In an age of warfare this could not fail to enlist the brave. Chivalry was then rising to its glory, and as its devotion was said to be claimed by her whom they called Ever-Virgin, knights forgot their ladye love in a higher attachment, and were even induced by their fairest friends to give themselves to the service of Christ. Ladies sent a distaff to the timid to reproach their cowardice. The *needy* who saw little room for themselves in their native land—the younger sons of nobles who had no avenues to commerce or industry—rejoiced in the opportunity to win fame and fortune by war in other lands. The *bad* embraced a cause which would atone for their crimes. The robber got by it the sanction of religion to his plunder. Monks exchanged the convent for the camp, artisans their tools for the sword and the bow, and barons sold their castles and lands for means of warfare. Even women and children imprinted the cross upon their delicate limbs, and swore to follow the soldiers of Christ. The aged and feeble gave their money in heaps; the poor gave their prayers and benedictions or the promise of their sons; all envied the fate of them who could go to the Holy Land; whole families joined the Crusade. Villages were emptied; the one idea of conquest possessed all. None thought of distance, of danger, of want, or of carnage. Country, relationship, honours were all sacrificed to the Crusade. ‘Moderation was cowardice, indifference treason, opposition a sacrilegious interference.’ Europe was a land of exile. The aspirations of all were towards the East. In 1096 peace was universal in the West; and 300,000 people began their march across the continent to the city of Jerusalem. Ill provisioned, ill governed, ill disciplined, moved only by enthusiasm and prepared only with hope, this mighty mass exulted as they united in an army. Most were on foot, few had horses or carriages, armour was scant and rude, and money scarcest of all. They celebrated their victories in songs and festivities before they had won them, and indulged in the excesses which often follow a conquest. Sins were all covered under the cross; the piety of the warfare atoned for the frailty of the warriors; the spirit was willing though the flesh was weak.

Superstition

Superstition and passion went hand in hand. The cuirass was confounded with the frock, the mitre with the helmet, and the austerities of penance with the debauchery of prostitution.

Peter the Hermit had a large concourse early around him, and him the ignorant, fanatical multitude chose for their general. With hood, mantle, and sandals, crucifix and mule, Peter put himself at the head of 100,000 men. These were chiefly composed of the lower orders, and were divided into four divisions. The vanguard was under Walter the Penniless, an adventurer as miserable as his followers. He had only eight horsemen. The rest were on foot and dependent on charity. So long as they passed through France and Germany they were well provided for, but when they advanced to the Danube they were cut to pieces for their excesses by the brave Bulgarians. The *second* division, under Peter, was led without moderation or prudence, and soon fell into danger. Thousands perished by the way and under the attacks of the people whose lands they sought to plunder. The *third* division experienced a similar fate; and by the time these three parts had reached the plain of Nice, where they were attacked by the Turks, only 3,000 remained.

In addition to them was a *fourth* division, consisting of a mass of the refuse of France, Flanders, and the Rhenish provinces. They wandered in disorder, without a proper commander, and preceded by a goat and a goose, which they believed to be inspired. They numbered nearly 200,000. They slaughtered the Jews all along their march, and proposed to do likewise to the Hungarians who refused them provisions. Many of them were then slain. The waters of the Danube were dyed with their blood, and choked with the numbers of dead bodies.

‘Before twelve months had expired since the spirit of crusading was roused into action by the Council of Clermont, and before a single advantage had been gained over the infidels, the fanatical enthusiasm of Europe had already cost the lives, at the lowest computation, of 250,000 of its people. But while the first disasters of the Crusade were sweeping the mass of corruption from the surface of society, the genuine spirit of religious and martial enthusiasm was more slowly and powerfully evolved. With maturer preparation, and with steadier resolve than the half-armed and irregular rabble, the mailed and organized chivalry of Europe was arraying itself for the mighty contest; and a far different, a splendid and interesting spectacle opens to our view.’

It is not our purpose to give a history of the Crusades, on which several volumes have been written; but it may be necessary to a proper understanding of them to glance rapidly at the principal events connected with them. There were eight Crusades in all, carried on, as already hinted, during the long period of two hundred years. The abortive attempt under Peter the Hermit is scarcely entitled to be ranked in the number. It was the preface to the work which followed.

The first was commanded by Godfrey de Buillon, Duke of the Lower Lorraine. He was a fit captain for an expedition so grand.

‘Contemporary history, which has transmitted his portrait to us, informs us that he joined the bravery and virtues of a hero to the simplicity of a cenobite. His prowess in fight and his extraordinary strength of body made him the pride of camps. Prudence and moderation tempered his valour; his devotion was sincere and disinterested; and in no instance during the holy war did he employ his courage or inflict his vengeance but on the enemies of Christ. Faithful to his word, liberal, affable, full of humanity, the princes and knights looked upon him as their model, the soldiers as their father, and all were eager to fight under his standard.’

His two brothers joined his standard, and the nobility of France, the Rhine, and of Italy united their forces with his. Raymond, the Earl of Toulouse, Robert, Duke of Normandy, Hugo, brother to Philip I., King of France, Robert of Flanders, Stephen of Chartres, Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, and his brother Tancred, were among the illustrious in the army. The first division, under Godfrey, was composed of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse. The other divisions numbered also largely, so as to make the army formidable.

Proceeding by different ways, they met under the walls of Constantinople, where their power created much uneasiness to the occupant of the Greek throne. But their aims were not to overthrow the Christian empire. They therefore entered Asia and began their warfare. Almost every step of their way was covered with the bones of those who had preceded them; they therefore went onwards, determined to avenge their comrades and to extirpate all the Mussulmans from the Holy Land. At Nice they were met by the Turks, who were well disciplined, under one leader and inured to war. The Crusaders, on the other hand, numbering 500,000 foot and 100,000 horse, under leaders distinct from each other, and only nominally under Godfrey, were not easily guided. Conflicting motives operated among them, and personal glory animated knights and princes. They proved victorious at Nice, but with very heavy loss, in 1097. It was at a still greater sacrifice that they gained Antioch, and at the last only by treacherous stratagem. But even after they were within its walls, they were besieged. Famine, that had pressed on them in the camp, was more severe in the city. They could make no forays. Their spirits fell. They were resorting to cannibalism, when, by a desperate effort, they sallied forth against their besiegers and gained a glorious victory over the Saracens. They had lost more than 200,000 by battles, famine, misery, and disease. Many had returned to the West unwilling to brave further peril. Baldwin had his troops at Edessa, where he had gained a kingdom. Bohemond was invested with the sovereignty of Antioch. Several of the leaders were at feud with each other. Vice was
paralyzing

paralyzing the army. By the time they started from Antioch for Jerusalem only 1,500 cavalry and 20,000 infantry remained of the vast army which had set out from Europe.

They now approached the summit of their hopes; their last great battle was to be fought—Jerusalem was to be won back to Christendom—the way to the tomb of the Saviour was about to be opened to the faithful of the West.

‘By the break of day,’ says M. Michaud, ‘on the 10th June, 1099, the Crusaders ascended the heights of Emmaus. All at once the holy city presented itself to their eyes. The first who perceived it exclaimed together, “Jerusalem! Jerusalem!” The rear ranks rushed forward to behold the city that was the summit of all their wishes, and the words, “It is the will of God! It is the will of God!” were shouted by the whole army, and resounded over Mount Sion and the Mount of Olives, which offered themselves to the eager gaze of the Crusaders. The horsemen dismounted from their steeds, and walked barefooted. Some cast themselves upon their knees at beholding the holy places, while others kissed with respect the earth honoured by the presence of the Saviour.’

They all there renewed their vows to free the city from the yoke of the Mussulmans. Tasso has beautifully described this scene in his immortal poem, ‘Jerusalem Delivered.’

‘Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,

Swiftly they marched, yet were not tir’d thereby,

For willing minds make heaviest burdens light ;

But when the gliding sun was mounted high,

Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,

Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy ;

Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,

With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

‘As when a troop of jolly sailors row,

Some new-found land and country to desery ;

Through dangerous seas and under stars unknown,

Thrall to the faithless waves, and trothless sky ;

If once the wished-for shore begin to show

They all salute it with a joyful cry,

And each to other show the land in haste,

Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

‘To that delight which this first sight did breed,

That pleased so the secret of their thought,

A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,

That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.

Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread

Upon that town where Christ was sold and bought,

Where for our sins He, faultless, suffered pain,

There where He died and where He lived again.

‘Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,

Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt,

For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears,

Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt :

Such noise the passions make as when we hear

The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt ;

Or as the wind in haunts and shady greaves

A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves.

‘Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,

Following the ensample of their zealous guide ;

Their

Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, their feathers gay
They quickly doft, and willing lay aside ;
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride allay
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide.'

It was a full month, however, before they took the city and planted the standard of the Cross where the crescent had waved. The carnage was awful. Saracens were massacred everywhere. At the mosque of Omar their blood' reached to the bridles of the horses. The cries of infants and the tears of women, age or wounds availed not to soften the hearts of the soldiers of the Cross.

After the city was subdued, a king was elected. Godfrey was the unanimous choice of the princes and captains ; but with humility characteristic of himself, he refused to wear a crown of gold in a city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns ; and he contented himself with the title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre. He did not survive the anniversary of his election.

Though various monarchies were established in the Holy Land by the Crusades, yet their fortunes considerably declined during the half century subsequent to the taking of Jerusalem ; and they were obliged again to appeal to the European princes to assist them.

The preacher of the second Crusade was one of the most remarkable men of his age, and whose memory and influence have continued to impress succeeding time. Bernard of Clairvaux was a monk who secluded himself from the world for the purpose of devoting himself to the Lord. He was perhaps the most influential man in the twelfth century, and has been called *the last of the Fathers*. He was consulted by popes and by monarchs, and even general councils of the Church bowed to his decision. He was an extraordinary preacher. The specimens of his eloquence in the discourses which he daily addressed to his monks at Clairvaux, and which were preserved to us by those who were privileged to hear them, fully justify the opinion of Sixtus of Sienna, when he said that ' his discourses are at once so sweet and so ardent, that it is as though his mouth were a fountain of honey, and his breast a whole furnace of love.' His preaching of the Crusade made a great excitement all over France and Germany. ' His aspect, his manner, his extreme vivacity, and the fiery energy of his whole manner, produced so powerful an impression on the minds of men, even on those who only saw him, and heard nothing more than the sound of his voice, that, as is related in his life, when he preached to the Germans, they were moved to tears by his discourses without having understood a single word of the language in which they were delivered.' The King of France, the Emperor

Emperor of Germany, hundreds of nobles, thousands of knights, and hundreds of thousands of people received the cross at his hands, and went away on the second Crusade. The number has been computed at about a million, of whom 300,000 were fighting men, the rest were clergy, pilgrims, women, and camp followers. The success of this expedition was much as the first. The greatest part of the Crusaders melted away before they arrived at the Holy Land: the most shocking excesses abounded. Many perished at sea, many by famine, many by the sword. Dissensions also prevailed in the camp. The Christian chiefs in Palestine entertained jealousies of each other, and did not unite their forces. Meanwhile the Saracens were growing in strength, and were under the command of one of the greatest of warriors, Saladin, of illustrious memory. He was the viceroy of Egypt and Syria, and he took advantage of the disunion among the Christians to attack and conquer them. He took the King of Jerusalem prisoner in 1187, and in the same year brought the holy city again under the sway of the crescent. The French and German monarchs had returned to Europe before that time with miserable remnants of their grand armies. The Christian cause in the East was really worse than when the Crusades began, after the vast expense of life which had been sacrificed in its defence.

The third Crusade was commanded by Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, with a prodigious army in 1189; but he lost his life in Syria. Philip Augustus, King of France, and Richard of the Lion-heart, King of England, followed in 1190 with great armies. Philip retired in 1191, and it was left to an English king to reduce the valiant Saladin to terms of peace. A truce was formed for three years, and Christians had free access to the holy places.

Attempts were made in the commencement of the thirteenth century, urged by Innocent III., the reigning pope, which resulted rather in expediting the fall of Constantinople than in the promotion of the Crusade. Eager to enjoy the plunder of the Greek empire, the chiefs lost the most favourable opportunity of recovering the Holy Land.

The fifth Crusade was ordained by the General Council of the Lateran, in 1215, and embraced the Hungarians, under their King Andrew, and a large army of French, Germans, and English, as before. King Andrew's attempt was abortive; but Egypt was invaded, and Damietta taken by the second expedition. The Emperor Frederick, who had married the daughter of the King of Jerusalem, came to the succour of the Christian cause in Palestine, and obtained access, during a peace of ten years, to the holy places. The sixth Crusade effected little but the loss of life. The seventh

seventh and eighth were rendered brilliant by the bravery and devotion of Louis IX., King of France. He defeated the Mussulmans, but was himself defeated and taken prisoner, and ransomed by the surrender of Damietta to the Turks. However, he resolved upon a new expedition to retrieve his misfortunes. He raised a very large army, and was accompanied by the flower of the French nobility; but success did not attend his efforts. Pestilence seized the army, and the king himself fell a victim to its influence on the 25th August, 1270. He was the last European prince who engaged in the Crusades against the Turks. His pure devotion, upright character, manly nature, and kingly wisdom were worthy of a better fate. He was beloved by his subjects, whose interests he had truly at heart, and when he died great was the lamentation of the French people. His was a death-bed that may compare with many, favoured with more evangelical light. Calling his son to his tent he gave him instructions for the government of the kingdom and for his own conduct. His dying exercises were wholly in relation to the eternal world, and his last words were, 'O Lord, I shall enter into thy house, and shall worship thee in thy holy tabernacle.'

The death of Louis IX. terminated the Holy Wars, except in fanatical attempts made during the the 14th and 15th centuries to subdue the Turks; but these resulted in the subjugation of the whole Eastern empire to the Mahomedan power. On the 29th May, 1396, the sun last rose on the Roman empire of Constantinople; Mahomet and his janissaries laid it in the dust ere the evening closed. The Crusades were in every way disastrous to that empire, and as they ended, the Koran took the place of the Bible, the crescent that of the cross, and the Moslem that of the Christian in the city of Constantinople. The West was filled with consternation at the catastrophe, and made several futile attempts to recover the Golden Horn. The Emperor Frederick III. and Pope Calixtus III. endeavoured to stir up a crusade; but the Turk, instead of being made to retire continued to advance. Mahomet II. swore to annihilate Christianity. He subdued Greece, seized Cyprus, and captured, though he abandoned Otranto. Italy was distracted. The next pope, Sixtus IV., implored Christian Europe to expel the Turks. But notwithstanding the death of Mahomet II., and the subsequent divisions, Egypt and Persia, Palestine, and all the powers of the East yielded to the authority of the Turks under Selim. In course of time Belgrade and Rhodes were captured, and Vienna besieged by the followers of Mahomet. Not till the pontificate of Leo X., in the early part of the sixteenth century, was the power of the Turks broken at the battle of Lepanto, by Don John of Austria. Christendom then rejoiced; but what was left to Christendom after the long blight

blight of superstition and fanaticism, and after the divergence of active zeal and valuable life in the cruel wars of four hundred years?

In thus glancing at the Crusades, we must not pass over one phase of this so-called Holy War, directed, not against the Saracens, nor on behalf of the tomb of Christ and the holy places of Judea, but against the church of the Albigenses, who had kept the light of apostolic Christianity in their native valleys from the earliest days. They were the only persons who protested against the Crusades, in an age when men were given over to the darkness of superstition, and to the cruelty of fanaticism. But they were themselves made the object of a Crusade. Missionaries and papal legates were sent among them, but made no converts. Those who had the truth, and adorned it in their exemplary lives, were not likely to accept a creed which corrupted their faith and depraved their morals. They were therefore doomed to be exterminated. Innocent III. gave the same promises of heaven and plenary indulgences to all who engaged in the war against the Albigenes and Vaudois, as he gave to the crusaders against the Saracens. There were not wanting men ready to engage in the horrid slaughter. Simon de Montfort, the Duke of Burgundy, has attained the memorial of a lasting infamy for the part he took in the persecution of the people of God. Many joined his standard, for it seemed an easier way of gaining the same advantages than by going to Palestine. De Montfort executed his task with relentless cruelty, ravaged the country, burned the houses, massacred all the people, whether Romanists or not, inflicted the most revolting indignities and wrong upon the weak and the helpless. But the light did not cease to shine, the truth still lingered in the valleys, and successive generations of the martyrs have presented the glorious spectacle of a pure church amidst surrounding darkness and superstition.

What opinions, then, are we to form of the Holy Wars, and what were their results? These two questions we shall now propose to answer.

A French historian of the Crusades, M. Michaud, in estimating these Holy Wars, supposes for a moment that they had been successful, and draws a beautiful picture of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey as Christian colonies, the East and the West conspiring to promote the march of civilization,—the same religion extending over lands on every side, uniting all in happiness and prosperity and the hope of heaven. And he concludes that if this had been the case, there would have been but one opinion of the Crusades, and that all would have rejoiced and thanked God for the chivalry and warfare which consummated such bliss. But let us judge the Crusades in the light of justice and religion.

They were wars undertaken in the name of religion and for the purpose

purpose of destroying its enemies. They were carried on with relentless cruelty for the purpose of propagating the faith of Christ. They were the effort .

‘To make men by persecution think,
And by the sword believe.’

Following the counsel of one of the popes who applied to the Church the words of the Apostle, ‘Here are two swords,’ they sought to force the unbelieving world to yield to the power of the Church. In the name of the Gospel they perpetrated the greatest crimes. Under the banner of the Cross they bore malediction to men. As soldiers of Jesus they carried destruction to those who knew him not. Is this the spirit of Christ or of his holy gospel? Is it not rather the spirit of Mahomet, who made the alternative of his propagandism always be ‘The sword or the Koran?’

Had but a hundredth part of the numbers who went to fight against the Saracens become missionaries of the Cross, and evinced a similar zeal for the souls of the Mussulmans as they did against them, what might have been the result? The display of such philanthropy, disinterestedness, and self-denial for the good of men could not fail to have moved the minds of the most superstitious among the followers of Mahomet. What vast resources were wasted, thousands of lives sacrificed in an insane attempt to make the religion of the Saviour triumphant by force of arms! In the holier war of missionary enterprise, not a thousandth part of these vast armies have ever gone forth, yet how magnificent have been the results! The banner of the Cross now waves where the idolatrous sign was seen. The worship of stocks and stones has been supplanted by the fear of God, alike devout and intelligent. Heathen temples have given way to Christian churches. Ignorant, depraved, cruel, and cannibal tribes have been transformed into an enlightened, exemplary, and Christian people; and lands where war and cruelty, waste and desolation prevailed, are now peaceful and happy, cultivated and fruitful.

The true crusade is against sin and ignorance, and not against man. Its mission is to enlighten, and civilize, and save—to transform every heart into a shrine, and every country into a holy land. It seeks not to allure into its service by the promise of pardon, or a plenary indulgence for sin. It accepts no labourer who is not a volunteer, whose motive is not the love of Christ, and the desire for extending his knowledge for the salvation of man. But it has room for all in its holy ranks, work for all in its world-wide mission, and a reward for every labour of love in the name of Christ. This mission has been given to the Church of Christ. Preachers commend it to their people, and urge the duty and promise the beatitude of a dedication so holy and so beneficent as the service of Christ in saving souls.

The

The Crusades of the middle ages were instigated chiefly by the most superstitious and fanatical notions, and promoted by the ambition of popes to subdue the rising power of kingdoms under their sway, and joined in by kings and by barons to restrain the spirit of freedom which they fostered among their subjects. The desire to advance the interests of a true Christianity did not possess many of the chiefs who led the mighty movement. Religion was scandalized, before the followers of Mahomet, by the unprincipled and depraved Crusaders, and by the object which they professed to have in view. The disciples of the Prophet were not led to study the claims of Christianity. They were prejudiced against the faith which prompted deeds of wrong, boasted of lying wonders, and practised the weakest superstitions and the grossest vices. They obtained no benefit from the learning, civilization, or religion of the West. They despised alike its literature, its laws, and its faith. A hatred against Christianity and Christians seized the minds of the Moslem, and modern missions still reap the fruits of the evil influence of the Crusades. No people are more difficult of access, of none have fewer converts been gained, among none is opposition to the Christian faith so inveterate as the Mohamedans throughout the world manifest.

To Christianity as a religion the Crusades did much evil.

‘The principle of the Crusades,’ says Gibbon, ‘was a savage fanaticism ; and the most important effects were analogous to the cause. Each pilgrim was ambitious to return with his sacred spoils, the relics of Greece and Palestine, and each relic was preceded and followed by a train of miracles and visions. The belief of the Catholics was corrupted by new legends, their practice by new superstitions ; and the establishment of the inquisition, the mendicant orders of monks and friars, the last abuse of indulgences, and the final progress of idolatry, flowed from the baleful fountain of the holy wars. The active spirit of the Latins preyed on the vitals of their reason and religion, and if the ninth and tenth centuries were times of darkness, the thirteenth and fourteenth were the age of absurdity and fable.’

The Church sank more deeply into superstition ; the clergy into ignorance ; and all Christendom exhibited a reproach and a scandal to the name which it bore.

At the period of the Crusades, the Arabians and the Greeks were far in advance of the West in knowledge, industry, and art, and those who engaged in the Holy Wars from the spirit of fanaticism, were slow to observe or to profit from the intellectual and industrial superiority of those whom they made their enemies. The civilization of Europe, instead of taking advantage of these avenues to improvement, wasted its own strength and resources in vainly attempting to reduce the stronger and more polished Easterns to their sway.

There can be no doubt that progress was made during these two hundred years ; but some writers have depreciated the influence of the Crusades on the improvement. Gibbon, Hallam, and Guizot seem

seem to regard the irruption of the northern nations into the Roman empire as effecting a far happier result on society in Europe than all the labour and travel consumed in eastern wars. The Crusades opened the way for the barbarian, and for the new life which the latter threw into the decaying civilization of the West. Mr. Hallam has not allowed much to the Crusades in overthrowing the feudal system. Had they done so, he thinks that 'they would have repaid Europe for the prodigality of crimes and miseries which attended them.' But there can be no doubt that they aided considerably to curb the power of the barons, and to set free their serfs from bondage. In the holy wars, every man gained a freedom from his feudal superior, though, as we have already hinted, in order to retain some portion of power, many barons joined the Crusade at the head of their retainers. But they could not restrain the spirit of liberty. Cities obtained enfranchisement by their corporate wealth. Communes followed by seeking the protection of the king against the baron, and the royal authority was often extended, and the power of the kingdom consolidated by the union of the prince with the people.

'The larger portion of the inhabitants of Europe was chained to the soil, without freedom, or property, or knowledge; and the two orders of ecclesiastics and nobles—whose numbers were comparatively small—alone deserved the names of citizens and men. This oppressive system was supported by the arts of the clergy and the swords of the barons.' The authority of the priests operated for a time as a salutary antidote; but the power of the sword kept the people in subjection. When, however, the Crusades opened the way for the serf to be independent of his master, and impoverished the estates of the feudal lords, liberty was wrung from the reluctant, security was gained for the trader, and a greater healthfulness pervaded the community. 'The conflagration,' says a brilliant writer, 'which destroyed the tall and barren trees of the forest, gave air and scope to vegetation and the nutritive plants of the soil.'

The holy wars aided to make legislation more beneficial to the people. 'The departure of the Crusaders gave occasion for a number of actions; precautions against fraud were multiplied; public notaries were called in; the use of charters was adopted.' The legislation of Venice and of Constantinople opened up new ideas to Franks, and led Louis IX. to make a collection of laws and the people to sue for justice.

Though the progress was slow, the Crusades undoubtedly contributed much to navigation, commerce, arts, science, and learning.

Navigation had been followed by few. Before the twelfth century, 'France had but two or three ports upon the coast of Nor-

mandy, and had not a single one upon the ocean or the Mediterranean, when in the seventh Crusade Louis IX. caused that of Aigues-Mortes to be dug.' It must be remembered that Marseilles, which had been a flourishing port for ages, did not then belong to France. 'England was scarcely more advanced, and abandoned the navigation of the seas surrounding it to pirates.' But the Crusades called forth navigators from Norway and the Baltic to assist in conveying armies and besieging maritime cities. The sight of the Mediterranean ports awakened a new spirit, and navigation was fostered by commerce, to which the East was able to contribute so largely. The Saracens manufactured stuffs. Metals were wrought in great perfection at Damascus. Tyre was famous for its glass. Indigo, alum, and saffron, in relation to the useful arts, may be traced to the times of the Crusades.

The *fine arts* derived little benefit from the holy wars. The Mussulmans despised painting, and the Koran forbade sculpture. And the Latins, after their conquest of Constantinople, 'destroyed most of the monuments raised by the genius of sculpture, and converted the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles into pieces of coin.'

Geography was much advanced by means of the Crusades. This science was very little known before that period. The soldiers of the Cross knew scarcely anything of each other's country till they met in a common army; but their international knowledge was extended while they opened up the East. In the thirteenth century, charts of the globe gave neither the configuration of the earth nor the extent of countries. They merely trace by vague designations which struck travellers most forcibly—such as the curiosities of each country, the animals, the buildings, and the various dresses of men. A recent historian of the Crusades writes—

'We have seen a map of the world, which is attached to the "Chronicle of St. Denis," and which appears to have been made in the thirteenth century: we do not find, as in modern maps, the names of the four cardinal points set down, but on the four sides are written the names of the principal winds, to the number of twelve. Jerusalem, according to the opinions of the time, is placed in the centre of the three parts of the world; a large edifice, surmounted by a cross, represents the holy city. Around this queen of cities, the author of the map has figured by other edifices the cities of Palestine, Syria, Egypt, &c.; the distances are marked without any attention to exactness; all appears thrown at random on the paper: this confused mass of edifices or houses seems to be less a representation of the universe than the shapeless picture of a great city, built without plan or regularity.'

In the fourteenth century, geography made considerable progress.

Learning derived its advantages from the Crusades. Greek literature found a new entrance to Rome. The 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' were again brought to the land of the 'Æneid,' and the

the orations of Demosthenes were read amidst the ruins of the forum where Cicero delivered his orations. Aristotle came again from Constantinople to the West, and at once took a place in the schools higher even than the Holy Scripture.

History received great additions from the pens of the Crusaders, chiefly ecclesiastics, who chronicled the events of which they were witnesses, or wrote itineraries of their travels. William of Tyre has been called the Livy of the Crusades. Villehardouin and Joinville, both Frenchmen, wrote in their native tongue, and their works are among the earliest monuments of French literature.

But *poetry* received a marvellous impulse by these great movements of men. The imagination had much to aid its development from the scenes and events of the holy wars. Poetry, therefore, awoke anew, and produced some of its most powerful pieces. Troubadours went to the East, and besides their feats of arms, added a glory to their names by their metrical romances. The names of Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and Saladin, were set to the music of the *trouvères* on the banks of the Loire. In Germany, the effect of the mighty movement on the muse was very apparent. The people that had lived within themselves for many hundred years had, by means of the Crusades, a new world opened up to their minds. New feelings were called forth as they joined the standard of the Cross. The loss of home, the desire to travel, bitter regret at parting, moved the young thought of Germany, and the poetry of that period is replete with its influence and preserves it. 'The genius of the old song was suddenly aroused. Then came the time of the Minnesingers, the first classical period of German literature.'

The Crusades themselves received, in an after age, the immortality of Tasso's noble epic, 'Jerusalem Delivered.' There, by means of the beautiful delineations of character, though not free from exaggeration, Godfrey, Tancred, and Rinaldo, each stand a model

'Whom every man in arms would wish to be.'

A new Crusade is working for the East. Towards the cradle of the Christian faith, the hopes of the Church are again turning, and efforts have been made to establish a mission in the holy city which will be influential in all the East. It is possessed of singular advantages and facilities for such a work. These are thus referred to by Dr. Barclay in his splendid volume on the 'City of the Great King,' which made a deep sensation and obtained an extensive circulation in America. He says—

'In no city, perhaps, on earth are there so many and such distinct races of men and grades of religion as are to be found in Jerusalem: the sensual, fair-skinned Turk; the swarthy, turbulent Arab; the barbarous, ebony-skinned African; the superstitious, circumventing Christian of every hue and dye; and the down-

trodden, Banquo-like Israelite, the wanderer of every clime, a stranger everywhere, at home nowhere, not even on his own heaven-given soil !

'From Jerusalem as a central point seventy-five thousand of the Arab family can also be reached in every direction. Situated on the Medimarinean isthmus, between the continents of Asia and Africa on the one hand, and the Mediterranean or Western Sea and the Indian or Eastern Sea on the other, leading to the abode of Japhet in Europe, and the Isles of the Gentiles in all Oceanica ; it is thus accessible to all nations, tribes, kindreds, and tongues. Nor is there another spot on the face of the earth so well situated as Palestine for the erection of a mighty Pharos, for the diffusion of moral light amongst those that are sitting in the region and shadow of death. Hence the importance of creating an immense Bible magazine in Jerusalem. Equally obvious, too, is the importance of the holy city as the most suitable place on all the earth for a "school of the prophets," a great mission establishment for preparing missionaries for the whitening fields of the East, that "the law may go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." What a noble and inviting enterprise !'

Events are favouring such an anticipation. The towns and cities of the East are rising anew by reason of the overland route to India. Egypt has revived its busy appearance and life. Railways and telegraphs are giving a new impulse to Egypt. New importance is being attached to these seats of ancient blessing.

'But,' says a writer in a recent review, 'it is possible that events may take another course. Should the Euphrates railway succeed, there will be two channels eastward instead of one. The Egyptian one will still be maintained, for it has advantages of its own ; but the Assyrian one will be a mighty rival, and in its rivalry it may do for the buried cities of Babylonia what is now being done for the waste cities of Egypt. The stream of British commerce, pouring itself into the Persian gulf, will raise up the old cities and draw a new population to its banks. For a time, these two streams, flowing thus widely asunder, will leave Syria, or at least Jerusalem, untouched. But ere long the necessity for a junction will be felt, and the junction line between Egypt and Babylonia, though it might only skirt, not traverse Syria, would, by its necessary ramifications, lead to a resuscitation of the cities of Palestine, and, first of all, of Jerusalem itself.'

The Crusades of the past were expressions of superstition, fanaticism, and cruelty. The Crusades of the future must express the intelligence, piety, and missionary zeal of the Church. Those of old made the holy places scenes of idolatry, mockery, and scandal ; those of the future must make them a lesson of holiest enterprise and large-hearted philanthropy. Those of the past gloried in a locality of tradition ; those of the future must seek a glory of usefulness and Christ-like work. Those of the past walked 'about Zion to tell her towers and to mark her bulwarks ;' those of the future must 'give the Lord no rest until He create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy.'

ART. 2.—1. *On Food and its Digestion: being an Introduction to Dietetics.* By William Brinton, M.D., Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital. London: 1861.

2. *Medico-Chirurgical Review.* July, 1861.

3. *British Medical Journal.* 1861.

4. *History of Discoveries concerning the Action of Alcohol.* London: Caudwell. 1861.

IN a previous article we alluded to the controversy which has been raging amongst medical men in regard to the question, 'Is Alcohol Food or Physic?' and we examined the argument put forth by Dr. Barclay as indicating the stand-point of the profession at large a year ago. It now becomes our duty to give an account of the complete revolution of opinion which has been since effected amongst the highest teachers and wisest members of the profession, beginning with Dr. Brinton, the lecturer on physiology in St. Thomas's Hospital. His book is one of sterling merit, though not without its drawbacks and defects. A 'Saturday Reviewer' has, with peculiar instinct, seized upon the author's most questionable statement, and, wrenched from its context, used it as a plea for the bottle.

The doctor states that during the last twenty years he has examined sixty thousand individuals, and 'has met with very few perfectly healthy middle-aged persons successfully pursuing any arduous metropolitan calling under teetotal habits;' but 'has known many abstainers whose apparently sound constitutions have given way with unusual and frightful rapidity when attacked by casual sickness.' Perhaps this was intended as a sop to the Cerberus of popular prejudice, so as to allow an open door for the entrance of many sounder principles. At any rate, our author immediately says:—

'It may be suspected that any apparent rarity of the coincidence of perfect health and complete [?] teetotalism, is less of an argument against the claims of this doctrine than at first sight it seems to be. Certainly,' he adds, 'many of the habits of our urban populations are leagued against such an innovation—bad food, bad cookery, foul air, insufficient exercise, excessive mental and bodily toil; all combine to render a stimulus both less superfluous, and more harmless, than it would otherwise be; and suggest that the imperfect health often seen as the concomitant of teetotalism, should be referred to these well-known agencies of disease, rather than to any less direct and obvious cause, like the want of a particular drug. In like manner, that the constitution of a reformed drunkard often fails at a pinch, is a defect which ought in fairness to be charged to his previous habits, and not to the salutary change in these habits, but for which he would, in many cases, have lost his health and life long before.'

The mingled force and fallacy of this paragraph can only be distinctly seen by analysis and comparison with facts. 1st. It is not asserted that Dr. Brinton is as likely to inspect as fair a proportion of teetotalers as of drinkers. The abstainers who *are* healthy

healthy do not go to be examined, except for life-policies, and he is not the examiner appointed by the Temperance Life Assurance Office. That few healthy teetotalers, therefore, should come before him is exactly what might be anticipated *à priori*. 2nd. Teetotalers in London, in the first half of the last twenty years, were very rare indeed, and are by no means plentiful now; yet, according to the newspapers, the Havelock Temperance Rifles are as fine and healthy a body of men as any others selected from the general community.* 3rd. It is not pretended that abstinence has anything to do, by way of positive cause, with weakness of constitution, to whatever extent it may prevail. 4th. It is not denied that persons of somewhat delicate health are more likely to join a movement professing to improve the constitution than persons of rude or robust health, who, feeling no injury, are apt to make the hasty inference that no evil is inflicted by their drinking habits. 5th. It is fully conceded that abstinence, in many cases, so far from causing, has actually postponed, the catastrophe—*i.e.*, prolonged life. 6th. It is also admitted that the moderate use of this particular drug is only ‘more harmless,’ that is, less injurious, in some circumstances than in others. Whether the constant use of a narcotic and blood-defiling drug can counteract the other bad circumstances—whether bad drink is a rational remedy for bad air, bad food, and bad blood—we must leave to the decision of common sense. 7th. It is not denied that the alleged evils are even more common amongst drinkers than abstainers. Finally, the indisputable facts are, that the teetotalers have very much less sickness, and sickness of a less serious kind, than even moderate drinkers.

The ‘Morning Post’—which not many years ago said the proposer of the reformation of juvenile criminals was ‘cracked’—with its characteristic persiflage and superficiality declares that ‘the volunteer movement has placed total abstinence under an unfavourable aspect. Where is the superior steadiness of hand on the part of these gentlemen? We fancy abstinence records are only competent to disclose mediocrities, not stars; a quiet set of walking gentlemen, competent to fulfil the minor characters in the drama of life, but unfitted to enact its heroes.’ All this is but the ‘Post’s’ playful ‘fancy,’ for the facts of history, past and present, are against it. As to steadiness of nerves, take two cuttings from the press during the autumn:—

‘At the rifle contest at Kidderminster, Mr. Henry Parker, a teetotaler of eighteen years’ standing, won the first prize silver cup, against a grocer, a brewer,

* ‘This battalion, composed entirely of teetotalers, was inspected on Saturday evening, by Colonel M'Murdo, at the Sessions House, Newington Causeway, London. A large and fine body of men, under Captain Cruickshank, were present. The colonel expressed his gratification at the precision with which they went through their evolutions.’—*Morning Star*, Sept. 16, 1861.

a publican, and a solicitor. In another class, the silver cup was won by Mr. J. Pember, who has been a teetotaler all his life. This proves that teetotalism is no impediment to steady nerves.'

'We have had two days' rifle shooting for prizes, in the usually quiet town of Gainsborough. The first prize—a silver cup, value 10*l.*, and the second, value 3*l.*—were won by a teetotaler. He was the only teetotaler in the list of competitors; and as he approached the mark, the people were heard to say, "See how steady he is!" A jolly Boniface who shot, never hit the butt.'

We have the pleasure of knowing a famous hunter, who lived many years in India, and was the first Englishman, perhaps, who killed a yak bull. We mean R. H. W. Dunlop, C.B., author of that graphic book, '*Hunting in the Himalayas*.' After narrating an extraordinary adventure on the snowy peaks, attended by exhaustion, on which the party used some spirits, he gives this impartial testimony:—

'I have myself no prejudices in favour of temperance doctrines, but I have left off entirely the use of beer, wine, or spirits, simply because I have found them inevitably and unmistakably mischievous. I attribute the steadiness of my hand in rifle shooting very much to my not drinking wine or beer; and I have never in my life known any case of a hunter giving a fair trial to the system of drinking water, who did not find he could do better in walking, shooting, and endurance of every kind, than when on the "strengthening system of beer and spirituous tonics." Even in the present exceptional instance, I found that those accustomed to "drink" were the first to suffer from the collapsing effects of extreme cold on the circulation, were the least benefited by the stimulant, and soonest lost the slight fillip of abnormal or excited strength it gave. Now in this instance, the dram-drinking was strictly what it is often falsely assumed to be, "medicinal," the importance of the momentary stimulant being deemed worth the cost of after depression, or a few days' irritability of system.'

Again, Colonel Sir. J. E. Alexander, a competent authority on such matters, remarks, in an article on '*Camp Life*,' in the '*United Service Magazine*,' 'For long or short expeditions, spirits lead only to mischief.' In '*Wild Life in the Fjelds of Norway*,' by F. M. Wyndham, p. 135, we find the following:—'Excellent coffee served to quench our thirst; and it may be here remarked that (in a healthy country at any rate) the use of strong drink is best abandoned when an expedition requiring the full bodily powers is undertaken.' As we don't want heroes every day, but useful, commonplace men, all the better for being common, we see no force in the '*Post's*' lament. Is it in search of 'heroes'? If so, we hope it will not be 'as deaf as a post,' and refuse to hear the resoundings of Fame in honour of teetotalers. What does it say to Dr. Livingstone and to Dr. Sandwith of Kars? to Omar Pasha and to Havelock? Or suppose its eye can rest upon the little Isle of Caprera, and fancy itself listening to Garibaldi modestly retailing his exploits and saying, 'As for myself, I never drink anything but water,' might not even a '*Post*' begin to suspect that, by the adoption of teetotalism, a man

Might gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world'?

The

The rate of mortality in the Indian army, for the three classes of teetotalers, careful drinkers, and free drinkers, was one, two, and four per cent. respectively. In a trial in the army of the German Confederation, four corps of 20,952 men, to whom the usual rations were given, had 472 sick (or 1 in 44), while three corps of 7,107 men, from whom the drink rations were withdrawn, had only 79 sick (or 1 in 90).^{*} In the Crimean army, when the Turkish sick rate was two per cent., the British was six, seven, and eight, notwithstanding our soldiers were better fed, better posted, and better cared-for as regards sanatory conditions.

The experience of the Temperance Provident, Life Assurance Society, which has two sections of assurers, viz., carefully-selected moderationists and teetotalers, gives a quinquennial bonus of nearly twenty per cent. more to the latter than the former. A comparison of sick-clubs † shows that the drinkers have twice as much sickness, for twice as long a period, as the teetotalers, with, of course, twice the cost, and nearly double the mortality. The City of Refuge Lodge of the Sons of Temperance has only had one death in five years. The St. George's Benefit Club, London, with above one hundred members, has only lost one member by death in three years, and he a consumptive patient admitted without medical certificate. The St. Anne's, Spitalfields, with ninety members, has had no death for three years and a half. The Northwich Temperance Club, with an average of eighty members, instead of losing thirty-eight members at 2 per cent. annually, has only lost nine by death in twenty-four years, or less than half per cent. annually. Thus the lax statement of Dr. Brinton, and the fallacious deduction of the 'Saturday Review,' vanish before the stern evidence of facts and the array of incorruptible and genuine statistics.

Dr. Brinton sanctions all the early teachings of the teetotalers on the complex problem of digestion: 'The chemistry of artificial digestion,' he says, 'conclusively indicates that the mere solution of the gastric contents can undergo nothing but disturbance, or even opposition, from alcohol; the injurious effect of which is probably not altogether suspended by any but the most extreme dilution, and is certainly heightened by its combination with those saccharine and fermenting ingredients which are largely present in most alcoholic beverages, and which tend to set up, in the gastric contents, a decomposition akin to their own.' He thinks, however, that 'these (injurious) effects themselves *may* exert a salutary reaction on the system, obviating—perhaps oftener deferring and accumulating—some of the direct consequences of excess; . . . so as to check alike digestion and decomposition, and enable the intestinal canal to void its contents after a very scanty absorption

^{*} Works of Dr. Lees, vol. i. p. 41.

† Ibid., p. 41.

of their nutritious principles.' Dr. Brinton concedes, also, that the teetotaler less needs a rich dietary than the blood-impooverished drinker:—'that the insufficient ingestion, and still more insufficient digestion of food, is one of the commonest and worst results of alcoholic excess, by which the organism is thus deprived of food, at the same time that it is prostrated by the copious introduction of an active poison. Contrasted with this, teetotalism provokes the cravings of a healthy appetite, and implies a larger consumption of food.' All through his eleventh chapter, Dr. Brinton employs the teetotal dialect in speaking of alcoholic drinks. Alcohol is 'their *main* ingredient—certainly their more poisonous constituent—their benefits are, as a rule, inversely as their alcoholic ingredient—in other words, the mischief they can and do effect is some high power of their fluctuating proportion of alcohol—the general usefulness of wine is its special value as a less poisonous and brutalizing agent than ardent spirits.' . . . 'It is the natural but multifarious admixture of ingredients in wine which makes this liquid generally so much less poisonous, and more medicinal, than dilute alcohol.' By virtue of the tartrate of iron (first in grapes) and other ingredients, he classes wine as 'something between food and poison, and, therefore, akin to physic—pleasant physic perhaps!' Then follows the thoughtless and foolish remark, 'Not pleasant without a purpose on the part of beneficent nature!' He reminds us by contrast of the atheistic philosopher who regretted that it was a pity so many pleasures should be sins; for this principle of Dr. Brinton's would clearly solve the difficulty by making pleasure sanctify sin, since he proves the purpose and beneficence of nature by pleasure being attached to its committal! When men adopt an argument in physics that proves too much, it ends only in absurdity; but when a similar sophism is applied to morals, it turns philosophy into the pander for hell. We trust the author will, in his next edition, erase this pernicious plea for sensuality.

Dr. Brinton faithfully points out the pathological results of the use of alcoholics, as described by Shakespeare in *Macbeth* (Act. ii. scene 3), on the brain, the limbs, and other functions:—

'*Porter*. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

'*Macduff*. What three things does drink especially provoke?

'*Porter*. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes.

Dr. Brinton thus explains the meaning of a rubicund, port-painted visage: 'The unnatural flush, or the deep ruddy hue of the drunkard's face during a debauch, is scarcely more characteristic than is the more permanent colour of all the exposed parts of his integuments. And we may unquestionably observe an analogous, if

if smaller effect of this kind, as the ordinary result of a moderate use of fermented liquor; so much so, that among persons equally exposed to the air, the pallor of the teetotaler will generally distinguish him at a glance from the ruddier consumer of beer or wine.' It is questionable, however, according to Dr. E. Smith, whether the true function of the skin is not retarded by this increased circulation in the capillaries. 'In moderate drinkers,' says Dr. Brinton, 'it may be fairly supposed that this effect is partly due to an elimination of the poison by this channel.' He stoutly opposes the nonsense about alcohol saving the tissues—a notion now old enough to be placed amongst the curiosities of the past. 'Supposing metamorphosis to be limited in the way assumed, how should we call this economy? Metamorphosis is so far identical with life as to be at any rate the coefficient of all healthy vital action.'

'Reverting to larger facts,' says Dr. Brinton—the facts of a broad experience—he concedes that alcohol cannot be used as an element of respiration, since it is found that the teetotaler is warmer even within the Arctic circle, and cooler in the tropics, than the drinker. His summing up is remarkable for its judicial impartiality, but leaves no room for the ordinary dietetic use of alcoholics:—

'Exertion, in all its more active forms, whether this activity find vent in a short but excessive muscular effort, or in a more sustained but less violent action, is just as certainly disfavoured by alcohol. Careful observation leaves little doubt that a moderate dose of beer or wine would, in most cases, at once diminish the maximum weight which a healthy person could lift, to something below his teetotal standard. While, even as respects more sustained exertion, the avoidance of feverishness, and the capacity of prolonged muscular effort, are gladly secured by many who habitually drink alcoholic liquid, by a temporary abstinence from it under such circumstances.* In like manner it is not too much

* Dr. Brinton refers in a note to the chamois-hunters of the Bavarian Alps, who, to secure their own safety and endurance, while tracking their game from one mountain peak or precipice to another, rigidly abstain, for their life is dependent upon a quick eye, a steady hand, or a strong foot; though they will freely imbibe brandy in the chalet below, when their perilous labours are over. It is the same with our trainers, runners, and prize-fighters. Give Deer-foot daily a pint of port or porter, and his fleetness and endurance would pass from him almost as rapidly as Samson's strength when his locks were shorn. Drink is the Delilah of the physical system—an inveterate foe to 'muscular,' no less than to moral, 'Christianity.'

'Of course, Mr. Sayers,' said a friend of ours, to this hero of the prize-ring, 'you must in training take a deal of nourishment, such as beefsteak, porter, and pale ale?'

'I'll tell you what it is, sir,' was the response of the redoubted Tom; 'I'm no teetotaler, and in my time have drank more than is good for me; but when I've any business to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb-bells.'

Heenan, his American antagonist, is systematically a teetotaler; and so also is the champion wrestler of Westmoreland. Johnson, of Manchester, the modern Samson, lost his power as an acrobat through the use of beer, but it has returned to him as an abstainer with a marvellous increase, so that he can now accomplish the most amazing feats of physical prowess. The strongest man in the Isle of to

to say that mental acuteness, accuracy of perception, and delicacy of the senses, are all so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the ingestion of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid. Indeed, there is scarcely any calling which demands skilful and exact effort of mind or body, or which requires the balanced exercise of many faculties, that does not illustrate this rule. The mathematician, the gambler, the metaphysician, the *maître d'armes*, the billiard-player, the author, the artist, the physician, would, if they could analyse their experience aright, generally concur in the statement that, even though they may find a bottle of wine, convivially speaking, not a drop too much, and a more moderate potation quite compatible with the exercise of all their faculties, yet that a single glass will often suffice to take (so to speak) the edge off both mind and body, and to reduce their capacity to something below what is relatively their perfection of work.—(Pp. 389, 390.)

These facts ought to be amply sufficient for settling the ethics of this question, unless we rank amongst our social privileges the right to take the edge off both body and brain, or are disposed to plead for the abolition of the Christian rule, 'whether ye eat, or drink, do all to the glory of God.'

'Many years have now passed since we predicted that controversy on this great temperance theme must end in the distinct and practical separation of food from poison by the disciples of common sense on the one side, and on the theoretic (as already in the habitual) amalgamation of drugs with diet on the other, by the atheistic philosophers of pleasure and the dialecticians of strong drink. In the Review before us' (October 1854), 'Dr. Chambers has verified our prediction, in an article distinguished by a considerable share of plausible talent. Short of his conclusions there was in truth no stopping-place. Sooner or later the stern logic of consistency must bring those who will drink to his issue,' viz., that alcohol, opium, and tobacco are equally medicinal food.

This was the opening paragraph of an elaborate analysis of Dr. Chambers's famous article in the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' written nearly eight years ago, in which Dr. Lees concludes with 'the expression of a sincere desire that the next time "Young Physic" undertakes to discuss this question it may be under happier

Portland at the present time, is a rigid teetotaler. Mr. Charles Dickens often twaddles in his tales about the 'poor man' and his 'pot of beer,' defending the beer as if it were one of the most valuable, instead of one of the most debasing, of 'British institutions.' Even he, however, in his last bundle of 'Christmas Stories,' rejects the fallacy of its excellence, in these passages:—The first concerns the Sanpietrini, who had to ascend by ropes, to illuminate the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, on the occasion of the Carnival. 'We were allowed no wine, and the doors were locked upon us, that we might not procure any elsewhere. It was a wise regulation, considering the task we had to perform.' The second has reference to the 'Pony Express' from California to New York. 'I had come to two resolutions: one, to economise my little store of jerked beef as much as possible; the other, to refuse all hospitable proffers of whisky, being convinced that on water only could such trying work as that before me be accomplished.'

It would seem, therefore, from an induction of the opinions and practices of observant men outside of the temperance movement, that 'Water is best'—best in a deeper sense than old Pindar ever dreamt of, when he commenced his celebrated ode.

influences,

influences, with a better disciplined mind, and in a less presumptuous spirit. May age bring wisdom !' *

The wish is at last happily fulfilled : since the mountain would not come to Mohammed, he has come to the mountain. As the 'Westminster Review,' in January 1861, recanted the errors of G. H. Lewes's pretentious article which appeared in July 1855, so Dr. Chambers, in July 1861, frankly recants his fallacies of October 1854. His recent article displays all the former ability, but a finer discrimination and a more modest and matured judgment. One of his opening paragraphs indicates the corrective influence of progressive science, and is written under an evident consciousness of past error :—

'The most essential part of the influence of physical agents over life lies in their action upon formative nutrition, and the instrument they employ to effect this is usually the nervous system, at once the most impenetrable as to function, and the most mysterious tissue of the animal body. To repress over-sanguine hopes of rapid advance, to show what pitfalls lie in the path, and what *ignes fatui* of mechanical, chemical, and cellular theories will try to delude us and our children, it is proposed in the present article to sketch a history of the investigations made during our own generation, into the action of a drug, which, from its wide-spread use and abuse, has justly excited more attention than any other.'

The article is a decided advance towards true temperance, though inaccurate in several historical particulars, as in omitting Dr. Kirk's experiments, which were prior to Dr. Ogston's by seven years, and in ignoring the fact, that one of the first temperance leaders, ever since the year 1840, had, through books and oral lectures throughout the kingdom, insisted upon the conclusive nature of Dr. Percy's experiments. He, somewhat ungracefully, passes over the opportunity of acknowledging how 'science' on this point is indebted to a popular reformation. Yet it would be hard to be compelled to say how sadly medical science has lagged behind.

The absorption of alcohol is first considered, and the fact is brought out, that Rudolf Masing, of Dorpat, a pupil of Professor Buchheim, while engaged, in 1854, in refuting Duchek's claim to have detected aldehyde in the blood, first used the now famous chromic acid test. This test was suggested by the practice of dyers, who employ alcohol to form the green oxide of chrome in the manufacture of chrome alum.

In view of the fact that Dr. Chambers gave currency in this country to the notion of alcohol being 'accessory food'—a phrase to which some inferior writers still cling—the next passage is exceedingly significant :—

'It is clear that we must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment, inasmuch as it goes out as it went in, and does not, so far as we know, leave any of its substance behind it. It remains for some hours in the body, and exerts in that time a powerful influence. What is that influence, and over what tissues it exerts? "A stimulant to the nervous system." On the nervous system, doubtless, and especially on the mental functions of the nervous system, every

* Works of Dr. Lees, vol. i. Appendix, p. 193. London, 1854.

experimenter, from the first patriarch [Noah, not Adam] downwards, would agree that its prime action is evident. But what *is* a stimulant? It is usually held to be something which spurs on an animal operated upon to a more vigorous performance of its duties. It seems very doubtful if, on the healthy nervous system, this is ever the effect of alcohol, even in the most moderate doses, and for the shortest periods of time. Dr. E. Smith has recorded very minutely the sensations experienced after brandy by a temperate man with a fasting stomach. The first lessened consciousness, and lessened sensibility to light, sound, and touch. Then comes a peculiar sensation of stiffness, with swelling of the skin, which is noticed particularly in the upper lip and cheeks. This is very unlike a spur to extra exertion. In a patient at present under our care, the same peculiar sensation of stiffness, and also the objective phenomenon of rigidity of skin without loss of sensation, is produced by the pressure of injured bone on the fifth nerve in the skull. It is a partial paralysis of sensitive nerve, and cannot in any sense be considered an increase of vigour.'

What now becomes of the assertion that 'the special effect of alcohol is to strengthen the nervous system transiently' even? * Dr. Chambers continues:—

'It is true there is noticed also an increased rapidity of pulse; but that cannot be regarded as an evidence even of locally-augmented vital action, for, of all patients, those especially exhibit it who have the weakest hearts, and are most enfeebled by disease. A diminution of force is quite consistent with augmented quickness of motion, or may it not be said that, in involuntary muscles, it implies it? The action of chloroform is to quicken the pulse, yet the observations of Dr. Bedford Brown, on the circulation in the human cerebrum during anæsthesia, clearly show that the propelling power of the heart is diminished during that state.'

This is confirmed by Dr. Smith's experiments, where the rate of respiration was generally lessened. When attention was directed to the act of inspiration, indeed, there was a sensation of greater depth, but this might be purely subjective, as the variableness in the amount of the respired air seems to indicate. At any rate, it was an 'irregular phenomenon,' as Dr. Chambers says.

'Physiologists have always taught, as confirmed by all experiments, that large doses immediately, and small doses after a time, depress the nervous centres, and that the cause of death is a cessation of the muscular respiratory movements. What we wish particularly to mark is, that the primary action is anæsthetic—a diminution of vitality in the nervous system.

'The exhilaration of mind is also an anæsthetic phenomenon. It is nothing more than a blunting of the sensations to the little half-felt corporeal pains and the thousand petty cares and ambitions of daily life. The intellect is said to flash forth brighter with wine; but analyse coolly the wit of a convivial party, and you will find it generally as poor as the beautiful poetry you seem to make in dreams, and which will never scan when remembered waking.

'Probably neither the highest manifestations of bodily vigour, nor the most precious productions of the intellect, are elicited by such agency.'

Dr. Chambers' weak point still centres in the obscurities of the metamorphosis of tissue. He abandons the notion of some special nerve-tissue-arresting-property, however, and approaches the following explanation of his former critic: 'With such narcotizing of the organs, and consequent retention and accumulation of effete matter, can there be any surprise at arrested assimilation, lessened appetite, and economized food? So, in a bilious state of the body, the system is narcotized, and food is saved, in precisely the same way.

* Dr. Barclay. 'Lecture on Alc, Stout,' &c.

Is bile in the blood, therefore, a box for savings? * Dr. Chambers now says much the same:—

‘On the whole, we are justified in attributing the temporary arrest of metamorphosis caused by alcohol, mainly, if not entirely, to its anæsthetic action on the nervous system.

‘We have been careful in what has gone before to avoid the use of a short word which, for convenience, is often employed as synonymous with “destructive assimilation” and “metamorphosis.” Much as we love Saxon etymologies, there is danger in the double meaning of “waste.” It unconsciously suggests the idea that all diminution of excretion is a saving and direct gain. In point of fact, Dr. Donders has gone so far as to call alcohol a savings’ bank. Now we must not forget that metamorphosis is life, that the arrest which we cause for temporary purposes is an arrest of life, and that it is beneficial only when it enables the body more easily to lay in supplies of nutriment.

‘Life and warmth are so closely connected together in scientific as well as popular notions, that perhaps the most striking evidence of diminished vitality is in the lessened power to generate heat. MM. Dumeril and Demarquay published in 1848 their observation that intoxicated dogs exhibited a great loss of temperature; and Dr. Böcker and Dr. Hammond find the same result from even moderate doses.† This explains the experience of Dr. Rac, that alcoholic drinks give no satisfaction to Arctic voyagers, and of Dr. Hayes (Surgeon to U.S. second Grinnell Expedition), that they actually lessen the power of resisting cold. The “warming of the stomach” seems to be a mere insensibility to cold, and the flushed face and palm a secondary feverishness.’

This plays sad havoc with Dr. Barclay’s notion that ‘moderation’ is but washing your face in warm water, excess ‘scalding’ it. Dr. Chambers, however, gives a new rule of drinking, which is entitled to some credit if only for its singularity:—

‘The length of time which alcohol remains in the system, especially in those nervous tissues on which its effects are first shown, and for which it possesses a peculiar affinity, seems to offer us a means of laying down a definite limit between use and abuse. If the whole of a former dose has not been evacuated, we can easily understand the danger run by adding another, and the geometric progression of the danger from each successive quantity. At a city insurance office we are in the habit of substituting for the usual vague question about temperate habits, an inquiry if the proposed life ever takes beer, wine, or spirits in the forenoon; and we have never regretted refusing to insure every one who gives way to this indulgence, and who does not allow a full period of sixteen hours in each twenty-four to pass without alcohol.’

Can anything to which such language is applicable properly be called ‘food’? What else is wine but a ‘poison’ and a ‘mockery’ when it can be taken safely but once in twenty-four hours? Our next and concluding citation is designed to show the delusion of supposing that no injury is inflicted where no injury is felt or perceived. In 1854 Dr. Chambers said: ‘Medical men will, on reflection, assent to the proposition that, where no immediate pathological phenomena are observed, no future organic injury is to be apprehended.’ Dr. Lees replied that ‘the beginnings of many disorders defy detection by any outward signs;’ but Dr. Chambers now answers himself in admirable fashion:—

* Works of Dr. Lees, vol. i. Reply to Dr. Chambers, p. ccii.

† *Vide* Works of Dr. Lees, vol. iii. p. clxiv, for examples from Dr. Muspratt and Dr. Jonah Horner, of the dogma held in 1855, that an *intoxicated* man will better resist cold than a *teetotaler*!

'It might have been anticipated *à priori*, that the diminished vitality which accompanies the use of alcohol should lead to a diathesis of general degeneration. No part of the body seems exempt, but it is of course most notably manifested in those organs which are of the first necessity, such as the liver and the kidneys.

'Earliest probably of all parts of the body this degeneration commences in the blood. Dr. Böcker noticed the alterations undergone by the blood of habitual alcohol-drinkers as yet in good health—namely, a partial loss of power to become red by exposure to the air, in consequence of the loss of vitality in a portion of the blood-discs. This loss of vitality manifests itself by the formation of black specks (oil) in the discs, and then by their conversion into the round pale globules which, in all cases of disease (*i. e.*, of diminished vitality), are found in excess in the blood. This devitalized condition of the nutritive fluid is probably the first step to the devitalization of the tissues which it feeds.

'To recapitulate: we think that the evidence, so far as it has yet gone, shows the action of alcohol upon life to be consistent and uniform in all its phases, and to be always exhibited as an arrest of vitality.* In a condition of health it acts in some measure immediately on the extremities of the nervous system by direct contact, and is also carried through the universal thoroughfare of the circulation to the brain. To nerve-tissue chiefly it adheres, and testifies its presence by arresting the functions of that tissue, for good or for evil. The most special exhibition of disease is in the special function of the nervous system, the life of relation, to perform the duties of which the devitalized nerve becomes inadequate. Then the vegetable life suffers; the forms of tissue become of a lower class, of a class which demands less vitality for growth and nourishment—connective fibre takes the place of gland, and oil of connective fibre. The circulation retains, indeed, its industrious activity, but receives and transmits a less valuable, less living freight, and thus becomes the cause, as well as the effect, of diminished vitality.'

Though Dr. Chambers and the leaders of the profession thus abandon an untenable doctrine, it is hardly to be expected that the less sagacious and more prejudiced of the herd will at once learn the true scientific state of the case. As with other systems, so with the pleasant theory that 'alcohol is food,' it will die hard; and the vulgar members will betray a spasmodic life long after the brain has been dead.

The 'Medical Times' of November 8th, for example, had a leader eulogizing as 'sound in theory' the principle of the United Kingdom Alliance, while accusing teetotalers of founding 'a new medical sect,' whose 'cardinal doctrine is, that alcohol is not food, but possibly medicine, and certainly poison.' After our former history of this question, the reader may well wonder where the writer discovers the novelty. This article is mere slop—a kind of medical 'half-and-half,' composed, in equal 'quarts,' of 'Barclay on Stout' and 'Lankester on Water.' Its character is sufficiently proclaimed by the assertion that 'no experiments have proved the elimination of any quantity of alcohol.' Its significance is found in

* The idea of such an agent, habitually employed, serving to prevent an attack of zymotic disease, will by this time have become sufficiently preposterous. We mark the singular fact, as showing how untrustworthy-notice of books percolate into periodicals, that this very number of the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' which contains so effectual an explosion of Dr. Barclay's crotchets, has also a notice (p. 180) of his lecture, in which we are told that 'it explains the most scientific and most recent discoveries connected with the subject,' when, in fact, it is based upon a bubble which had already collapsed.

the fact of its being meant as a set-off to a manifesto in a younger and rival periodical, 'The British Medical Journal,' which, during the past year, has liberally opened its pages to the discussion of the question, 'Is Alcohol Food or Physic?' The accomplished editor, Dr. Markham, has come out on the temperance side, uniting a rare conscientiousness with an admirable acuteness and outspokenness. As might be anticipated, many pens have mingled in the debate. Dr. Lees, in one letter, calls upon Dr. Lankester to make good a statement hazarded, in supposed safety, at the Dublin Social Science Congress—that he had made some experiments which proved the chromic acid test to be utterly 'worthless'; while the editor criticises his views on alcohol as put forth in the somewhat boshy 'Lectures on Food.' So, at last, Dr. Lankester gives a response, amusing only from its evading his own mythical experiments and its general vapidty. These letters call out Dr. E. Smith, who, in an excellent paper, not only triumphantly vindicates the value and thoroughness of the bichromate of potass test, but shows up the flimsiness of the exceptions made to it.

In his paper of November 23rd, the conclusion of a series, the editor of the 'British Medical Journal' thus sums up the discussion so far as it had then gone:—

'We have no wish hastily to speak on this important matter, but we are in conscience bound boldly to declare the logical and inevitable conclusions, as they seem to us, to which a scientific view of the subject forces us.

'The grand practical conclusions are these: 1. That alcohol is not food; and that, being simply a stimulus of the nervous system, its use is hurtful to the body of a healthy man. 2. That if its imbibition be of service, it is so only to man in an abnormal condition; and that our duty, as men of medicine, is to endeavour to define what those particular abnormal states are in which alcohol is serviceable. 3. That ordinary social indulgence in alcoholic drinks, for society's sake, is, medically speaking, a very unphysiological and prejudicial proceeding.

'We will only add, that if we wanted any stronger proof of the necessity for the inquiry we now ask for, we should find it in the arguments—if they may be termed such—of those who have taken up the defence of the bottle.'

The controversy still goes on in respect to the medical use of alcohol, though with flagging spirit, indicative of approaching exhaustion. When it has issued in any clear and certain principles, such as have already been arrived at in regard to the dietetic question, we shall make them known to the readers of 'Meliora.' In the meanwhile, the friends of temperance and prohibition may be congratulated upon the hindrances removed, and the ground already cleared, from the path of legislation. It is the settled verdict of science that alcohol is not food and is poison. The rest will come with time and its right employment. Let them 'labour and wait' for the assured fruition of all manly controversy, knowing, in the language of Mr. J. S. Mill, that 'it is only by virtue of the opposition which it has surmounted, that any Truth can stand in the human mind.'

ART. III.—AFRICAN CIVILIZATION AND THE
COTTON TRADE.*

AFRICA has been happily styled 'the continent of the future.' The ancients looked upon Africa as a land of mystery and terrors. Burning wastes and barren mountains, wild beasts and noxious reptiles, creatures half men, half beasts, men without language or articulate voice, living naked in earth-holes, and feeding upon serpents, worshipping devils only, and cursing the sun as their enemy; others having their heads beneath their shoulders; others crawling like the kangaroo—such was the picture which ignorance and fear had early drawn of Africa and its inhabitants, and traces of which are found even in the scholarly pages of Herodotus and Pliny. Shakespeare puts such stories into the mouth of Othello to woo the gentle Desdemona:—

'Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline.'

And yet the ancients had withal a story of MOUNT ATLAS, which may well serve as a type of the African continent and its history. The Atlas range they imagined one huge mountain, which from the midst of the sands raises its head to the heavens; rugged and craggy on the side looking toward the outer world, but on the side facing the interior of Africa, shaded by dense groves and refreshed by flowing streams—fruits of all kinds springing up there spontaneously, so as to more than satiate every possible desire. By day no inhabitants of this mountain can be seen, but all is silent, as the dread stillness of the desert; but by night it gleams with innumerable fires, and re-echoes with the notes of the flute and the pipe, and the clash of drums and cymbals. 'The space,' says Pliny, 'which intervenes before you arrive at this mountain is immense, and the country quite unknown.' But while modern research has corrected the physical geography of the Atlas region, and dispelled its mysteries, it fully confirms the statement of Pliny, that the trees of Africa are 'covered with a flossy down, from which, by the aid of art, might be manufactured a fine cloth like the textures made from the produce of the silkworm.'†

* This article is reprinted from the 'New Englander,' with a few omissions.—ED.

† 'Nat. Hist.,' B. v., c. i.

Pliny makes frequent mention of the cotton-plant as indigenous to Africa. Upper Egypt, towards Arabia, produces a shrub which some call *gossypium*, others *xylon*, from which are made cloths called *xylina*. The shrub is small, and produces a fruit like a bearded nut, from whose downy contents a yarn is spun. No cloth is superior to this in softness and whiteness. The garments made from it are preferred to all others by the priests of Egypt.—*Nat. Hist.*, xix., c. 2.

Like the fabled Atlas of the ancients has stood Africa itself upon the map of history. Its interior an immense unknown—walled in from the civilized world by desert and mountain—a drear, silent, forbidding waste. But already through the night we see the kindling fires of peopled homes, and catch the wild music of free and joyous races; and beyond the desert are gushing fountains and streams of life, luxurious fruits and refreshing shades; and, most of all, there is everywhere that flossy tree, which art has learned to fabricate into textures that vie with the silks of a Roman senator.

The map of Africa, in its physical geography, presents one of the most striking configurations upon the surface of the globe. It has been likened to 'an enormous peninsula attached to Asia by the isthmus of Suez'—which alone hinders its complete circumnavigation.* North of the equator it reaches out westward a huge bulging head; south, it converges to a triangle with its apex at the Cape; in its extreme length and breadth measuring about equal, five thousand miles either way. Washed by the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Indian oceans, its shore is fringed with irregular but often luxurious streams; while north, west, south, and east, great rivers, the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Zambesi, open the path of commerce into the far interior. Mountains and highlands girdling immense plateaus, navigable lakes—some of them two or three hundred miles in length, by from forty to ninety in width—vast grazing plains alternating with arid wastes, present a continent alike marked in structure and in resources, now challenging the enterprise, as it had long baffled the curiosity of the civilized world.

The most reliable statistics (by Dieterici of Prussia), give to Africa an area of about 9,000,000 square miles, or nearly one fourth the surface of the globe—a continent three times greater than Europe, only one third less than America.† Its population is computed in round numbers at 200,000,000, or one sixth of the estimated population of the globe—one fourth that of Asia, three times that of America. Africa is rich in valuable woods—dye-woods, ornamental woods, ship timber, especially the indestructible teak; every variety of palm—the date palm, the oil palm, the cocoa; it yields coffee, rice, wheat, maize, millet, indigo, ginger, tobacco, sugar, cotton, salt, nuts, and legumes in endless

The botanical name of the cotton-plant is *gossypium*, and the shrub, which Pliny so minutely describes, can be no other. In B. xii., c. 21, Pliny speaks of a tree on the island of Tylos, in the Persian Gulf, known by the name of gossypinus, which 'bears a kind of gourd about the size of a quince; which, when arrived at maturity, bursts open and discloses a ball of down, from which a costly kind of cloth is made.' Cotton fabrics anciently were highly valued.

* The re-opening of the ancient canal, now promised by Mons. de Lesseps, will surround Africa with the waters of the sea.

† Pete. mann, for Jan. 1859.

variety;

variety; has mines of gold, silver, copper, iron; and can furnish ivory and skins, medicinal and aromatic gums, in quantities to satiate the markets of the world.

So large a section of the globe, so well endowed by nature, invited the inquisitive gaze of commerce even when commerce hugged the coasts of continents, and threaded only their most accessible arteries. History tells of great seats of empire upon the continent of Africa. Not to speak of Egypt, which has ever been as unique in its civilization as it is isolated in position, nor of Carthage, which drew its strength and vitality from the Punic race, nor of the Roman empire that overspread the Mediterranean coast of Africa; the scholar ponders the stories of Libya and Ethiopia, from Homer and Herodotus down to Pliny and Strabo, with the conviction that the true aboriginal races of Africa once had a name and rank in the vanguard of nations. Heeren, in his 'Historical Researches,' remarks, that

'Except the Egyptians, there is no aboriginal people of Africa with so many claims upon our attention as the Ethiopians; from the remotest times to the present, one of the most celebrated and yet most mysterious of nations. In the earliest traditions of nearly all the more civilized nations of antiquity, the name of this distant people is found. The annals of the Egyptian priests were full of them; the nations of inner Asia, on the Euphrates and Tigris, have interwoven the fictions of the Ethiopian with their own traditions of the conquests and wars of their heroes; and, at a period equally remote, they glimmer in Greek mythology. When the Greeks scarcely knew Italy and Sicily by name, the Ethiopians were celebrated in the verses of their poets; "they are the remotest nation, the most just of men; the favourites of the gods. The lofty inhabitants of Olympus journey to them, and take part in their feasts; their sacrifices are the most agreeable of all that mortals can offer." And when the faint gleam of tradition and fable gives way to the clear light of history, the lustre of the Ethiopians is not diminished. They still continue the object of curiosity and admiration, and the pen of cautious, clear-sighted historians often places them in the highest rank of knowledge and civilization.'*

Some abatement must be made from these remarks, in view of the fact that the ancients applied the term Ethiopian to the black inhabitants of the Indian peninsula, as well as to the natives of interior Africa. Thus Herodotus says: 'The eastern Ethiopians have straight hair, while they of Libya are more woolly-haired than any other people in the world.'† But these Ethiopians proper—the black, woolly-haired race, whose home was to the south of Egypt—figure in ancient history as a nation great and powerful in arts, in commerce, and in arms. The ancient Egyptians in their geographical distribution of mankind made four leading races—the Red or ruddy complexion, which was their own type, extending also over Arabia to Mesopotamia—the Yellow or tawny, such as the Canaanites—the White, skirting the northern shore of Africa and the opposite coast of Europe—and the Black, occupying territory to the south. All these are to be seen distinctly

* Heeren, 'Researches,' vol. iv.

† B. 7, c. 70.

drawn and coloured upon the monuments and tombs of Egypt.* The Ethiopians or Cushites sometimes appear there as captives gracing the triumphs of an Egyptian Pharaoh. But it is a fact well established, that in the seventh century before Christ, Ethiopian kings reigned over Egypt for fifty years; and that centuries before, the Ethiopians were a famous and powerful nation, disputing the supremacy of Egypt in arts as well as in arms. So profound an historian as Niebuhr gives it as his opinion that the hieroglyphic writing, and 'all that we afterwards find as Egyptian civilization'† originated with the Ethiopians. Lepsius reverses this opinion, and traces the civilization of Ethiopia to Egypt. Be that as it may, the fact remains, that within the tropics, south of Egypt, and stretching from the Red Sea westward toward the desert, in what is now the region of Nubia, Sennaar, Kardofan, there was for centuries a civilized state of native Ethiopians, Cushites, the direct descendants of Ham.

The capital of their kingdom was Merœ, built upon a large island formed by two main branches of the Nile, or made an island by the overflow. Numerous pyramids and remains of temples, especially of the great temple of Jupiter Ammon, still testify to the grandeur and wealth of this Ethiopian city. Merœ was a principal depôt of the caravan trade between India, Africa, and Europe. The treasures of India and Arabia were brought to ports of Ethiopia [*Adule* and *Azub*], on the Red Sea, opposite Arabia Felix, and thence were transported by caravans to Merœ, and with the exchange of commerce were forwarded to Egypt and even to Carthage. It was of this people and their country that Herodotus wrote: 'Where the south declines towards the setting sun, lies the country called Ethiopia, the last inhabited land in that direction. There gold is obtained in great plenty, huge elephants abound, with wild trees of all sorts, and ebony; and the men are taller, handsomer, and longer-lived than anywhere else.† This is confirmed by the prophet Isaiah, who says: 'The labour of Egypt'—*i.e.*, the produce of its labour—'and merchandise'—or the gains—'of Ethiopia and of the Sabeans, men of stature, shall come over unto thee.' Sabeans is another name for Ethiopians, from Saba, the son of Cush. Isaiah knew Ethiopia as a land of merchandise, and its inhabitants as 'men of stature.‡ The native Nubians still answer to this description. The finest physique we ever saw was that of Hassan the Nubian, our pilot on the Nile,—tall, stalwart, well proportioned, dignified, intelligent, graceful,—yet 'black he stood as Night.'||

* See copies of these monumental types, and maps of their distribution, in Brugsch *Geographische Inschriften, Altägypt. Denkmäler*, vol. ii.

† 'Lectures on Ethnography,' vol. ii. p. 341.

‡ B. 3, c. 114.

§ Isaiah xlv. 14.

|| 'Egypt, Past and Present,' p. 39.

As far back as the time of Job we find Ethiopia known as a land of precious stones. 'The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal wisdom.' The Ethiopians not only sent out caravans, but established commercial ports in various parts of the world, as in modern times English and Dutch merchants have established factories in India, China, and Japan. The wealth and power of Ethiopia are strikingly portrayed by Isaiah in the 18th chapter of his prophecy, where the English reader should follow the *marginal readings* of the received version, which now have the sanction of the best scholars. It is a land, the moving of whose ships, or the noise of whose armies, is like rustling wings; a land that sends out ambassadors or commercial envoys by sea; a people that navigate the rivers in boats of papyrus; a people out-spread and polished,—or tall and imposing, as Herodotus describes them; a people terrible from their beginning onwards; having a name in history as a nation that meteth out and treadeth down—trampling its enemies—whose land the rivers spoil, *i. e.* tear by the violence of floods and cataracts. Gesenius, who is still the highest authority upon Isaiah, makes the subject of this 18th chapter the people and kingdom of Tirhaka in Upper Egypt, which comprised both Ethiopia and Egypt. Where the English version reads 'scattered and peeled,' he translates *rüstigen und tapfern*—robust or vigorous and valiant or courageous. Instead of 'a nation meted out and trodden down,' he translates in the active sense, *dem starken, alles zermalmenden Volke*—to the lusty, all-crushing nation. In this reading he is followed substantially by Alexander and others. In his *Thesaurus*, Gesenius allows the meaning 'drawn out,' in v. 2, as given in the margin of the English version as the alternative of scattered. 'The Ethiopians are called in Isaiah xviii. 2, *a people drawn out*, extended, *i. e.* tall of stature, a quality ascribed to them. Isaiah xlv. 14, Herodotus, 3, 20.' There can be no doubt that the Ethiopians were a stalwart race, terrible in war.

The character of the Ethiopians appears in their proud answer to the Persian invader, Cambyses, who having conquered Egypt, sent ambassadors to Ethiopia as spies: 'Go tell your king he is not a just man, else he had not coveted a land not his own, nor brought slavery on a people who never did him any wrong. Bear him this bow'—a long, tough weapon, in the use of which the Ethiopians excelled—and say, The king of the Ethiops thus advises the king of the Persians—when the Persians can pull a bow of this strength thus easily, then let them come with an army of superior strength against the long-lived Ethiopians—till then, let them thank the gods that they have not put it into the heart of the sons of the Ethiops to covet countries which do not belong to them.' Such were the Ethiopians 2400 years ago—tall, noble, independent, resolute, wealthy, powerful, able to bring 200,000 warriors

warriors into the field, ready to fight against injustice and oppression,—though they were only ‘the accursed seed of Ham,’ with the blackest skin and the woolliest hair of any people. So clearly is it established, upon the evidence of history, that black men—the seed of Ham, with all the physical characteristics of the negro race—can form and maintain a civilized and commercial state upon the continent of Africa and under a tropical sun.

The conquest of Egypt by the Ethiopians in the year 715 B. C. has already been referred to;—the Ethiopian dynasty in Egypt continued until 665 B. C. In the grand temple of Medenet-Abou, upon the western bank of Thebes, are sculptures commemorating the victories of Taharuka—the *Tirhakah* of the Scriptures—the greatest of these Ethiopian conquerors of Egypt. He is represented as offering up his vanquished enemies at the shrine of Jupiter Ammon, and among these are captives from Phenicia. The land of Cush or Ethiopia, which in earlier monuments appears at the head of countries conquered by Egyptian Pharaohs, here stands forth with Egypt as its captive. Strabo states that this *Tirhakah* extended his victories even to the pillars of Hercules. The Assyrian invader of Israel, Sennacherib, began to retreat with his immense army, when he heard that *Tirhakah*, king of Ethiopia, was coming to the help of Hezekiah. Such was the military fame of Ethiopia. ‘Even as late as the time of the Ptolemies,’ says Niebuhr, ‘Meröe was a wealthy city of a great state.’ In addition to this unquestioned Ethiopian dynasty in Egypt, the XXV., the kings of dynasty XVIII., the most illustrious in Egyptian history, were half Ethiopian in their descent. The priests of Memphis told Herodotus that there had been in all eighteen Ethiopian kings in Egypt. ‘The kings of dynasty XVIII., all reigned over Nubia as well as Egypt, and its founder was connected by origin and intermarriage with Nubian and even with *black* Nubian blood. This Nubian connection of the dynasty explains in some degree the great development given in some monuments and documents to the genealogy derived from Ameneruhe I. It explains also the wide-spread notion of later times, that the monarchy, civilization, and religion of Egypt had descended the valley of the Nile from Ethiopia, that is, from Nubia to Thebes.’*

In the time of Christ we find Ethiopia still a prominent kingdom, under the dynasty of Candace. Her lord treasurer had become a proselyte to the Jewish faith, and a little after our Lord’s crucifixion, perhaps at Pentecost, went up to Jerusalem to worship. He made the journey in state, travelling the land-route from Egypt to Jerusalem with his own chariot. At Jerusalem he must have heard something of the story of Christ, and on his homeward

* Palmer’s ‘Egyptian Chronicles,’ vol. i. p. 174.

journey he gave himself to the investigation of prophecy. At this point Philip, prompted by the Spirit, drew nigh. With what dignity and courtesy the Ethiopian receives him! With what intelligence and humility he listens to the exposition of the Scriptures! And how touching the sight, when the inspired evangelist goes down to the water-side with the princely Ethiopian to baptize him in the name of Christ! May we not accept this as a joyful omen of that approaching day of Christ's kingdom, when 'princes shall come out of Egypt, and Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God?'

The decline of Ethiopia, and the long political and social degradation of Africa, should no more surprise us than the decline of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, and the long degradation of nations once the leaders of the civilized world. Race and climate cannot be the exclusive cause upon the continent of Africa, of a phenomenon of history common to the continents of Asia and Europe. That once powerful and commanding Arab race, which in the seventh century spread its romantic civilization around the Mediterranean and over the African continent westward to the Atlantic, and southward to Mozambique, has now lost not only its military prestige, and political empire, but its very civilization, except in the tradition of its learning, commerce, and arts, and in the literature of its religion. Nor can we forget that at the Roman conquest our British ancestors lived on acorns and the raw flesh of animals killed in the chase; that they wore the skins of beasts for clothing, and fought with the ferocity of tigers; that they too had sacrifices of human blood; that in the time of Constantine, Britain was a name of 'mysterious horror' to the *élite* of his capital; that the sight of her slaves at Rome moved Gregory to send missionaries to the pagan '*Angles*.' It is not for the Anglo-Saxon to boast of blood and race, but to be grateful for the elevating power of a pure and free Christianity.

'It is the misfortune of Africa,' says a fine writer, 'that only the most degraded portion of its population have been its representatives before the world. The enslaved and thereby imbruted negro is the only specimen from which the civilized world obtains its ideas, and draws its conclusions, as to the dignity and capabilities of the tropical man. . . . What would be thought of a generalization in respect to the native traits and capacities of the whole Celtic stock—of the entire blood of polished France, and eloquent Ireland, and the gallant Scotch Highlands—that should be deduced from the brutish descendants of those Irish who were driven out of Ulster and South Down in the time of Cromwell; men now of the most repulsive characteristics, with open, projecting mouths, prominent and exposed gums, advancing cheek bones, depressed noses; height, five feet two inches, on an average; bow-legged, abortively featured; their clothing, a wisp of rags; spectres of a people that were once well-grown, able-bodied, and comely? But such a judgment would be of equal value with that narrow estimate of the natural traits and characteristics of the inhabitants of one entire quarter of the globe, which rests upon an acquaintance with a small portion of them, a mere infinitesimal of them, carried into a foreign land and reduced to slavery.*'

* Prof. Shedd, in the Bib. Sac., July, 1857.

There is then nothing in history, in the characteristics of race, in physical geography, or in climate, to forbid the development in Africa of a civilization, which, though having a continental type, will be second to none upon the face of the globe. The providence of God most clearly indicates that the time has come for enlightened, liberal, systematic, earnest measures for civilizing Africa. During the past ten years, geographical research, the instinct of curiosity, the love of adventure, the enterprise of commerce, political ambition, and missionary zeal,—all these various and powerful motives have prompted the exploration of the African continent; and as a result of this, we have an amount of knowledge touching Africa, its physical geography, its natural resources, its population, its commercial advantages, which enables us to map out that continent with a proximate accuracy, and to form definite plans for its development. Confining our view to that section of the continent which lies within the tropics,—the line of Cancer running just south of Egypt and Fezzan and across the great Sahara, the line of Capricorn running north of the Cape colonies and their dependencies—we may divide this great intertropical region into four general sections as explored by recent travellers.*

1. The region of Central Africa toward the west—as explored by Dr. Barth and his companions from the north, and by May, Bakie, and others, by way of the Niger. Starting from Tripoli, Dr. Barth's personal explorations extended nearly due south to Yola, on the Bénéwé, in 9° north latitude, and westward to Timbuktu, in latitude 18° north, longitude 5° west, i. e. 24 degrees from north to south, and 20 degrees from east to west; but his researches and inquiries, chiefly through native sources, cover the region westward to the coast from Senegal to Morocco, southward to the mouths of the Niger, and eastward nearly to the Nile. This tract of country exhibits the most marked physical contrasts. Along the north are vast deserts of frightful desolation: but beyond these, 'fertile lands irrigated by large navigable rivers and extensive central lakes, ornamented with the finest timber, and producing various species of grain, rice, sesamum, ground nuts, in unlimited abundance, the sugar-cane, &c., together with cotton and indigo, the most valuable commodities of trade. The whole of Central Africa from Baginui to Timbuktu abounds in these products. The natives of these regions not only weave their own cotton, but dye their home-made shirts with their own indigo.' Here are found well-organized communities, giving promise of an advancing civilization, as commerce shall be regulated and protected; and great commercial centres, such as Timbuktu and Kano, whose trade spreads over the whole of Western Africa.

* For a clear understanding of the physical geography of Africa, the reader is advised to have before him Sydow's excellent wall-map, published by Perthes.

Here the products of the earth are cared for and husbanded, and the natives understand the resources of their country, and show an aptitude to develop them. One traveller describes the region drained by the Niger as 'a country fresh from the hand of God.' Into this inviting region, the Bénéwé, the eastern branch of the Niger, is navigable without interruption for more than six hundred miles; while, by arrangements for passing the rapids, the western branch may be ascended for more than a thousand miles. In the Yoruba country, which commands the mouths of the Niger, the natives are generally quiet, orderly, industrious, thrifty. Already under the stimulus of a regulated commerce with Britain, from the port of Lagos, the native city and district of Abeokorota, in the interior, is growing rapidly in population and in productive labour. This semi-civilized community upon the very borders of Dahomey, must at length suppress the slave-trade even in that seat of its abominations.

2. Equatorial Africa upon the West. Our knowledge of this region is yet very imperfect, being derived mainly from Du Chaillu, who claims to have explored a region extending fifteen degrees upon each side of the line. Du Chaillu appears, however, more in the character of a romantic adventurer than of a scientific explorer, and his statements may be too highly coloured for geographical sobriety. He affirms that 'there is good reason to believe that an important mountain range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting on the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably in the southern mountains of Abyssinia, or, perhaps, terminating abruptly to the north of the great lake (Tanjanyika) discovered by Capt. Burton.' He regards this chain as the feeder in part of the Nile, the Niger, and Lake Tchad upon the north, and of the Ngowyai, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the great lakes upon the south. The inhabitants of the western equatorial region are generally low in the scale of humanity, fierce in war, addicted to the slave-trade, and some of them to cannibalism. Yet they are not without skill in manufactures, especially of iron, which here abounds. The iron and steel manufactured by the Fan tribes is said to be superior to any known in Europe or America. Ebony, barwood, india-rubber, palm-oil, bees-wax, and ivory abound; and the soil is capable of high cultivation. The missionaries at the Gaboon have never penetrated far into the interior, and therefore have but little personal knowledge of the mountain country or its tribes. This whole region has been sorely cursed by the slave-trade; but the opening of a lawful and remunerative commerce, to which its products invite the civilized nations, would speedily check this iniquitous traffic. The *quasi* slave-trade, conducted by the French government,

government, under the fiction of emigration, drew its chief supplies from the Fans, but by a recent treaty with the British Government, this is now to be exchanged for the Coolie trade. A principal river of this region is the Agobay, which Du Chaillu found to be navigable for a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. A few degrees south of the equator we reach the Portuguese settlements on the western coast.

3. Eastern Africa from Nubia to Zanzibar, covering the explorations of Beke, Rebmann, Krapf, Burton, Speke, and others,—a region of highlands and mountains running coast-wise,—Ghauts, about six thousand feet high,—with vast interior plains or elevated plateaus, watered and verdant, and with a great system of lakes and tributary streams. It is inhabited for the most part by tribes of comparative intelligence and morality. Captains Burton and Speke describe the negroes of the interior as on the whole peaceable; ‘they manufacture iron, cotton fabrics, have abundance of cows and goats, and live in comparative comfort.’ The trade of this region lies mainly in imported domestics, plain cotton cloths, beads, brass-wire, hardware; and the export of copal, ivory, skins, cereals, timber. Burton reports that ‘Cotton is indigenous to the more fertile regions of Eastern as well as of Western Africa. At Port Natal and Angola, it promises, with careful cultivation, to rival in fineness, firmness, and weight, the medium staple culture of the New World. On the line between Zanzibar and the Tanganyika lake, the shrub grows almost wild. Cotton flourishes luxuriantly in the black earths fat with decayed vegetation, and on the rich red clays of the coast regions of Usumbaru, Usajuru, and Ujiji, where water underlies the surface. These almost virgin soils are peculiarly fitted by atmospheric and geologic conditions for the development of the shrub. At present the cultivation is nowhere encouraged, and it is limited by the impossibility of exportation to the scanty domestic requirements of the people.’ Steam navigation on the rivers, tramroads, and the protecting presence of a civilized power, overawing the jealousies of native tribes, would soon develop a large cotton trade. This section of Africa is attracting much attention from European explorers, upon both commercial and geographical grounds. The problem of the source of the Nile is well-nigh solved, and may soon be definitely settled by the new expeditions of Captain Speke and Consul Petherick. It is highly probable that the Victoria Nyanza of the former, a lake which the natives described as reaching ‘to the end of the world,’ and the Bahr-el-Gazal of the latter, a shallow lake one hundred and eighty miles long, are both feeders of the mysterious river of Egypt, draining for its yearly inundations the mountainous districts of the equator. Farther to the south is the great Lake Tanganyika, first navigated by Major
Burton,

Burton, which is computed to be two hundred and fifty miles in length, by about thirty-five in width. Burton is of opinion that this is the reservoir of a wide river-system of Central Africa.

The Gallas, a nation of eight millions, occupying this equatorial region from three degrees south to eight degrees north, are one of the most intelligent and industrious of the African races, and would entertain with favour the advances of Europeans in commerce and the arts.

4. Southern Africa, as explored by Livingstone from Cape Town to the Congo, and from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic; a region generally well-watered and fertile, the soil yielding two crops a year, so that 'hunger is unknown.' Along the Shire, a branch of the Zambesi, Livingstone found provisions abundant and cheap; cotton plentiful, and quite equal to American uplands—the plant indigenous and perennial. Of the climate, he says: 'Europeans who keep at work are healthy; those who settle down and smoke all day and drink brandy, are sure to find the climate bad.'

These four main sections of exploration have four great river systems, besides a general net-work of streams;—the Niger and its tributaries in the central western; the Congo or Zaire to the south of the equator; the Nile and its branches in Eastern Africa; the Zambesi and its branches in the south-east. These all are navigable for a great distance by steamers of light draft; and the ingenuity of commercial enterprise would soon invent a mode of overcoming rapids or other obstructions to interior navigation. If foreigners avoid night exposure in the mangrove swamps of the deltas, and study the laws of health, a safe and profitable commerce, upon a large scale, may be opened with almost every part of Africa. Such a commerce, as remarked above, would put an end to the slave-trade, the prime cause of African degradation and barbarism. The one salient fact in the reports of African explorers, is the wide diffusion of the cotton plant upon that continent. Barth, May, and others, find it in the west; Livingstone, in the south; Burton, in the east; and it is already a staple of commerce in the valley of the Nile.

We note, then, as one indication of Providence towards the civilizing of Africa, the opening of that continent to the knowledge of the civilized world by thorough and widely-extended exploration.

2. A second indication, in the same direction, is given in the manifest determination of the cotton manufacturers of Europe to rid themselves of dependence upon the slave-fields of the United States for their supply of the raw material. This determination is by no means to be ascribed to the superior philanthropy and virtue of British manufacturers. So long as the price, the quality,
and

and the supply of cotton suited them, it mattered not that it was the product of slave-labour under the lash. Cowper might sing—

‘I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble while I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned!’—

but the crowded docks of Liverpool, and the myriad spindles of Manchester, importing and consuming American cotton at the rate of two million bales per annum, show that England has no ruling *conscience* against wealth earned from ‘sinews bought and sold.’ A few sincere and enlightened philanthropists of England have for years been labouring to detach Great Britain from this support of American slavery, by encouraging other sources of cotton supply; but their labours have been feebly seconded by the capital enlisted in the cotton trade and manufacture; and though the heart of the English *people* is always found in sympathy with universal freedom, the tone of the representative press and many of the representative men of England largely indicates that had not the people and government of the United States taken in hand the rebellion of the slave-holders just when and as they did, the English government would have given the right hand of fellowship to a confederacy which, though avowedly founded upon negro slavery, promised free trade and cheap cotton. For bad as slavery is, the Morrill tariff, and the embargo upon southern ports, are so *much* worse!

But the slaveholders have overshot the mark. They have given a shock to the confidence of British manufacturers in the certainty and sufficiency of their cotton supply; and now, not sympathy for the American slave, but care and apprehension for British factory-hands—not philanthropy, but political economy—will strike the death-blow of slavery. Says the ‘Westminster Review’—

‘There is no doubt that a loss of the greater part of our cotton-market will be the ruin of the slave system of the United States; and the very efforts which have been made by the South to save that hateful institution from destruction, by forcing our manufacturers to seek other sources of supply, will operate more powerfully in extinguishing it, than any measures which could have been taken for its suppression by the Federal government, under the inspiration of a hostile President. It was mainly by our cotton trade that the slave-trade was supported; and when this support is weakened, as it inevitably must be, the slave-trade will become proportionately insecure.’*

When Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, in the United States Senate, just three years ago, boasting the power of the South to rule the world by cotton, said, ‘What would happen if no cotton were furnished for three years? I will not stop to depict what every one can imagine; but this is certain, Old England would topple headlong, and carry the whole civilized

* April, 1861.

world with her ;—that vapouring threat struck the British nation in their most sensitive point. The financial interest of England has taken the alarm, and within five years England will have emancipated her cotton manufacture from the domination of the American slaveholder. Already from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the cotton used in British manufacture is derived from countries other than our Southern States ; and this, without any special stimulus of wealth or enterprise for its production.

In 1855 the total quantity of raw cotton imported into Great Britain, from all sources, was 891,751,952 lbs. ; from the United States, 681,629,424 lbs. ; from other countries, 210,122,528 lbs. In 1856, the amount from all sources, was 1,023,886,304 lbs. ; of which, the United States furnished 780,040,016 lbs. ; leaving 243,846,288 lbs. derived from other countries. In 1857 the proportion stood : total, 969,318,896 lbs. ; United States, 654,758,048 lbs. ; other countries, 314,560,848 lbs. In 1858, total, 1,034,342,176 lbs. ; United States, 833,237,776 lbs. ; other countries, 201,104,490 lbs. In 1859, total, 1,225,989,072 lbs. ; of which, United States, 961,707,264 lbs. ; and other countries, 264,281,808 lbs. With the exception of the year 1858, the quantity imported from other countries, in these years, is greater than that imported into Great Britain from the United States in any year prior to 1833, when the total quantity imported was but 303,656,837 lbs. ; of which the United States supplied 237,506,758 lbs. For the five years from 1851 to 1855, inclusive, the *average* quantity of cotton imported into Great Britain, from all sources, was 872,305,200 lbs. ; of which, the United States furnished an average supply of 685,100,417 lbs. ; and other countries, 187,204,783 lbs. With the exception of the year 1827, this average supply from other countries is greater than the supply furnished by the United States in any year prior to 1830.

The same comparison may be made somewhat more conveniently by bales of a standard weight of 400 lbs. The results are as follows :

1855	Total bales imported	2,278,218
	From the United States	1,623,478
	From other sources	654,740
1856	Total bales imported	2,468,869
	From the United States	1,758,295
	From other sources	710,574
1857	Total bales imported	2,417,586
	From the United States	1,481,715
	From other sources	935,871
1858	Total bales imported	2,442,629
	From the United States	1,863,147
	From other sources	579,482
1859	Total bales imported	2,828,900
	From the United States	2,086,124
	From other sources	742,776

In the quinquennial period from 1855-9, the supply of raw cotton to the British market, was in the following proportion: United States, .76; Brazil, .02½; Mediterranean, .03; East Indies, .18; other countries, .01. But great as is still the excess of the United States, the per-centage of supply from this country has declined, in the past ten years, as follows: 1830-4, .79; 1835-9, .79; 1840-4, .81; 1845-9, .84; 1850-4, .78; 1855-9, .76.

The data, for the comparison in pounds, are derived from the tables in Mann's 'Essay on the Cotton Trade of Great Britain'; the comparison by bales is derived from the tables in Simmonds' Appendix to Dr. Ure's 'Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain.' Their results are substantially the same, though a different mode of computing the year leads to a slight discrepancy. These tables, having the highest official and commercial authority, show that while facility of transportation by river and railroad, relative nearness to market, improved machinery, abundant capital, commercial enterprise, and the established relation of the cotton crop to the mercantile exchanges of the two countries, have all tended to give to the Southern States a monopoly of the cotton supply to Great Britain, other countries, having none of these advantages, do, nevertheless, now furnish nearly one-fourth of that supply. But this statement by no means represents the total productiveness or capacity of other cotton-raising countries, nor the ratio of increase in their export of the raw material during a series of decades.

To begin with India—for the above five years, the export of cotton, from India to Great Britain, was as follows: 1855, 143,486,672 lbs.; 1856, 178,378,592 lbs.; 1857, 248,301,312 lbs.; 1858, 129,398,752 lbs.; 1859, 190,520,400 lbs. In 1860 India exported to Great Britain 204,141,168 lbs., against 118,872,742 lbs. in 1850. But India exports cotton to China and to Continental Europe, and for the decade from 1850 to 1860, her total export of raw cotton has averaged more than 251,000,000 lbs. per annum, which is a larger quantity than was exported from the United States to Great Britain in any year prior to 1834. But this is barely *one-tenth part* of the whole amount of clean merchantable cotton estimated as the yearly product of the East Indian peninsula, which Mr. Mann puts in round numbers at 2,400,000,000 lbs. The price of land in India is about the same as in Texas, and the old, long-worked soil of India yields only about half as much clean cotton to the acre as the average lands of our cotton-growing States. But native free labour in India is *eighty per cent. cheaper than slave labour in the South*, and therefore, 'with facilities of cheap transit, India can, even under the present system of cultivation, sell cotton in Liverpool at a price which, making allowance for inferiority of quality, is more advantageous to the manufacturer than other kinds, for employment in about seventy per cent. of his business.'

business.' But the want of facilities of cheap transit, and the bad financial management of the cotton trade in India, keep back the great bulk of the crop, for home consumption. To follow Mr. Mann's reflections:

'If it be correct that upwards of 24,000,000 of acres are at present under cotton cultivation in India, and which, it may be remarked, is nearly four times the area of that under cotton cultivation in the United States, it must be remembered that this immense area is scattered over, in a more or less degree, the whole of the great peninsula, and yet hardly a single district throughout the whole extent of this magnificent territory is developed to one-third of its capabilities, or rendered sufficiently productive. The Bombay Presidency, containing 76,841,600 acres, and a population of 11,109,067, is calculated by Mr. Chapman to contain 43,000,000 acres of land, admirably adapted to the growth of cotton, greater by nearly one-tenth than the extent of such land in the whole of the United States, as estimated by their government; but if only one-fourth of this extent were cultivated, and each acre produced, on an average, one hundred pounds of clean cotton (which, by improvements, it is reasonable to expect may be doubled), we should have 1,075,000,000 pounds, or equal to the quantity at present imported into the United Kingdom from all countries; and it is said this quantity might be sold to a profit in Liverpool at 3½d. per pound.

But the Indian cotton now sent abroad is carelessly prepared, and often adulterated.

'Under the present order of things, the systematic adulteration of Indian cotton will always exist; the poverty of the native growers, and the absence of English agents, to make reasonable advances to them on the spot, compels them to borrow money at a ruinous rate of interest, and to sell their cotton much below its real value; the consequence is, they become indifferent as to its quality or condition, in fact as to everything pertaining to it except *mere quantity*. Ignorant, and a prey to the native money-lenders, improvement with them in the art of cultivation is entirely out of the question; they are unassisted, incapable of progress, and bound as in fetters of iron to the imperfect modes of culture pursued by themselves and their forefathers. Under more favourable circumstances, however, they would make greater advances in improvement, and by the aid of knowledge, and implements and machines of European or American construction, speedily and successfully compete, in favoured localities, with their rivals on the banks of the Mississippi.'

Mr. Mann proposes to remedy this evil by dispensing, as far as possible, with 'middlemen,' and establishing direct relations between the East Indian cotton grower and the British manufacturer.

'As the Indian cultivator shall be freed from this unnatural incubus, the production will increase—he will be able to compete with his American competitor, and his position will then be doubly improved, when the success or failure of his own crops shall impart the tone to the market, and influence our prices accordingly. That it is possible for them, with facilities of cheap transit, to compete with the Americans, as cotton growers, cannot, I think, admit of a reasonable doubt, but in order to do so, they must have immunity from the tyranny of the "middlemen;" in short, they must be so elevated and enlightened as to be able to triumph over, or resist the machinations or impositions of the money-lender; and there is every probability that, ere long, European houses, one and all, will find it to their advantage to advance to the grower all his requirements, on a moderate charge, and furnish machines, and instruct him in their use.'

But besides this improved financial arrangement between the cultivator and the manufacturer, the means of transit must be greatly increased, in order that Indian cotton may be brought to market

market in large quantities under favourable conditions. Transportation by bullocks is tedious and expensive, and it exposes the cotton to damage from rain and mud. The railway map of India shows a very extensive and comprehensive system of railroads already projected, and in part completed. Mr. Mann favours a system of canals, as cheaper in itself, and as contributing to enrich the country by irrigation.

'The question of the relative abilities of the United States and India to compete for the supply of our great staple manufacture, is in the main contingent on the facilities of cheap labour and transit. For the immeasurable superiority of the soil of Texas, with its 300,000,000 acres, as compared with our Indian possessions, which do not seem to be capable of producing a greater average yield, under the present careless system of cultivation, than one hundred pounds of clean cotton per acre, (although, as before said, where care has been employed, and particularly by the application of judicious irrigation, greatly increased results have been obtained), is only counterbalanced by the relative scarcity of labour in the former, and perhaps an almost equal rate of charges for transit, as compared with that of our India supply, which is now, for the most part, obtained from the coasts and spots having facilities of easy and comparatively cheap communication.'

A new impulse is likely to be given to the building of railroads in India by the favour of Parliament; and when the gigantic network already projected shall cover and unite the whole peninsula, India will be second only to the United States in the magnitude and the serviceableness of its railway interest. Our author thus sums up his conclusions—

'We have seen that India embodies all the constituent qualities necessary to enable her to become the first cotton-producing country in the world. We have seen that means are being vigorously employed to assist her onward progress, in this and other respects, and there is great hope that before long she will rival America both in the quantity and quality of produce in the English market. The cloud which has so long overshadowed the vast Asiatic continent is quickly dissipating before the dawn of civilization, and in opening up the country, and developing its resources, our legislators will have followed the most certain road for securing its emancipation and forward march in the sure path of moral and material development.'

But this development must be a work of time; and much as it is for the interest of Great Britain to improve the resources of her vast eastern dependency, the necessities of the hour will lead her also to regard with favour other sources of cotton supply. Among these the most prominent are the British West Indies, and the continent of Africa. The Turkish empire possesses a soil and climate well suited to the growth of cotton; but the insecure and burdensome tenure of landed property, the imperfection of agricultural implements, and the oppressive taxation, are serious obstacles to its cultivation. The whole empire produces only from thirty-five to forty millions of pounds per annum, and exports of this about twenty millions. In the ten years from 1849 to 1859, the Mediterranean supplied the British market with an average of thirty million pounds of raw cotton per annum. In the same period, Brazil supplied about twenty-four million pounds per annum,

annum, which, however, is no higher average than that country yielded for the ten years from 1815 to 1825. Indeed, for nearly fifty years the yearly supply from Brazil to the British market has ranged at about twenty million pounds. Forty years ago the British West Indies and Guiana shipped to England from seven to twelve millions of pounds of raw cotton per annum; but since 1825, this export has gradually declined until in 1850 it fell to the low figure of 228,913 lbs. Yet, in 1857, it rose again to 1,443,568 lbs., and in 1860, was 1,050,784 lbs. This fluctuation is owing to the deficiency of labour and the uncertainty of the market—in other words, to the want of a well-organized system of production and exchange. The Coolie immigration and the investment of British capital would soon enable the West Indies to produce cotton in large quantities at a low price. The soil and climate of the islands are well suited to its production, and the market is always accessible. Australia, as yet, has exported but little cotton to the parent country, but with an increase of population, and established means of transportation, would soon become a vigorous competitor of the South.

But to Africa, next to India, must Great Britain look for a supply of cotton that shall release her from her crippling and dangerous dependence upon the Southern States. In Africa, as we have seen, cotton is indigenous and perennial; labour is abundant and cheap, and in many parts the natives are well disposed towards commercial intercourse with foreigners; in a word, nothing is wanting but a well-ordered and well-protected system of delivery and payment at the ports to secure from Africa an almost unlimited supply of this staple of British industry. Egypt fairly began the culture of cotton about the year 1820; and now the cotton plant is one of the most familiar sights in the valley of the Nile. During the last ten years about 49,000,000 lbs. per annum have been exported from Alexandria; in 1858, upwards of 38,000,000 lbs. were shipped to England alone. The ratio of increase in the export of Egyptian cotton to Britain, in decennial periods, is remarkable. Beginning in 1820, with a quarter of a million of pounds, it had increased in 1830 to five million, in 1840 to eight, in 1850 to nineteen, and in 1860 to nearly forty million pounds. We are informed that even the poor fellahs of the Nile valley are keeping back their little store of cotton the present year in expectation of a higher price because of the troubles in America; and the same cause will lead to the planting of a much larger quantity for the next season. South Africa, especially the large region watered by the Zambesi and its tributaries, offers to British enterprise an inviting source of cotton supply. But the most promising field of cotton culture in Africa is the western coast from Sierra Leone down to Lagos and the mouth of the Niger. At two or three points upon this coast.

Agricultural Societies have been established which give special attention to the culture of cotton; the cotton-gin has been extensively introduced, and regular marts have been opened for the cotton of the interior. Dr. Barth reports an extensive cotton trade among the tribes of Western Central Africa, who manufacture a coarse cotton cloth for native use. A few years since, a missionary in Western Africa proposed to purchase all the cotton which should be brought to him. On the first day he received a few pounds, on the second about one hundred pounds, on the third day over three hundred pounds, and was soon obliged to discontinue the trade for want of funds to carry it on. He had no doubt that if he had continued to purchase, the quantity of cotton offered would have continued to increase to an indefinite extent, and from a careful estimate of the resources of the country he is confident that if the commercial instincts of the natives are quickened by the prospect of certain and immediate gains, a safe, extensive, and profitable trade in cotton might be speedily developed.

The Cotton Supply Association of Manchester, having explored every cotton-producing country of the globe, declare that beyond a question 'Africa is the most hopeful source of future supplies.' The Association is directing special attention to the Yoruba country, whose inhabitants are enterprising and skilful, and whose chief city, Abbeokuta, is already the seat of a large cotton trade. Eight years ago the first cotton was exported from Lagos, the port of this district, to Great Britain, and amounted to only 235 lbs. Last year three thousand four hundred and forty-seven bales were exported, which was an advance of 100 per cent. in the preceding year. Cotton-gins, sent from England, have been sold to natives in Abbeokuta, and two chiefs ordered and paid for hydraulic presses for packing the cotton. The slave-trade has been extinguished at Lagos. Messrs. Campbell and Delaney have a favourable treaty with the government of Abbeokuta, and the African Civilization Society proposes to send thither companies of picked emigrants. 'The cotton districts of Africa are more extensive than those of India. The whole line of the western coast of Africa is studded with towns, many of them containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, in which regular marts are established, and from which unlimited supplies may be obtained.'*

If, now, we go back to the beginning of the cotton trade in this country and recall its rapid growth, we shall find that this has been artificially created by capital and invention. Thus will it be in Africa, when the capital, the enterprise, and the political power of Great Britain, stimulated by the need of self-protection, shall be

* Speech of Lord Palmerston.

directed thither for the cultivation of cotton. England having emancipated her own slaves, will now complete the doom of slavery by emancipating herself. Moreover, by thus opening up new sources of cotton supply, she is creating new markets for her own cotton manufactures. The American market barely absorbs one-tenth of these. Of British cotton goods we last year imported 3,848,750*l*. In the same year Egypt imported 1,045,988*l*.; Brazil, 2,300,101*l*.; Turkey, 2,789,954*l*.; China, 3,157,359*l*.; India, 10,518,094*l*., and in all, for about four million sterling to us, she sold thirty-six million sterling worth of cotton manufactures to other nations. England may yet contrive to do without buying cotton of us, or selling cotton goods to us. But it may be asked, Can an American contemplate with satisfaction the possible destruction of a great industrial interest of his own country? The answer is twofold. When Constantine abolished idolatry throughout the Roman empire, might not a Christian patriot rejoice, though the lucrative business of manufacturing idols and furnishing temples was brought to an end? Must ministers stop preaching the Gospel because Demetrius cannot sell any more false gods? But secondly, a cotton competition in Africa that shall break down the slaveholder's monopoly and make slavery too ruinous to be continued, would *help*, not harm, the industrial enterprises of this country. Free labour would grow cotton cheaper in the South; and this would be no injury to our northern manufacturers, at whose cost the growth of southern cotton was originally protected. Free labour would also create a thrifty peasantry, who would themselves become consumers and buy our manufactures, as has proved to be the case in the British West Indies. Free labour would develop new resources in the South and increase her wealth. And a civilized Africa, *vis à vis* with our continent, would open to us marts for a profitable and ever-increasing commerce. The ratio of increase in the cotton crop of the Southern States has already passed its maximum. For a time this was stimulated by the high price of cotton, the accession of new territory, and the railway system of transportation. But in the last decade, while the increase of cotton production in India has been as five to two, in the United States it has been only as seven to five. The South must cease to depend, like Ireland, upon a single crop. In 1856, a New Orleans journal said of the cotton crop—

‘The main dependence of the world is on this country, which last year furnished three million five hundred thousand bales out of a total product of four million. As the new lands of the West come into cultivation, and the progress of our railroads brings the crop within reach of the sea-board, there will be a gradual increase of our production; but to this even there must be a limit, considering the nature of the climate and the soil necessary, and the time may not be very far distant when we shall fail to meet the demand. Under this state of things, it is not to be wondered at that the Governments of England and France are putting forth every effort to foster the cultivation of cotton in their colonies.

We have certainly no cause for fear or jealousy in view of these efforts. Not only are we as producers interested, but the foreign manufacturer, the political economist, and the philanthropist alike have taken the matter into serious consideration. We can scarcely contemplate without emotion the disastrous results, commercially, politically, and socially, that might follow a general failure of *only one* crop in this country.

3. A third great providential indication for the regeneration of Africa is given in the readiness of intelligent and enterprising men of African descent to enter upon the work of civilizing that continent. For thirty years Africa has been held up before her descendants in this country as a *retreat* from the unrighteous disabilities under which they labour here—a view that would make the very fact of emigration a brand upon the black man's manhood, and an unworthy subterfuge for the white man's conscience. It could hardly fail that a scheme of colonization, under the moral coercion of Northern prejudices and of Southern terms of emancipation, should cease to attract those whom it was intended to benefit. The motives of the early Colonizationists were philanthropic and beneficent; and notwithstanding many mistakes and mishaps, both here and there, the colony of Liberia has achieved a commendable success.

ART. IV.—GERALD MASSEY AND HIS WRITINGS.

WHOEVER honestly desires to master those difficult problems, the solution of which is essential to the welfare of our working classes, rejoices to meet with an exposition of the feelings and opinions of one of their own body. It has, as compared with the views of the student placed in a higher stratum of society, the superiority possessed by experience over theory. But when he can avail himself of the *progressive* opinions of such a representative, who, having been born among the labouring population, and having remained one of them long enough practically to understand their needs, has yet subsequently risen to that vantage-ground for arriving at a fair appreciation of the hindrances to be removed before those needs can be supplied, which intellectual cultivation and the exchange of hand for head-work affords, he hails the light thus thrown upon his task, and 'gladly learns' that he may 'gladly teach.'

The lives and writings of few men can be more usefully studied with the aim we have indicated than those of Gerald Massey; and aware how brief—we had almost said superficial—our present notice must be, we hope, nevertheless, it may induce our readers to seek fuller information from his works themselves.

Gerald Massey was born in May, 1828, near Tring in Hertfordshire, in a little stone hut, of which the roof was so low that a man could not stand upright under it. His father was a canal boatman earning

earning ten shillings a week ; and so destitute of instruction, having grown up while yet England laboured under the reproach of neglecting the education of her poor, that he could not even write his name. Gerald's mother, though equally illiterate, possessed a delicate intellectual organization, a tender yet courageous heart, and a noble spirit of independence—affording one more example in support of the almost universal rule that men who rise to eminence have had mothers of distinguished moral and mental endowments. 'She needed all her strength and courage to bear up under the privations of her lot. Sometimes the husband fell out of work, and there was no bread in the cupboard, except what was purchased by the labour of the elder children, some of whom were early sent to work in the neighbouring silk-mill. One week, when bread was much dearer than now, and the father out of work, all the income of the household was five shillings and ninepence ; but with this the thrifty mother managed to provide for the family—and there were not fewer than six children to feed—without incurring a penny of debt.* Disease, too, often fell upon the family cooped up in that unwholesome hovel ; indeed the wonder is, not that our peasantry should be diseased, and grow old and haggard before their time, but that they should exist at all in such lazar-houses and cesspools.'†

The promoters of model lodging-houses, and like means of ameli-

* A passage in a sermon we chanced to hear while engaged upon this article afforded a remarkable comment on the incident in Massey's life related in our quotation. One bright afternoon, during a sojourn at Clevedon, in Somerset, we attended service at the parish church. The building, quaint and simple in style, but not without architectural beauty, standing in a secluded nook among green hills, away from the village and close to the sea-shore, possesses in itself a charm which cannot fail to attract the visitor. But genius has invested it with a yet deeper interest. In this tranquil spot in the family tomb among his ancestors was laid Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian and the friend of Tennyson. To his early death in a distant land we owe one of the poet's noblest efforts, 'In Memoriam ;' and as in the pauses of the service we heard the murmur of the waves upon the beach we thought of the lines—

'The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more ;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.
'There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.'

But to return. The preacher, in a sermon peculiarly adapted to the character of his congregation, which included every grade a rural district affords, from the squire to the peasant, while recognizing the inequality of social rank as an immutable law of Providence, deplored the want of sympathy which separates class from class, and the painful contrasts sometimes presented by the luxury of the wealthy and the destitution of the poor. 'Often,' said he, 'the price of one among the innumerable dishes on the rich man's table exceeds the cost of a week's food for the whole family of his humble neighbour.'

† Notice of Gerald Massey in 'Eliza Cook's Journal,' April, 1851.

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oration are nobly labouring to improve this state of things ; but the efforts of individuals are wholly incommensurate with the magnitude of the evil ; and the condition of the dwellings of our working classes, both rural and urban, remains a disgrace to a civilized country. The fault, however, does not rest wholly with the landlords. The ill effects of their niggardliness or negligence are often greatly aggravated by slatternly habits, prejudice, and ignorance, or indifference regarding the conditions of health, on the part of the tenants. Similar agencies undermining the health of the rich are, though less virulently, no less certainly at work also—if we do not reject the statements of Miss Nightingale*—among the upper classes, and may help to account for the startling fact ascertained by the eminent staticians, Mr. Neison and Mr. Danson, that the higher in society we investigate, the lower we find the chance of life ; though doubtless sedentary and in-door occupations, excessive demands upon the brain—the centre of the nervous system, and a highly artificial mode of living, on the one hand ; an out-door life, abundant bodily exercise, and enforced temperance in diet on the other, are pre-eminently the causes producing a result, in which, were it not proved by indisputable figures, it would be impossible to believe, namely, that our aristocracy die earlier, and our peasantry live longer than any other classes in the community.

What Gerald Massey could learn during a short time spent at a penny school, where the teacher knew little more than his pupil, was all the instruction he ever received. At eight years of age he began, like his brothers and sisters, to work for his livelihood, eking out his parents' slender gains by the few pence he could earn weekly. The scene of his labour was a neighbouring silk-mill, ' rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening ; up in the grey dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the wind, or in the snow ; seeing the sun only through the factory windows ; breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapour, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels. . . . What a life for a child ! What a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful playtime ! Then home shivering under the cold, starless sky, on Saturday nights with 9d., 1s., or 1s. 3d., for the whole week's work ; for such were the respective amounts of the wages earned by the child-labour of Gerald Massey.

' But the mill was burnt down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind, and sleet, and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him.' The painful recollections associated with his employment in the mill—a mode of life peculiarly irksome to one possessing Gerald Massey's poeti-

* 'Notes on Nursing.'

cal organization, and intense love of nature—may be gathered from these lines in his poem entitled ‘Lady Laura—’

‘Pleasantly rings the chime that calls to the bridal hall or kirk ;
But the devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that wakes the child to work :
“Come, little children,” the mill-bell rings, and drowsily they run,
Little old men and women, and human worms who have spun
The life of infancy into silk ; and fed child, mother, and wife,
The factory’s smoke of torment, with the fuel of human life.
O weird white face and weary bones, and whether they hurry or crawl,
You know them by the factory stamp, they wear it one and all.
The factory fiend in a grim hush waits till all are in, and he grins
As he shuts the door on the fair fair world without, and hell begins.
The least faint living rose of health from the childish cheek he strips,
To run the thorn in a mother’s heart ; and ever he sternly grips
His sacrifice ; with life’s soiled waters turns his wildering wheels ;
And shouts, till his rank breath thickens the air, and the child’s brain devilward
 reels.

From cockerow until starlight, very patiently they plod ;
A sea of human faces turning sadly up to God.
O wan white winter world, that hides no coloured dreams of spring !
No summer sunshine brightens ; no buds blossom ; no birds sing.
In at the windows Nature looks, and sings, and smiles them forth,
To walk with her, and talk with her, and see the summering earth ;
And drink the spicy air in perfumed pathways dim with dew ;
While the miracle of morning raises glorified life anew.
But they are shut from the heavenly largess ; they must stint and moil,
Though death stares ghastly in their face, and life is endless toil.
Did you mark how vacantly they eyed this land of loveliness,
The flower of sleep into their eyes, your heart would ache to press.
The moving glory of the heavens, their pomp and pageantry,
Flame in their shadowed faces, but no soul comes up to see.
They see no angels lean to them ; they stretch no spirit-hand ;
Melodious beauty sings to them ; they cannot understand.’

Later in the poem, the hero, born in the humblest rank, and who had worked in the factory, marries the wealthy, high-born Lady Laura ; and bent on social reform—

‘They bought the factory ; turned its stream of toil
To a flood of joy on Lady Laura’s lands.
There life, whose dark and stagnant waters swarmed
With hideous things, in merry radiance runs ;
Brightens with health, and breaks in frolic spray ;
Peeps through a garland green, and laughs in light :

* * * * *

They built their little world, wherein the poor
Might grow the flower of hope and fruit of love,
And human trees with outstretched arms of cheer,
Might mingle music.

* * * * *

They bought and sold, they ploughed and sowed, and reapt.
Cheapness, free trade, and such economy
As suck their strength from human blood and tears

* * * * *

They bowed not down to.’

We are reminded by this passage of ‘The Deserted Village,’ wherein Goldsmith envelops his false political economy, and impracticable aspirations for the happiness of mankind, in poetry so exquisite, inspired by compassion so tender for his suffering fellow-creatures,

creatures, that while we read—while the music of his verse yet lingers on the ear—we are almost beguiled into sharing his creed that it were better to forego the material progress of man, to relinquish the glorious achievements of one of his noblest gifts from the Almighty—Invention, and content ourselves with the primitive mode of life of our forefathers, assured that where enterprise found no place, so must strife and jealousy have been absent, and that simplicity of habits was necessarily accompanied by integrity of conduct and purity of mind. A very slight examination beneath the surface of the Past suffices to demonstrate the fallacy of this delusion. Macaulay, in one of the most beautiful passages of his immortal history, likens it to the mirage in the desert, which cheats the way-worn traveller into the belief that refreshing waters occupy the space he has lately traversed, but where, in truth, he plodded wearily through the burning sand.*

Again; in comparing the evil and the good involved in factory and in agricultural occupations it must never be forgotten that in the statistics of ignorance and of crime our peasantry occupy a position far more humiliating than do our operative population.

Goldsmith wrote at a period when the distress of the poor was more intense, and far less within their own power to remove than at present. In those days laws oppressive to all bore so heavily upon the lower strata of society as to render the rise of those classes almost impossible. Owing partly to protection and consequent limited production, partly to the rude state of our manufactures and the difficulty of procuring the produce of foreign countries, the necessities of life were barely within their reach, while its luxuries were entirely denied to them. The 'ample page' of 'knowledge,' communication with absent friends, means of transport to distant places—the blessings now conferred upon all by cheap literature, penny postage, railways and steamboats, existed not for them. Not only was an enlightened course of education, such as should be attainable to every man and woman, far beyond their grasp, but instruction even in reading and writing was, with rare exceptions, a blessing not granted them to share.

But more bitter than any other deprivation was the want of sympathy from their happier brethren. The contrast in this respect is more marked, perhaps, than in any other between Goldsmith's age and our own; and the lack of that sympathy was an element of suffering in the lot of the humbler classes which would most forcibly affect his sensitive heart, so full of compassion for the poor among whom he had long dwelt as one of them, and whose generous kindness he had often experienced.

We sorrowfully admit that society is far from having reached

* 'History of England,' vol. i. p. 426.

that equal interchange of kindly action and feeling—the only sort of equality it can ever know—which should be universal among the followers of Christ ; but we as earnestly maintain that the upper classes in this country are becoming more and more alive to their duties towards those beneath them—that public opinion is on the side of right, and that in the examples of self-devotion to philanthropic objects which now abound among the wealthy and the highly-born, we recognize one of the most prominent, as it is also one of the happiest features of the present age. But the task to be accomplished demands the exertions of all.

Centuries of selfishness and indifference on the one hand, of ignorance and servility on the other, have created wrongs too vast to be redressed by the unaided efforts of any one class. The lower ranks have their part to perform in the amelioration of our social state. If they desire the friendship of their superiors, they must win their respect and esteem. They must open their minds to the conviction that the rich and the powerful have their trials and temptations, their toils and anxieties ; and that often the dazzling attributes which most move the envy of those who behold them from far beneath, impose upon the possessor an amount of labour and weight of responsibility from which they would recoil in dismay. But above all they must give the upper classes credit for kindly feelings, and an earnest desire to help their humbler brethren to obtain the blessings a happier lot has bestowed upon themselves.

Among numerous forms in which such kindly feelings are evinced, we will select as a peculiarly appropriate illustration in the present instance, the provision made by manufacturers for the moral and social benefit of their workpeople. To find excellent schools for both children and adults, lecture halls, savings banks, mutual improvement societies, recreation societies, &c. &c., attached to our manufactories, involving a large outlay of money, and a still larger expenditure of what is far more valuable, anxious thought, and benevolent interest on the part of employers, is year by year becoming the rule rather than the once rare exception ; and thus the vast mill with its surroundings is if slowly, yet surely, assuming the character of an educational institute.

There are factory communities in Lancashire and Yorkshire which might be cited as models as regards the conduct of the artisans, their observance of the duties of life, and all that constitutes good citizenship. That there are others still widely different, victims of social neglect, improvidence, and ignorance, is greatly to be lamented, but we much hope that these will not long lag behind. Much depends upon the example of the employers, and the moral supervision which they exercise in their respective establishments. We believe that there is a rapidly increasing number who regard their workpeople as something better than so many "hands," and feel that there are higher objects in life than to spin an even thread, or to open out new markets for the products of their looms and "jennies." When masters exercise the high functions which belong to them in the enlightened and kindly spirit which many of the best of them now display, it will be found

found that the aggregation of workpeople, which has heretofore been regarded as a source of mischief, will become an equally powerful instrumentality for good. The 90,000 Sunday-school children assembled before the Queen in the Peel Park at Manchester, in 1851, was only one of the many indications which might be mentioned of the beneficial influence which has taken place in these great centres of our manufacturing population.*

To enumerate more than a small proportion of factories thus conducted is rendered impossible by their abundance; but referring to those which have chanced to fall immediately under our notice, we may mention the social advantages enjoyed by the operatives in the employment of Mr. Salt, at Saltaire; the Messrs. Winfield, Messrs. Bagnall, and Messrs. Chance at Birmingham; of Messrs. Cordes at Newport; of the Messrs. Richardson at Newry, in Ireland; the Messrs. Spottiswoode, printers, in London; and the Messrs. Courtauld in Essex. Personal observation enables us to speak with earnest respect and approval of the benevolent zeal with which the improvement of their operatives is forwarded by the Messrs. Courtauld.

Our space does not permit of details; but these may be studied in the interesting letters of a lady, employed by the head of the firm, and admirably suited by nature and education to her important mission, who devotes her whole time to promoting the welfare of the workpeople.†

As deeply impressed as Gerald Massey himself with a sense of the moral deterioration which results from neglect of the beautiful objects with which Nature has surrounded us, and of the happiness the study of her marvellous works can confer, this lady sedulously cultivates a practical love of natural history among her pupils. On the Saturday afternoons when the mills are closed, on Sundays in the intervals of worship and attendance at school, and in the long summer evenings, she accustoms them to seek recreation in the lanes and meadows; and to give their rambles a more than passing value she makes them the opportunities for collecting specimens in the various departments of natural science. While reading the passage already cited from 'Lady Laura,' descriptive of the misery of mill work, a bright contrast presented itself to our mind in the recollection that arose of the happy faces and merry voices of the young factory girls whom we saw gathered round their kind friend, exhibiting for her approbation the lovely wreaths of wild flowers which they had plucked and woven with their own hands. 'Melodious beauty sang to them'—and they *could* 'understand.'‡

* 'Quarterly Review,' January, 1860.

† 'Factory Experience,' by M. M.; 1857. London: Englishwoman's Journal Office, 19, Langham Place, W. Price 6d.

‡ Since we wrote the above, the lady spoken of has resigned the post she had occupied for more than twelve years, but only to enter elsewhere upon a still more arduous enterprise. Meanwhile, the seed she has sown in Essex is bearing a goodly harvest.

Surely labour which brings under the beneficent influence of such employers our most needy classes, compares favourably with almost every other kind of occupation within their reach; and while there are children who must work if they are not to starve,—so long as parents bring offspring into the world whom either they cannot or will not support, we may well rejoice that the factory is open to them where they may at once earn the necessaries of life and receive the education which will render them moral and enlightened citizens.

In his Preface to the third edition of ‘*Babe Christabel*,’ Mr. Massey, with rare and admirable frankness, acknowledges a change in his political opinions, and we hope we are justified in including the verses we have cited from ‘*Lady Laura*’ among those which he says he keeps as—

‘Memorials of my past, as one might keep some worn-out garment because he had passed through the furnace in it, nothing doubting that in the future they will often prove my passport to the hearts and homes of thousands of the poor, when the minstrel comes to their door with something better to bring them. They will know that I have suffered their sufferings, wept their tears, thought their thoughts, and felt their feelings; and they will trust me.’*

It is a precious, but a dear-bought privilege.

‘I have been congratulated,’ he elsewhere says, ‘by some correspondents on the uses of suffering, and the riches I have wrung from poverty; as though it were a blessed thing to be born in the condition in which I was, and surrounded with untoward circumstances as I have been. My experience tells me that poverty is inimical to the development of humanity’s noblest attributes. Poverty is a never-ceasing struggle for the means of living, and it makes one hard and selfish. To be sure, noble lives have been wrought out in the sternest poverty. Many such are being wrought out now, by the unknown heroes and martyrs of the poor. I have known men and women in the very worst circumstances to whom heroism seemed a heritage, and to be noble a natural way of living. But they were so in spite of their poverty, and not because of it. What they might have been if the world had done better by them I cannot tell; but if their minds had been enriched by culture the world had been the gainer. When Christ said, “Blessed are they who suffer” he did not speak of those who suffer from want and hunger, and who always see the bastille looming up and blotting out the sky of their future. Such suffering brutalizes. True natures ripen and strengthen in suffering; but it is that suffering which chastens and ennobles, that which clears the spiritual sight, not the anxiety lest work should fail, and the want of daily bread. The beauty of suffering is not to be read in the face of hunger.’†

We return to the incidents of the life here so touchingly indicated.

His occupation at the mill being gone, Gerald Massey ‘went to straw-plaiting, as toilsome, and perhaps more unwholesome than factory work. Without exercise, in a marshy district, the plaiters were constantly having racking attacks of ague. The boy had the disease for three years, ending with tertian ague. Sometimes four of the family and the mother lay ill at one time, all crying with thirst, with no one to give them drink, and each too weak to help

* ‘*Ballad of Babe Christabel*,’ 5th edition, 1855, p. vii.

† Preface to 3rd edition of ‘*Babe Christabel*.’

the other.* But already the love of reading had been kindled. 'Books, however, were very scarce in the family. The Bible and Bunyan were the principal; he committed many chapters of the former to memory, and accepted old Bunyan's allegory as veracious history. Afterwards he obtained access to 'Robinson Crusoe' and a few Wesleyan tracts left at the cottage. These constituted his sole reading until he came up to London at the age of fifteen, as an errand boy; and now, for the first time in his life, he met with plenty of books, reading all that came in his way, from 'Lloyd's Penny Times,' to Cobbett's Works, 'French without a Master,' together with English, Roman, and Grecian history. The wonders of a new world had opened to him. 'Till then' he says, 'I had often wondered why I lived at all—whether

It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery.

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence was to read and get knowledge. . . . I used to read at all possible times and in all possible places. . . . Greatly indebted was I to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal . . . When out of a situation I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book.†

Until he fell in love, says Gerald Massey, and tried to rhyme himself, he never cared for written poetry. It was not until four years later that he first appeared in print, when his maiden poem was published in a provincial paper. The power of knowledge, virtue, and temperance to elevate the condition of the poor was the subject. Shortly afterwards he printed at his native town, Tring, a shilling volume entitled 'Poems and Chansons,' of which about 250 copies were sold.

His thoughts now turned to politics, and his taste led him to study democratic authors. These, together with the events of the French Revolution of 1848, powerfully influenced his political opinions.

'Full of new thoughts, and bursting with aspirations for freedom, he started, in April 1849, a cheap journal, written entirely by working men, entitled, "The Spirit of Freedom:" it was full of fiery earnestness, and half of its weekly contents were supplied by Gerald Massey himself, who acted as editor. It cost him five situations during a period of eleven months,—twice because he was detected burning candle far on into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance.'

The principle of association among workpeople, which has for its object to render them capitalists as well as labourers, approved itself strongly to Gerald Massey's mind, and he eagerly promoted its practical application. His efforts in this direction, with those of his devoted fellow-workers, known as the Christian Socialists,

* 'Eliza Cook's Journal.'

† Ibid.

have, we believe, merged in the co-operative movement, now rapidly extending through the country, and of which the Rochdale societies afford so grand an example—a subject which has already been treated in these pages.*

Of late years his pen has been much and variously employed in contributing to some of the leading publications of the day, among which may be mentioned the 'Athenæum.' He is also favourably known as a lecturer. The addresses he delivers in this capacity are distinguished by fertility of illustration, and for the vividness of the pictures which, by aid of his glowing eloquence, he presents to the mind's eye of his audience. They are, in fact, spoken poems. But with written poems also, laboriously as he applies himself to other branches of literature, Gerald Massey still finds time to delight us. Walter Savage Landor has compared him with Keats, whom in richness of imagery and intense love of the beauties of nature he certainly resembles. But there is a healthier tone in his writings than the productions of Keats reveal, though had the latter lived longer and lived happily, his maturer compositions would probably have displayed this essential characteristic of true excellence. In the 'Bridegroom of Beauty' Massey has described the mission of the poet, how justly this passage will show—

'Anon I would sing songs so sweetly pure
That they might pillow a budding maiden's cheek
Like spirit-hands, and catch her tender tears ;
Or nestle next her heart lapt up in love :
Songs that in far lands under alien skies,
Should spring from English hearts like flowers of home.
I'd strive to bring down light from heaven to read
The records writ on poverty's prison walls,
The signs of greatness limned in martyr blood,
And make worn faces glow with warmth of love,
Into the lineaments of heavenly beauty.

'Who wears a singing robe is richly dight ;
The poet, he is greater than a king.
He plucks the veil from hidden loveliness ;
His gusts of music stir the shadowing boughs
To let in glory on the darkened soul.
Upon the hills of light he plants his feet,
To lure the people up with harp and voice ;
At humblest human hearths drops dews divine,
To feed the violet virtues nestling there.
His hands adorn the poorest house of life
With rare abiding shapes of loveliness.'†

Massey is pre-eminently the poet of the domestic affections. His political verses may be forgotten,—we believe they will when, having wrought their part in our social improvement, the troubled period which gave them birth has passed away ; his 'Love Lyrics,' too, may not survive,—they are upon a fruitful theme and have many rivals and many superiors ; but so long as our language

* 'Meliora,' January, 1861.

† 'Craigcrook Castle.'

endures those poems will live in which Gerald Massey has shed upon the subject dearest to English hearts, Home, the pure radiance of his genius. Among many, we may mention—‘When I come Home,’ ‘Husband and Wife,’ and ‘A Poor Man’s Wife.’ In solemn contrast with the buoyancy of spirit and heartfelt happiness born of hallowed love which breathe throughout these compositions, is the tone of the exquisite poem ‘Only a Dream,’ and of the following powerful lines:—

‘IN THE DEAD UNHAPPY MIDNIGHT.’

- ‘Tis midnight hour, and the dead have power
Over the wronger now!
He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
That hath fallen from the suicide’s brow.
- Wind him around in the toil of thy charms,
Nestle him close, young bride!
At the midnight hour he is drawn from thy arms;
Through the dark with the dead he must ride.
- The rose of her mouth is red-wet, red-warm:
She smiles in her heaven of calm.
Tost! hurried! and sered in a pitiless storm;
Slumber for him has no balm.
- He feels that ghostly groping along
The corridor of dreams!
And a dark desolation lightning-lit
Is his face by ghastly gleams!
- Love’s cup flushes up for his crowning kiss,
With his lip at the burning brim;
Lo, the dead uncurtain his bower of bliss,
Stretching wild arms for him!
- Wind him around in the toil of thy charms,
Nestle him close, young bride!
Yet, at midnight hour he is drawn from thy arms;
Through the dark with the dead he must ride.
- And the dark hath a million burning eyes,
All of his secret tell!
And the whispering winds are damnèd fiends
That hiss in his ear of hell!
- Warm in her bed the young bride lies,
Breathing her graceful breath;
Dead mother and babe with their drownèd eyes
Stare dim through the watery death.
- ‘Tis midnight hour, and the dead have power
Over the wronger now!
He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
That hath fallen from the suicide’s brow.*

‘God’s World is worthy Better Men’ is a noble poem, nobly illustrated by the struggles and by the achievements of its author’s own life. That life will have accomplished much for the class whose sufferings lie so near Massey’s heart—and for whom he has laboured in the spirit of genuine philanthropy, revealed in the following beautiful lines:—

* ‘Craigcrook Castle.’

'Who work for freedom win not in an hour :
 Their cost of conquest never can be summed !
 They toil and toil through many a bitter day,
 And dark, when false friends flee, and true ones faint.
 The seed of that great truth from which shall spring
 The forest of the future, and give shade
 To the reapers of the harvest, must be watcht
 With faith that fails not, fed with rain of tears,
 And walled around with life that, fighting, fell.'*

ART. V.—SOCIAL STATE OF THE EARLY VICTORIAN DIGGINGS.

THE world that never saw before, may never see again, that singular social phenomenon exhibited in the gold fever of California and Victoria. The study of some of its leading points must, then, be an interesting one. The writer, being in an adjoining colony at the time of the Ballaarat rush, allowed but a few months to pass before he was upon the field.

Governor Latrobe, in his first despatch upon the gold fever, describes it as having 'completely disorganized the whole structure of society.' He goes on to speak of 'cottages deserted, houses to let, business is at a standstill, and even schools are closed. In some of the suburbs not a man is left, and the women are known for self-protection to forget neighbours' jars, and to group together to keep house.'

The effect upon the neighbouring colonies of South Australia and Tasmania was for the time being most distressing. The shop, the counting-house, the farm were alike deserted. So great was the emigration of men, that a serious panic seized the ladies of Adelaide upon the report that the blacks intended to be avenged for the treatment of their wives, by now coming in a body to the capital, and making a Sabine onset upon the white women. Property went down to zero, and the hearts of the strong grew faint.

Our colonial wits made merry at the excitement. One composed the following upon the symptoms of insanity, and stuck the paper against a gum tree at the first Victorian diggings, at Anderson's Creek—

'1st. Rising early and proceeding to the creek, pulling the stones about and washing the sand and gravel, then placing it in a box, resembling a cradle, imagining the stones and sand to be a *child of earth with golden hair*, rocking the child to sleep; then taking the mud and gravel out and putting it into an *expecting dish*, mixing it with water and shaking it, all the time looking at the slush with the fondest solicitations for its safety—ultimately throwing it away with disgust, and assuming the appearance of intense disappointment.

'2nd. Repeating the above strange proceeding day after day.

'3rd. Troubled sleep at night, with frightful dreams of being pelted by Midas with lumps of gold, upwards of 106 lbs. weight, and being unable to pick them up, or of smaller nuggets sticking anywhere but in your breeches pocket.'

* 'Craigcrook Castle.'

In a brief sketch of the social state of the early diggings there will, of course, be many apparent contradictions. Everything was more or less chaos. Men's minds were unusually excited.

It is not attempted here to exhibit all the phases of society, and certainly not to dwell at any length upon any of them; but a broad touch here and there may give the English reader of 1862 some impressions of the diggings in 1851, 1852, and 1853.

The vast increase of civilization there, the growth of personal comforts and conveniences, the development of intellectual and moral agencies, the establishment of the highest forms of social progression, and the multiplication of religious means, have all tended to the elevation of the diggings. At the same time it must be equally admitted that the propagators of disorder and vice have been quite as assiduous, and more so, and that there now exists there an amount of intemperance and lasciviousness wholly unknown in the early times.

The political circumstances of the colony must be regarded in this investigation of the social condition of the diggings.

Previously, the country was essentially, and necessarily, a squatting one. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazed over the rich pastures, and the land was leased out on easy terms to the lords of the wastes. The colony had been recently declared independent of the older settlement of New South Wales, and His Honour Mr. Superintendent Latrobe became His Excellency the Governor of Victoria. The Legislative Council was almost entirely a nominee one of the government. Such a thing as a true representative system did not exist, and the ruling power was thoroughly oligarchical.

Complaints had been raised against this anti-British rule, but the real pressure was not felt when the country was so thinly populated. As soon, however, as the circumstances of the colony changed, in the advent of new blood, the rise of new modes of life, the accession of numbers, the growth of wealth, the unparalleled advance of the labouring classes, an alteration in our institutions was loudly required. A political expansiveness must keep pace with social progress.

The battle between the contending parties was not of long duration. The pressure from without compelled reform. England seconded the zeal of the Victorian council. The queen's ministry exceeded in liberality the wildest dreams of the oldest colonists. In addition to the self-control of the land fund, the sovereignty of the soil, the settlers, to the surprise of many, received the boon of universal suffrage and vote by ballot.

But we have leaped over a few years in our story, and have to retrace our steps to the opening of the diggings.

Not great sympathy was entertained for the vagabonds, as they were

were said to have been called by some of the governing body. The squatters, whose runs were invaded by the pick and cradle, whose flocks were scattered by the diggers' dogs, whose shepherds fled to the mines, were not disposed to view the gold mania otherwise than as a nuisance and a danger; though, when they afterwards saw their property wonderfully raised in value by the change, their resentment passed away.

In the mean time, instead of encouraging the movement, impediments were employed, and vexatious and unwarrantable interference with miners' rights took place.

The mining licence was a sore trouble. The first was issued in Victoria on Sunday, September 21, 1851, for the month of September. As three fourths of the month had expired, only half of the month's fee of thirty shillings was demanded. As an equivalent in the shape of protection was expected from the government, few complaints against the system arose at first, excepting it was thought hard to pay so large a sum for so small an occupancy of the waste lands.

The working of the system, however, was felt to be most annoying. Frequent demands for the exhibition of the paper were objectionable. The luckless fellow on the field without the permit was fined five pounds. Occasionally the defaulter was kept a prisoner some time along with thieves, or even secured by a rope to the stem of a tree. The hunting for licences was not conducted either prudently or humanely. Violent discussions followed this line of conduct. Demagogues fanned the flame, and advocated physical force to get rid of the tyranny.

It is needless to say that ample justice has since been done to this branch of industry. There is no longer the reproach that the miner is a nonentity in the state, and that the liberty which was afforded him in town was refused when he was clad in the jumper of the digger. Equity was satisfied, but not until blood had been shed at the stockade of Ballaarat, in the so-called rebellion.

At the outset of the gold fever, a determination existed to maintain order at the mines, even with little protection from the law to help them. The songs of a people are not less illustrations of feeling than incitements to action. One very popular but rude ditty was chanted in the tent at the close of 1851 and beginning of 1852. Too long to give entirely, a few stanzas may serve. It was set to the air of 'Coronation.'

' True bushmen we, we all agree
That no consideration
Shall cause disturbance 'mongst the free
Upon this golden station.
In bush attire, let each aspire,
By noble emulation,
To gain a digger's chief desire—
Gold, by wise regulation.

- ' With spades and picks, we work like bricks,
And dig a gold formation ;
And stir our cradles with short sticks,
To break conglomeration.
This golden trade doth not degrade
The man of information ;
Who shovels nuggets with his spade,
Of beauteous conformation.
- ' What mother can her infant stock
View with more satisfaction,
Than we our golden cradles rock,
Which most love to distraction ?
Let these who dare try thwart our care
At our gold occupation ;
They with bewilderment will stare
At golden incubation.
- ' We dig and delve from six to twelve ;
And then, for relaxation,
We wash our pans and cradles' shelves,
And turn to mastication.'
 &c. &c.

Whatever may be said of the rhyme, the reader will admit that the moral is right enough. There was a principle of law and order at work among a people who could sing this song.

The mode of life pursued by the diggers greatly influenced their moral condition. The constant presence of dirt, untidiness, rude dress, rough food, with inadequate supply of water, and a total absence of the delicacies and refinements of society could not but exercise a most prejudicial effect upon the miners. It is wholly different now. Upon the diggings at this time, comforts, and even luxuries, are within easy reach ; but in the early times, as the writer knows from experience, discomfort was the rule. The excitement of drink, under these circumstances, was the craving of many.

A colonial writer thus refers to the sorrows of an amateur cook of a party—

' Ah ! if they only knew the trouble you have had—how the fire would not burn that morning—how many maggots you had to pick off the beef before boiling—how the pudding got more dust than spice by the wind—how the damper got burnt, while you were wiping out the greasy dishes with that rag that had, unwashed, performed so much service of the kind—how you were puzzled to make the soup with nothing to put in it—how the vinegar keg had leaked on the sugar bag—how that stupid bullock put his dirty foot into your last dish of clean water, just as the kettle boiling for supper gently glided off the log, and deliberately lay down in the ashes.'

A colonial poet, giving vent to his feelings upon this question of diggings comforts, has the following lines—

- " Well, it don't suit me," said Tim, " I'm sure ;
That crowbar makes my hands too sore.
And miserably soaked, all day I've stood,
Rocking the cradle, knee-deep in mud.
Now mucking at cooking, and slushing all day ;
Now delving through dirty rocks and clay.

Gold digger! bah! It's all my eye,
And that you'll say, lads, by-and-by.
You're welcome to your golden joys,
Your duffs, and Johnny cakes, and doughboys,
Your vile lobsouse and milkless teas,
Your endless bacon fry and cheese,
Your dreary nights and weary days,
Your barb'rous, semi-savage ways;
Farewell to all your toil and strife,
And welcome quiet, cleanly life."

If not quite so bad as the Burns of Geelong has made it appear, the life was miserable enough, and had no tendency to sweeten the temper, refine the manners, or elevate the morals.

As may be supposed, the health of the early diggers was much affected by the discomforts of living, the severity of toil, and the excitement of the nerves. The profession of a gold digger was not then established. The pioneers had to learn much, and endure much for the benefit of those coming after. The first holes sunk were some six or eight feet square; it has since been the fashion to sink one about the shape and size of a child's coffin. The extra toil, the unwonted exposure, the miserable cooking, the bad water, the wretched beds, the annoying surroundings, all tended to reduce the physical.

Dysentery was sadly prevalent, and doctors' fees were almost fabulous. Accidents were comparatively rare, owing to the reigning sobriety. Sitting upon damp ground, especially when driving in at the bottom, induced several severe disorders. Rheumatism occurred often by carelessness. Women were more to be pitied than men in this time of hardships. The writer has known cases of confinements with no bed but a collection of leaves on the ground, and no furniture save a single clothes chest. A medical friend attended a case of this kind, in a tent of such thin texture that the rain came in readily upon the poor creature on her wretched couch of rags and leaves. The expense of medicine was fearful, and the general character of professing medical practitioners was something that would astonish the College of Surgeons.

Every man must wash his own shirt in that day, or pay very handsomely for the accommodation, when ten and twelve shillings a dozen were expected.

A story is told of a certain cunning digger of that era of difficulty. The poor fellow had in vain attempted to conciliate the good-will of a laundress. He sought the cleansing of his linen, and the lady was too busy to undertake the job, or too independent to bother herself about it. Finding no chance of a clean shirt by a direct attack he had recourse to stratagem. He dropped all mention of the linen, and gradually went into another line of argument. Soft tones of flattery fell upon the maiden's ear. The voice

of love stole upon the heart of the laundress, and her eyes soon rested in modest pride and pleasure upon the manly face of the miner.

The citadel was gained. The wily fellow waited till the sacred knot was tied, and then turned upon his fair bride with a sort of malicious smile, and said, 'I have you now. You are my wife now. You must wash my shirts now.'

The moral condition of the diggings, even at the early period, was not most flourishing, in spite of the regulations prohibiting the sale of drink, together with the remarkable paucity of females upon the gold-field.

The one prominent cause of crime there was the presence of run-away convicts and expirees, known commonly as Van Demonians, or Derwenters, as Hobart Town stands upon the river Derwent.

These loose fish of the colonies were first to move across to the charmed land. They were rough and ready characters, as hard handed for labour as hard hearted for vice. They worked well, and got the cream of the gold in the early days, but in town they knocked it down quickly enough in drink, and indulged freely in riot and disorder. 'Derwent Gully' and 'Derwent Store' met the eye at every rush, and testified as much to the members of the tribe as to their devotion to the country of chains they had left.

Some of these worthies found that they could get just as much gold by working at their old trade as at the new. Gold digging would not prove so profitable or so pleasant as the process of bush-ranging. They took advantage, therefore, of the small number of constables, the irregularity of times, and the recklessness of wealthy travellers, to commence their former employment. This was not done on a petty scale, such as robbing golden washing stuff, but in the more orthodox fashion of 'stand and deliver.'

The share which these Derwenters took in such proceedings may be ascertained from the police records. Although after all but a small fraction of the population of Victoria, they managed almost to monopolize the crime.

At one of the assizes, in 1853, the presiding judge called attention to the fact, that of sixty convictions in the previous year forty were laid to the charge of convictism. Another statement was added, that twenty-six of forty formed the average at another time.

'It is painful,' exclaims his Honour, 'to consider that we should be stigmatized and held responsible for the guilt of sixty-six incorrigible offenders, strangers to us and our country in every sense of the word, and that our gaols should be crowded and our resources encumbered to furnish means of safe custody, maintenance, and coercion for men in whom the alternations of chains, rigour, and liberty have produced no amendment.'

The colonists had been for several years previously to the gold discovery engaged in a struggle with the home government respecting transportation.

Providence

Providence brought relief to the sorrows of the colonies, and compelled the authorities of Downing Street to look to our necessities through their own interests. When the table of gold was spread before the criminals of the South the inducements to commit crime in Britain, in order to have a free passage to Australia, at once shocked the Ministry, and urged them to discontinue transportation. It was high time, for 'Punch' himself had spread the glad news throughout the British dominions in the stirring appeal of

'Labourers as wage and wittles likes
Unto a jemmy turn the coulter,
If you'd dig nuggets with Bill Sikes,
And not potatoes with Giles Jolter.'

The diggings were favoured with visits of ladies as well as gentlemen of this particular class from the banks of the Derwent. We give an illustration from the 'Diggers' Magazine.'

'"Why don't you get married?" says Dick to Tom, his mate, as they came down for a spell. Tom had got a good swag, and thought he might now cage a bird for a change. A lucky digger is a sure magnet for women; and he had less difficulty in gaining consent than in getting a licence. After the blessing at church, a new gig was bought, and the bride, with all her blushing honours, was driven along, with her gold watch and satin dresses, to the bark hut of the diggings. A mate soon after made a morning call upon the lady. He found her disrobed of her satin glory, with a dirty cap half concealing a black eye, a short pipe in her mouth, and barely sober enough to utter these memorable words, 'I'm a Derwenter, and I don't care who knows it.'

This peculiar satisfaction in contemplating the past, and loyalty to the island in which they had served their time, may be said to have been general with the Derwenters.

On one occasion, early in 1852, the writer was passing through one of the delightful valleys of the diggings region, when he heard the shout of a salesman. The man was standing in his cart, exhibiting some splendid pippins, and singing out aloud, 'Ere's your Van Demonian happles, and them as doesn't like the country needn't buy 'em.'

The profession of a gold digger has had no reputation for morals at any time. Somehow or other, mining countries have not always been esteemed for virtue. According to an old translation from Ovid—

'Men deep descend into the earth
With mattock, shovel, and spade,
And wicked wealth is digged up
Which mischief all have made.'

Before this golden age the colonies had made great social progress. Literary, scientific, benevolent, and religious institutions had been everywhere established, and were everywhere in healthy action. Lectures at mechanics' institutes were crowded, schools were promptly attended, temperance societies were in successful operation, and a strong vein of piety ran through the settlement. Even Tasmania, with all its taint of convictism, and in defiance of the

the cruel injustice of the parent state, had so advanced in morals as to present features of improvement which the writer has not seen surpassed in Europe. The enthusiastic reformer wanted but the cessation of transportation to realize his ideas of a southern millennium. So great a march had been made by teetotalism that about the year 1850 a very large proportion of ministers and Christian people were members of the society, and a strong public feeling in its favour had been originated: the year 1860 presents not so fair a picture.

The excitement of the gold discovery closed the halls of the mechanics' institutes, broke down organizations of moral progress, and almost annihilated the columns of temperance.

And yet upon the gold fields themselves there was not in the very early times that profanity and vice so conspicuous at a later date. An important reason may be that, excepting the Derwenters, a large number of the diggers were men of families from neighbouring cities, whose influence would be used on the right side. Notwithstanding the serious examples of declension there were not a few who maintained the integrity of their principles. Checks existed in the knowledge that folks were surrounded by those who knew them, and who might hereafter bear a tale to the distant fireside.

Another good thing was the absence of temptation to do wrong, however few might be the inducements to do well. No drink was publicly sold upon the field. This was the salt of the day. Then, there were few women at all present on the ground, and the hordes of prostitutes of all degrees, so common and devastating now, were unknown then.

Sunday was from the very first observed in a proper manner. Work was totally suspended. This deference to public opinion is worthy of notice, as Chinese and expirees alike obeyed the impulse. It is true that with many Sunday meant only a clean shirt, a wash, a rest, and a plum pudding; but others kept it up in the reading of the Scriptures and private worship, if unable to attend a service.

A number of Wesleyan local preachers, from Adelaide and Hobart Town in particular, being gathered on the diggings, held services in their own localities. A couple of young ministers of that body were then despatched to the scene. The writer heard one of them preach on a stump under a huge tree at the Forest Creek. He had the pleasure of hearing that excellent Presbyterian pastor of Buninyong, the Rev. Thomas Hastie. This gentleman was the first to gather the diggers together at Ballarat. We listened to his earnest discourse on one of the Flats beside a fallen monster of the forest.

In March and April, 1852, the Bishop of Melbourne went
round

round the diggings, and held services. We were present when he conducted worship at Bendigo. He stood beneath a sort of umbrella canopy to shield his head from the sun, and his congregation were scattered about upon fallen logs, or lounging beneath the trees. He did not go through the entire service, giving us the Litany, Commandments, and Thanksgiving only. His sermon was upon the prayer of 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' At the conclusion of his interesting service, he addressed the miners upon the necessity of putting up more substantial residences against the rigour of the coming winter season. He thus showed his anxiety about the temporal as well as the more enduring happiness of his audience.

The heavy expenses attendant upon a mission to the gold fields prevented a speedy advent of clergymen. The Government, however, came to the rescue with a special fund of assistance, in addition to the usual annual church grant. Then another objection existed in the minds of ministers—the wretched mode of life and real hardships to be endured. The diggers had the same in a more aggravated form. When the clergy did arrive, they found the abode less irksome than they feared; while the enormous fees they received from the rush of marriages in the primitive period, in addition to handsome salaries, rendered their position an envious one to their brethren elsewhere.

The churches of the day were of canvas, with earthen floors. These were subsequently exchanged for wooden ones; to be supplanted, in their turn, by splendid architectural structures of brick and stone.

In the early times men worked early and late. They were ardent in pursuit of wealth, if not wise in retaining it. There were no drawbacks to interfere with their employments. No amusements had come up on the field, so soon to be inundated with players, boxers, mountebanks, singers, tumblers, &c. No roadways had been formed, beyond the tracks wheeled out by the miners themselves, and rambling among the holes at night was neither pleasant nor safe. The 'Argus,' regularly cried through the diggings, gave them news of the outer world; and a very irregularly managed and besieged post-office afforded them intelligence from friends.

Thus protected from evening excitement, they were preserved from much temptation.

Times changed when women began to assemble at the diggings. With the discomforts and social disadvantages of the first year or two, this was no place for females, proving agreeable to the individual husband. It was neither prudent nor comfortable for a wife to be under the same tent covering as her husband's mate, though the family couch may have been parted off by a calico screen.

screen. The decencies and proprieties of life were constantly invaded by the huddling together of persons and sexes.

The evils grew apace when drink came more freely upon the field. Their temptation to wives received a fearful extension in the proffer of the cup. Great irregularity ensued. Left-handed marriages became the fashion. Loose women from the neighbouring colonies crowded up to the more attractive gold region, and formed discreditable and transitory alliances. Exchange of partners, and desertions of connexions, entailed great misery and vice, and pressed cruelly upon the condition of children.

Much was said about the disparity of sexes as the cause of licentiousness. Without disputing the fact and the conclusion, we cannot but say that far less vice existed when the men were almost wholly alone, than when the disparity was considerably lessened by the accession of female society. For the first year at the diggings, before the great advent of English immigration, the amount of the social evil upon the gold fields was small indeed, and most unintrusive in character. Perhaps, with some temperance leanings, we may consider that the comparative absence of alcoholic stimulants may have had much to do with this virtuous demonstration. It is but right, also, to add that the majority perhaps, of the early miners were married men, who had left their families in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, or Hobart Town.

The TEMPERANCE QUESTION comes prominently before us in this investigation.

It has been well said that drunkenness is fed by excitement. It may be judged, then, that so high a stimulus as the gold fever would call for large draughts of alcohol. The very congregation of men away from homes, from women, from hallowing and restraining influences, engaged in such a calling, and surrounded by so many discomforts and annoyances, would seem, according to British notions, to necessitate the existence of a considerable development of the drinking usages.

The nature of society, so rent and disorganized, so little checked by legislative and administrative functions, was also favourable to this demoralization.

The composition of the community indicated the high probability of such intemperance, as a large proportion of the first diggers came from Van Diemen's Land, that gaol of convictism. The worst men had fewest bonds to confine them to their homes, and were foremost in the flight across the Straits. And though a check to their passage was raised by a severe enactment passed by the Victorian Council, absolutely prohibiting, under severe penalties, the immigration of those who had been under government control in the little island, yet a very large number of this rough class

class got upon the gold fields. Carrying thence their natural love of liquor, and being amply provided with means for the wildest indulgence of their taste, with little or no hindrance to their enjoyment, it is not surprising that these men of chains went to riotous lengths, and brought into European disrepute the social state of the early diggings.

The first men upon the field were colonists of the province. They had homes and families to leave. They were, generally speaking, sober, well-conducted citizens. They were of no one station in society, but were representatives of all degrees. The writer had neighbouring cradle mates, of not merely lawyers, doctors, merchants, and ministers of his acquaintance, but even members of the legislature. When, therefore, they found themselves placed insecurely enough with so mixed a population, without adequate government protection, they were not likely to be blind to the prejudicial influence of strong drink upon the condition of society. However much they may have been used to the beverage, they saw at once that in their circumstances its introduction in any guise was to be prohibited to insure their peace.

When, therefore, at a gully a barrel of spirits was found, it was seized by popular exclamation, and its contents solemnly emptied into the creek, rather than down the throats of the miners. It was better, it was said, that one man should suffer the loss of his property, than that disorders should be created, and the public safety hazarded.

The government of the country, though perhaps not more virtuous, or heedful of the comfort of people, than authorities in general, proceeded to endorse this public sentiment, and added the force of law to the absolute prohibition of any alcoholic liquor upon the diggings.

This was resented by those who preferred their own selfish enjoyment to the welfare of the community, by those who cynically object to any regulation whatever proceeding from head-quarters, by those who hoped to make profit by vice, and who loudly declaimed against interference with the freedom of trade, &c., and by those who hoped for plunder in the wreck of order by drink.

No law, however good, can be without some injury to the innocent. It is but human that there should be weakness. The absolute prohibition of sale, rendered it, at least, exceedingly difficult for the sick to procure port wine or porter under medical prescription, especially in cases of fever, which were rather common in the very early times, from the wretched condition in which the miners were obliged to live.

The writer has known a medical friend to go from tent to tent
and

and store to store in search of a bottle of wine for a patient, offering a most extravagant sum for the article.

But when at length, in answer to remonstrances, a sale was permitted upon medical certificate, the irregularities which ensued seemed to justify the apparent harshness of the original measure, and confirmed the views of those who supported the prohibitory course of authority. The following quotation from the '*Gold Diggers' Magazine*' for November, 1852, exhibits the evil—

'We are sorry to learn that certain self-styled medical gentlemen are in the habit of keeping genteel grog-shops at the diggings. The ordinary pills and bitter draughts are renounced for the more tasty and better-paying indulgence of alcoholic physic; and this, not in the form of tinctures and cordials, but in the less refined guise of common spirituous liquors.'

But, as with the opium traffic of China, so with drink in Australia, wherever purchasers are to be found, there will always be those, greedy of gain, and regardless of moral arguments, who will dare the law to make a profit. Not a few of those who kept stores upon the diggings had a private repository of the forbidden article, to retail to the *safe* ones. With grief it must be affirmed that some Melbourne and Geelong merchants, of high repute as Christian professors, were forward in this evil work. They could not resist the temptation, though only drapers or grocers, of adding to their wealth by becoming sly grog sellers. And when fines and confiscations fell upon more insignificant and less prudent dealers, complaints were loudly expressed that the respectable but more extensive retailers were forgotten or undiscovered by the police.

Sly grog tents became the institution of the diggings. They entered quietly and unobtrusively, and pursued their trade at first in secret and with caution. Emboldened by success, and enriched in the speculation, their numbers rapidly increased, and their reserve was abandoned.

As early as December, 1851, a few months only after the first pick had struck auriferous ground, we have the testimony to the prevalence of this awful evil, in a letter from Mount Alexander. Alluding to the grog tents, the writer says—

'The numerous drunken men to be seen knocking about; fights, and robberies, are sufficient evidence that this nuisance exists to some extent; and it will require something stronger than the dozen or two of the whitey-brown force to put it down, more especially as it is on the spread, like the thistles round Melbourne.'

The practical experience of the writer, which commenced three months after the date of this communication, was not of so gloomy a character. Upon his advent upon the gold fields, he saw so little interference and violence, as to raise his astonishment. Thousands of rough characters were brought together, and yet he felt no fear in moving about the gullies at any hour, and very seldom encountered

encountered a man under the influence of liquor. It was very clear to his own mind that the law of prohibition was so far carried out as to be of immense benefit to the community.

The difficulties in the way of stopping the liquor traffic may be briefly stated. The prohibition doctrine arose from no temperance origin: it was an expedient suggested by Christians for the prevention of crime in a lawless condition of society. They who promulgated the order of the State were never suspected of teetotal leanings. They took their glass, and were willing that others should drink in Melbourne and Geelong. They objected to the inflammatory beverage among an inflammatory community. They had no higher ground for prohibition. Once remove the fear of an outbreak, and their supposed temperance principles fell at once to the earth. There was, then, no inherent vigour in the ordinance.

The police, who were appointed to carry out the enactment, could certainly never be charged with even sober qualities. Some of them had passed certain degrees of freedom in the neighbouring island, and were useful from their experience at an older date, while others were found in that then unpopular and hooted order from their unwillingness to labour, and general reckless habits. The police force of Victoria, which ultimately became as efficient and as high principled in the execution of duty as any in the world, was in the early digging times of no great account.

The share in the fines was the propelling motive for conviction; but as means were forthcoming without such trouble, and saving uncomfortable collision with persons, these convictions became less and less, until the law became a byword and a reproach.

The sly grog dealers, who always regarded themselves as a most harshly and unjustly treated set of people, were not pleased at this subtraction of their profits, and often grudgingly gave the bribe, which in some instances went in the shape of a black mail. One man told the writer that what he had paid the inspectors of police, to ward off attacks upon his premises, would have made his fortune.

Anyhow, it is certain that collusion did exist between the police and the dealer, and the prohibitory law thus became in great part a dead letter.

Another check to the operations of the law arose from the great unpopularity of government. This was conspicuous enough in 1852, but grew rapidly after, until it culminated in the Ballarat rebellion of 1854. The police, employed in the collection of diggers' licences, were so much the objects of public abhorrence, that their interference even in more legitimate and wholesome proceedings was viewed with distrust and resented as tyranny. Thus it was that the grog sellers, when set upon by the authorities, were esteemed by the miners as fellow martyrs, and sympathized with accordingly.

The mode in which the executive treated the offenders was one rather partaking of Turkish rule than the English constitution. It was not enough that the vendor was fined fifty pounds, one half of which went to the informer, but his alcoholic property was destroyed, and his tent was burnt to the ground. However this summary way of acting was thought of at first, it soon became a subject of outcry, from its barbarism and unnecessary cruelty. The writer has been present at the burning of a grog tent, and was witness to a demonstration of popular condemnation of the deed, while few undertook to defend the conduct of the dealer.

The unpopularity, therefore, of the convictions, from the mode of operation, and the actors in the charge, induced a gradual diminution of attacks, and a corresponding increase of grog tents.

Further, the diggers themselves were charged in process of time. The nature of the employment, from its associations, tended to lower the moral sense, and elevate the force of animal propensity. A taste for liquor was thus almost insensibly gained, even by those who had once been loudest in their condemnation of the traffic. Again, a respectable class of early diggers quickly left the field. They retired to their colonial homes. A call had been made for their services in their respective professions. It was discovered that the doctor and the lawyer could raise handsome fees in towns, the shopkeeper realize most extravagant returns, the mechanic obtain enormous wages, and the farmer sell his hay at a price which made sugar less valuable by weight.

The new comers from England, and from almost the world at large, were not likely to feel the necessity of provision for the welfare of the colony, as those who had established homes therein. Most of these were doubtless men of education, and many of them had been brought up in even respectable positions; but a hesitancy may be observed as to their superiority of moral character. However good at home, some were apt to think they must be *colonial* out there. To be *colonial* they thought was to be low, drunken, and reckless. This compliment the real colonists did not acknowledge. In pursuit, then, of this supposed colonial qualification, which they too evidently derived from consorting with the Van Demonian fast ones of the gold fields, the new comers were rapidly the means of exalting the dignity of the sly grog tent, and of aiding in the propagation of anti-temperance principles. Young men, suddenly thrown from the confinement of desk and counter, and removed from the restraint of family relation, were not likely to be deterred from the indulgence of their own selfish propensities by any sympathies for the social progress and welfare of the colony, of whose gold they were willing to take, but for the good of whose children they were not willing to make the least sacrifice.

It was not always so. Once it was written from Mount Alexander: 'The respectable diggers are willing to be enrolled as *specials*, and are desirous to prevent the sale of spirituous liquors.' This was the report of an inspector of police to the head of his department. Another person, addressing the writer of this article, writes thus from Fryer's creek: 'The new commissioner, Mr. Mostyn, deserves the congratulations and gratitude of every friend to order. The police, directly or indirectly under his able superintendence, have been fortunate enough to detect and fine several infamous proprietors of these local nuisances' (grog tents).

An extract from another private letter may be published. At the very time when the digger wrote these lines he was in the meshes of a grog tent. The writer found the poor fellow in one of these disreputable hovels, and vainly sought to rescue him from the destroyer. A gentleman by birth, and scholar by education, and a literary man of some talent, he had early fallen a victim to strong drink. His remarks, therefore, have a force which would not belong to those from one less practically acquainted with the nature of these dens.

'I cannot refrain,' says he, 'from a recommendation of the powers that be to exercise the utmost of their authority in suppressing the numerous sly grog tents which swarm in the gold fields. The police may be vigilant, energetic, and impervious to bribery; but I am of opinion that the remedy to so monstrous an evil must be effected through other means. Most of us have heard of Murderer's Flat and Choke'em Gully in the location of Fryer's creek; and it is supererogatory to refer to the prolific source which gave names to such places. Upon the diggings there are resident hundreds of educated gentlemen of high family and respectable connexions. These persons, I am sure, would with laudable alacrity aid our colonial government, and come to the rescue in such a moral campaign.'

Alas! he could not come to the rescue. He was a slave to the evil, but had no moral power to lift a finger to its removal, however much he groaned beneath its miserable oppression. He has with bitterness related his experience, and avowed his physical inability to avoid a glass if that glass were before him. Such a man could call upon others to come to his rescue, by the enforcement of the government scheme of prohibition.

The highest authorities in church and in state bore testimony to the beneficial effects of the law, however feebly and imperfectly carried out. At the first sessions held at Castlemaine, in December, 1852, we have the judge congratulating the jury upon the small number of offences. He is careful to refer it to the true source, the recent act of the legislature, 'that which,' he declares, 'prohibits the detestable illicit trade in these infuriating liquids, to the debasing indulgence in which almost all crime is to be traced.'

Mr. Hargraves, the first discoverer of gold in Australia, paid a visit to the Victorian diggings in 1852. At a public breakfast in Melbourne

Melbourne, the writer heard him make the following assertion: 'He heard a great deal of the disorganization which existed at the mines; but he was happy to state that he had found none of that disorganization of which so much had been said in the sister colony.' Judge Barry, in June, 1852, bears the same sort of testimony.

In answer to the charges of English prints, an advertisement was inserted in the colonial papers, bearing the signature of leading clergymen of various denominations, medical men, storekeepers, merchants, and others. Among other statements is this: 'It is scarcely possible to imagine that so many persons could be congregated with so small an amount of crime, or a greater degree of security, both as regards person and property.'

The English reader must bear in mind that this prohibitory law was promulgated at a time when the government was so feeble as to be a perfect laughing-stock to the colonists. The want of means, and the difficulty of obtaining constables, or even clerks, prevented the authorities from supporting their own orders. The enactment was sustained at the outset by public sentiment. When, through circumstances before mentioned, that sentiment no longer adequately existed, the law became wholly inoperative, in spite of a vast array of officials and mounted police, then brought to act upon the ground.

The crimes which stained the colonial calendar of the early period of the diggings were almost wholly committed either in the two seaports, or upon the roads. There the public-houses presented temptation to men to become preys to robbery, and excited others to deeds of violence. The horrors of the Black Forest will be long remembered. But the roving bands of plunder were sheltered, if not organized, in the roadside inns of the neighbourhood.

The writer is tempted here to give his personal experience of those roadside dens of the period—to tell of their filthiness and wretchedness, their extravagant charges and inadequate accommodation, their tumult and confusion, their display of blood and infamy. But desiring to keep strictly to his subject of the gold fields themselves, he cannot enter upon this sad story.

When the habits of the people grew worse, when society became more corrupt, and when government itself was less capable to restrain, or less willing to encounter the sly grog system, a determined effort was made in Melbourne, in 1853, to bring a pressure to bear both upon the diggings and the rulers.

A Maine Liquor Law movement was organized. An influential committee was appointed. Large sums of money were forthcoming. Several merchants promised a hundred pounds a year to the society. A strong moral influence was brought to bear upon
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the respectable but illegal traffic in drink. The Governor received deputations and memorials. An agent held meetings throughout the colony. The press, almost universally, advocated the cause of prohibition.

Though associated with temperance, and both organized and chiefly conducted by those who were known as advocates of teetotalism, it was not, strictly speaking, a teetotal society. At that period total-abstinence institutions were silenced. Many were altogether wrecked, and others held but a trembling existence. Drunkenness raged so fearfully in Melbourne, and spread with such terrific violence to the neighbouring colonial capitals, that the very demon of misrule seemed to have been loosed amongst us there.

A sort of despairing cry had gone up from the settlements, and had spontaneously originated this Maine Law movement, which politicians and moralists of that day appeared to think the only saving clause.

After doing good service for a time, the society sunk into desuetude. Funds failed from the commercial panic. Internal inconsistencies checked the zeal. Public sentiment failed to come up to the mark. The social disorder overwhelmed the efforts of the few. Personal interestedness thwarted exertion, and checkmated designs. The institution fell through, and rose no more. But one active result of the undertaking was the infusion of fresh spirit into the real temperance movement, and the resuscitation of local societies for the reclamation of the drunkard.

A vigorous attempt was made in the legislature to open the diggings to the licensed system.

It was urged that the sly grog tents were nests of crime. None doubted that. It was then said, that licensed houses would afford the required accommodation for travellers, but destroy the sly grog system. This position was declared by your friends to be untenable. Results have verified their predictions. But the publicans' interest was powerful, and some good men were deceived into the belief that at least the trial of the change might be desirable.

Against this insidious policy the colonists generally uttered their indignant remonstrance. The 'Argus' did good service on the occasion. In May, 1853, we hear the editor despairingly exclaiming, 'The prevalence of drunkenness is beyond description.' The 'Gold Diggers' Magazine' for February, 1853, presents the subject in this language—

'Drinking there is, but the proprietors of these dens (sly grog tents) do their best for their own sakes to prevent disorder and intemperance. So long as no legalized public-houses are established, we have no great alarm for the sobriety and safety of the diggings. But we should tremble for the consequence of their introduction. Drunkenness would be more open and frequent; disturbances and bloodshedding among an armed community would be common; sly grog shops would increase enormously, from the facility with which they could then obtain their supplies; and the tradesmen would mourn over the loss of industry and property, as much as the philanthropist over the growth of immorality and misery.'

But

But the attempt did not succeed on that occasion. The bill did not pass. The occasion led the magazine on the following month to indulge in some premature exultation:—‘Every friend to good order and morality must surely rejoice in the failure of the proposed measure to establish public-houses at the mines. “Hurrah for the diggings!” will be the cry now of faithful wives and anxious mothers. The well-disposed digger, who believed it impossible to remain, should the law have passed, may now rest from his fears. Those of our council who have voted in opposition to the bill deserve the thanks of the whole community. Much honour is due to the writer of an excellent leader upon this subject in the “Argus.” . . . We trust no other attempt will be made to bring crime, disunion, and dismay into our diggings by legalizing the sale of strong drinks there. The diggers, as well as the citizens of Melbourne, have publicly declared their abhorrence and alarm at the contemplated measure.’

But the triumph was soon eclipsed in defeat. Townships were proclaimed on the gold fields. The despotic rule of the commissioners was arrested. A more liberal disposition of government followed. In the success of more enlightened policy the enemies of temperance saw their means of triumph. Once proclaimed a township, nothing could prevent Castlemaine and Ballarat having the institutions of settled society. Time-honoured usage had sanctioned the licence system. It came by virtue of the new order of things upon this part of the diggings, which was thus taken out of the more direct control of the legislature.

According to custom an application for a licence must be posted. It was affixed upon a huge tree. The writer had the mournful satisfaction of seeing it duly recorded. The application was, to tell the truth, well supported. It was signed by the two clergymen of the diggings—English and Scotch.

Houses ran up rapidly. Hotels of vast magnitude, and some rough magnificence, followed. In various other places a remarkable outburst of civilization took place. Individuals of a particular locality were suddenly seized with the township mania. The government office was besieged with applications that such a locality be nominated a township.

The reason for this singular activity for the interests of the public was obvious enough to the initiated. The disinterested parties were anxious to open a public-house in that quarter.

It is quite unnecessary to follow up the history of the diggings, as the article must confine itself to the very early period of their establishment. But it may be mentioned, in passing, that the establishment of the regular and orthodox public-house did not tend to the diminution of sly grog tents, but greatly increased their number and audacity. For awhile the publicans of the state order seemed ready to play the indignant, and resent the intrusion

of the contraband. But they soon recovered their placidity, as they observed the development of thirst and the extension of the wholesale trade; and they were content to receive with smiles the men supposed to be their opponents.

The growth of intemperance at the diggings was in equal proportion to the spread of conveniences for sale. The greater the facility, the greater the excess. A sad tale could be told of the sorrows of drink; but the readers of '*Meliora*' are, unfortunately, too well acquainted with the miseries of drunkenness in Britain to need a description of the consequences of drinking elsewhere.

At the mines it completed the degradation of some, and accelerated the fall of others. Women were being brought upon the new ground, to be subjected to new temptations under most provoking circumstances. Deaths accumulated, disorders multiplied, poverty was extended, resources were wasted, enterprise was checked, and the moral progress of society sustained a shock which once seemed ready to paralyze the arm of the benevolent, and the voice of the preacher.

In the cautious times the sly grog-seller had no brandy, but hard stuff; no gin, but vinegar; and no rum, but brown lemonade. He was obliged to decline payment for the liquor, even under these disguises, and be content with selling a bit of tape or a glass of water.

The less said about the character of these establishments the better. They were haunts for robbers, asylums for blacklegs, and houses of infamy. The loss of health, money, and reputation followed entrance therein. A woman convicted of sly grog-selling was questioned by the magistrate. 'Who is your husband?' said he. Her immediate and shameless reply was, 'Any one who has five shillings.' She was a fair type of her class.

An advertisement which appeared in the public prints in 1853 will still further illustrate the social state of the diggings. A prospectus, signed by Dr. Bainbridge, was issued with the following title:—

'GEELONG SANATORIUM AND GOLD-DIGGERS' HOME.'

It runs thus: 'It is proposed to establish an asylum for the sick, and a home for the homeless and friendless gold-digger; for such as are so unlucky as to have too much money to entitle them to be admitted into the Geelong infirmary; for those who have been so imprudent as to have resorted to the public-house for shelter, and have, consequently, been found drunk in the streets; for such as have unwisely devoted their hard earnings to the destruction of their health, both of body and mind.'

Many good-meaning Christians never interfere with politics. They believe it to be their duty to let governors do as they will. In Victoria there were some of this kind, and they kept true to their principles so long as the government went smoothly, or there

seemed nothing opposed to the interests of humanity. But when, with this vast immigration of 1852 and 1853, they found the lands of the colony so locked up from the people, that with the disposition to settle on a farm there was no way to obtain it, an outcry was raised against the government, and a demand for a more liberal policy was urged, on the ground of morality. It was said that men got money at the diggings, could not invest it in land because of the obnoxious regulations, and were induced to spend their earnings wastefully in drink.

When, too, surveys and sales were originated, it was still asserted that the system was not so extended as to be of much avail except to the capitalists.

A successful effort was made to procure the unlocking of the lands, on the plea that the working man's millennium would then come. He would have land cheap and good. He would be able to settle down away from the bad diggings, marry, and be a sober citizen. This was the dream. It required something stronger to wean the men from drink.

Without doubt they who did invest their savings in a farm were in a better moral position than those who rambled about from one digging to another. But the sorrow was this: that temptation came near them still. Lots of townships were proclaimed in the centre of every little knot of farmers; and the public-house, though, perhaps, excepting the blacksmith's shed, the only building in the township, became the rallying-point of the thirsty, and the destruction of many a good resolution in the retired gold digger.

A diminution of the evil was certainly obtained; for the better sort of men were thus saved from the fire of temptation at the reckless mines, when induced to purchase a farm.

The primitive diggings of Ballaarat, Mount Alexander, and Bendigo have since wholly changed their character. The miserable canvas store has become the well-built shop, with plate-glass front. The gold-buyers' tent has grown into the magnificent stone bank. The earth-floored church of calico has spread into the noble proportions of architectural beauty. Ballaarat, Castlemaine, and Sandhurst have all the progressive institutions of the most flourishing of European cities. The press is worthily represented, and municipal bodies are in vigorous being.

These are, so to speak, the outward developments of progress. We decline going into the question of moral greatness. Our task was to bring out some of the social exponents of the early golden age. From the rudeness of that forest life, Anglo-Saxon energy has raised an European civilization. Whether in the advance of Victoria, as in the mighty growth of civilization in the old halls of Europe, there is a real corresponding increase of national virtue and individual happiness, yet remains a question.

ART. VI.—*The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.—1760—1860.* By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. In 2 Vols. Vol. I. Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts.

HISTORY, like geology, exhibits two leading divisions. The unstratified and the stratified rocks of geology find their parallel in the revolutionary and constitutional epochs of history. Like the era of igneous rocks, the period of revolution was one of fierce and fiery change. The molten granite, that afterwards became hardened into high hills and deep valleys, is the type of the fierce turmoil and strife of a nation in a state of temporary disorganization, which, after a time, cools down into its present seemingly permanent form of the highly-elevated upper class and the lowly-depressed lower class,—the hills and the valleys of society. Nor does the parallel end here. Every country presents traces of social as well as of geologic convulsions. Not only does the granite crop out above later strata, telling of a time when the now fruitful soil was once in a state of seething, fiery liquefaction, but the best-ordered country is sure to disclose traces of the time when it passed through a state of fiery trial. But they are not the best-governed countries in which these revolutions occupy the largest portion of their history. Liberty and social happiness cannot flourish on the granite-like soil of revolutions. It is in the strata of a gentler and a kindlier growth that she takes root and grows. It is in the countries where there has been a slow but sure deposit of laws and customs, in the country of a stratified constitution, that wealth, and peace, and happiness increase unto perfection. Compare our own land of

‘Just and old renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent,’

with the country where ‘the red fool fury of the Seine’ has, time after time, burst forth with all the destructiveness of an earthquake. Which has advanced farther towards the idea of that perfect state in which the greatest happiness is secured for the greatest number—France, with its volcanic outbreaks of 1789, 1830, and 1848, or England, with its sober legislation, its resolute dislike of revolution? There can be little doubt about the answer; little doubt but that the sedimentary deposits of gradual legislation are the most fertile in their abundant growth of national vigour and social freedom. Contrast the events of the past year which have taken place in the two countries;—Gladstone removing the last shackle from a now free press, and Persigny, with his interminable *avertissements* drawing tighter month by month the bonds which he has laid upon free speech and free thought.

Compare the great debate on the exclusive privilege of the House of Commons to tax the people, with the disclosure that Napoleon, by a prodigal use of his prerogative to supplement the votes of the Corps Législatif on his own authority, has involved the country in a deficit of forty millions sterling.

We have placed at the head of this article a book with the title of 'The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860.' It would be impossible to find such a book in relation to France. There has been no constitutional history for that country in the sense in which we have come to understand these words—in the sense of law and order, and settled, though progressive, government. Of French constitutions, indeed, the name is legion. Did not the Abbé Siéyes keep a whole stock of them fairly written out and endorsed, and tied up with red tape, and put in his pigeon-hole? But of the progress of constitutional government in France there has been no narrative, just because there has been nothing to narrate. Talleyrand said that he had sworn eternal allegiance to eleven constitutions; and if we reckon all that preceded him during the last forty years of the eighteenth century, and all that have been presented to the world since his time, the number would be more nearly represented by the square of eleven. What was the frightful history of the first revolution, with its National Convention, its Reign of Terror, its Directory, its Consulate; or the first Empire, with its military despotism and exterminating wars; or the Restoration, with its systematic aggression by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. on the rights of their people; or the Three Days and the Citizen King, himself as great a despot as he whom he had dethroned; or the Revolution of 1848, with its barricades and its capital in civil war; or the military dictatorship of 1861—but so many defeats of constitutional government? Socially, France may be better off than she was when Marshal Vauban drew his fearful sketch of the poverty of the rural classes. Jacques Bonhomme is not now compelled to eat grass for bread: he may fill his belly with something better than swine's husks; but he possesses no more political power than his great-grandfather did in the times of the Grand Monarque. He has not now, any more than he had then, any share in the passing of the laws, in the levying of the taxes, in making war and peace. He has got rye-bread instead of hay, but is still as far removed from all share in the government as he was before Samson the executioner beheaded 'M. Veto.' Again and again frantic efforts have been made to obtain fuller freedom, but all these efforts have been vain. While in England, with its quiet and steady progress, such an advance has been made as renders it almost impossible for us to believe that we were a century ago in a far different condition, France, with all its convulsive
attem ts,

attempts, is no better off, as regards her political state, than she would have been if she had submitted quietly to the multiform despotisms which have oppressed her. We during the last hundred years have had no September massacres—no January 21st, with its dreary guillotine spectacle—no 1848 barricades. We have merely passed from one stage of freedom to another; while those who have shed blood like water in order to obtain what has cost us nothing but patience and steadfast, persevering obedience to the law, are where they were. In England, as in France, a hundred years ago, there was neither free speech nor free writing. State prosecutions were every-day occurrences on this side of the Straits. The country knew nothing of the deliberations and proceedings of its representatives. Parliamentary reporting was illegal. Constituencies with no constituents returned members, while populous cities were totally unrepresented. We were almost as backward as our neighbours. And yet, though they have made such desperate efforts after greater liberty, while we have simply made the most of circumstances as they happened, we can point to our splendid newspapers, with their full reports of the parliamentary debates published three hours after the termination of the sitting: we can rejoice in the thought that our judges will no longer dare nor wish to restrain criticisms on the rulers by the ruled. We can boast of representative institutions which, if not yet perfect, still do their work well; while in France the press is hampered, political discussion is dangerous, and representative institutions exist only in name. The truth is, that all approach towards political perfection must be made by means of steady adherence to, and improvement on, principles already established, rather than by the adoption of new theories. Systems of government, French-polished, warranted sound, beautiful-looking Pantisocracies, somehow do not answer. The great truth, that what is to endure must have a gradual growth—a truth which Nature herself teaches in her living monument, the thousand-yearred oak—cannot be violated. Well said Sterling—

‘How slowly ripen powers ordained to last:
The old may die, but must have lived before;
So Moses in the vale an acorn cast,
And Christ was shadowed by the tree it bore.’

It has been affirmed again and again, and it is a lesson hardly learnt through many a sad experience, that every civilized country contains in its laws and constitution the seed and germ of its own advancement; and that every violent revolution not only does not hasten on the consummation, but seriously retards it, and even in some cases endangers it altogether; as much as the child prevents the growth of a plant, who, impatient that the seed does not at once shoot forth, digs it up to see if it is growing ere it has laid

laid hold of the ground. The gradual growth of English liberties through Plantagenet strifes, Tudor despotism, Stuart impotence, and Hanoverian stupidity, is one illustration of this principle. The last eighty years of French history affords another illustration *e converso*, but not the less obvious. The ardent followers of liberty should bear in mind Herrick's lines, in which the mistress gives advice to her lover :—

'You say to me—ward your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long,
Slowly goes far; the mean is best. Desire,
Grown violent, does either die or tire.'

Mr. Erskine May's book is a most valuable contribution to the recent history of England. His position as an official in the House of Commons has enabled him to avail himself of the best materials, the statutes and the reports of the debates. His plan is very admirable, and we trust that he may speedily complete the work which he has so ably commenced. The first volume, which was published in the early part of 1861, embraces a 'history of the prerogatives, influence, and revenues of the Crown, and of the constitution, powers, functions, and political relations of both Houses of Parliament. The second volume will comprise—among other constitutional subjects—a history of party, of the press, and political agitation; of the Church, and of civil and religious liberty. It will conclude with a general review of our legislation—its policy and results—during the same period.' A wide and fruitful field this; and that portion of it already cultivated will afford us ample supply for more remarks than the limits of one article would permit. We propose to take up only a few of the topics referred to by Mr. May.

George III. ascended the throne amid the general congratulations of his people. No sovereign ever commenced his reign with happier auspices, or with fewer tokens of the disasters that afterwards befel him. But this popularity was dangerous. The young monarch had been brought up by his mother in the most exalted notions of royal prerogative, and with a belief in the divine right of kings, that was far more deeply rooted even than the belief of King William of Prussia is. He was both ambitious and stubborn; indeed his very conscientiousness degenerated into obstinacy. His intellect was of just that narrow order that it was capable of seeing with great distinctness all that made for himself; but it was not sufficiently capacious to understand more than one side of a question. His predecessors had been neither so popular nor so ambitious as himself. William III., who is considered an essentially constitutional monarch, had in reality conducted much of the national affairs which were ostensibly managed by his ministers. But when that master mind had ceased to rule England, and, indeed,

indeed, the greater part of Europe, the power of the British sovereign diminished. Queen Anne was the tool of the Churchills; the two first Georges were too thoroughly German to value at any high rate the supreme direction of English affairs. Their reigns were just adapted for the purposes of great and powerful ministers, of whom Sir Robert Walpole was the chief. But the third George, who delighted his new subjects by referring with pride to his English birth, valued more highly the honour of being supreme in the councils of his native land. He was not long in showing that he was every inch a king, and a very despotic one. From the time that he ascended the throne to his long malady, his reign was the history of one obstinate struggle between himself and his ministers, between a more than Stuart absolutism and constitutional government by responsible ministers. George III.'s plots against his own ministers are a disgraceful episode in a reign which has somehow come to be considered glorious. There was nothing secret in the king's manœuvres. Members of Parliament who voted against any of his favourite measures were, if they held any office under the Crown, unceremoniously dismissed; officers were removed from their commands, lord lieutenants of counties deprived of their dignity, while at a general election the interference of the king in order to obtain acceptable representatives was most unwarrantable. A less popular king would have brought about a revolution, and George III. did his best to produce one. Indeed, his fatal obstinacy did lose him his American dominions; there, as a century and a half before at home, the attempt to enforce an odious tax was the signal for a great rebellion, in which the Crown was forced to yield.

In the year 1780 the undue influence of the Crown had become so excessive that Mr. Dunning moved a resolution in the House of Commons to the following effect:—‘The influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.’ This resolution, with a slight verbal alteration, was passed, and the debate was signalized by a speech from the Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, who bore his personal testimony to the increased and increasing influence of the Crown. The same subject was debated in the Lords. On the meeting of Parliament in the November of the following year, amendments were moved in both Houses to the answer to the royal speech, which gave occasion to the expression of strong opinions condemnatory of the irregular and irresponsible system under which the government of the country was conducted. The Duke of Richmond declared that the country was governed by clerks. The Marquis of Rockingham described the system of government pursued since the commencement of the reign as a proscriptive system—a system of favouritism and secret influence. Mr. Fox imputed all the defeats and disasters of the American war

war to the influence of the Crown. At length the opposition became so strong that the king, whose motto was *Frango non flecto*, desired his yacht to be got ready, and openly declared his intention of retiring to Hanover. However, the minister and not the sovereign was the one who had to abdicate. Lord North retired, in March 1782, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Rockingham, with Mr. Fox as a colleague, who wrote to one of his friends—‘Provided we can stay in long enough to give a good stout blow to the influence of the Crown I do not think it much signifies how soon we go out after.’ This ministry did its best to fulfil its mission. It passed bills disqualifying government contractors and inland revenue officers from becoming Members of Parliament, and it reduced the number of government offices. But what was to be done when the king openly caballed against his ministers, when he unblushingly bribed M.P.’s to vote against the measures which were brought in in his name? The Rockingham ministry had a short existence. Then came the celebrated Coalition, in which Lord North and Mr. Fox combined their forces. But King George hated Mr. Fox. He instructed members of both Houses to protest against government measures in the king’s name. The use of the king’s name was strongly reprehended by the Commons as a breach of the privileges of the House and an attempt to interfere with their debates and legislation. After a stormy discussion a resolution was passed by 153 votes to 80, declaring that ‘to report any bill or other proceeding depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of Members, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honour of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the constitution.’ But while the constitutional party triumphed in the Lower House, the king’s friends were victorious in the Upper. A bill brought in by the king’s ministers was defeated at the king’s request, and his Majesty at once dismissed his advisers with every mark of ill-will and insult. The king had driven his enemies from the field, but now he had the far more difficult part to play of maintaining his position. At this crisis he found a strong helper in a statesman who was in years little better than a boy. Pitt, a youth of twenty-four, was made Premier of England under circumstances that would have dismayed far older politicians. The country laughed at

‘A sight to make surrounding nations stare—
A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy’s care.’

But let those laugh who win. Not slowly, and yet surely, Pitt turned the current of popular opinion. At first he met with the fiercest hostility. The Opposition refused to vote the supplies, refused to pass the Mutiny Bill; again and again the ministry was outvoted, but it would not resign. By little and little the adverse

majority

majority dwindled down, until on the fifth vote it was only one. Then was the time to strike the blow; Parliament was dissolved, a general election took place, and Mr. Pitt's triumph was complete. Upwards of 160 of his late opponents lost their seats, and on the assembling of the new Parliament, he could scarcely reckon his majorities.

'If such,' says Mr. May, 'was the success of the minister, what was the triumph of the king! He had expelled one ministry and retained another in defiance of the House of Commons. The people had pressed forward loyally to his support, and by their aid he had overborne all opposition to his will. He now possessed a strong government and a minister in whom he confided; and he enjoyed once more power, freedom, and popularity. Not only had he overcome and ruined a party which he hated, but he had established the ascendancy of the Crown, which henceforth for nearly fifty years continued to prevail over every other power in the state.'

It would be too long a story to tell of the fall of subsequent ministries, nearly all of which lost their places solely through the intrigues of the king. It is a tedious tale that of the obstinate sovereign's conscientious objections to every kind of reform. Even his favourite minister, Mr. Pitt, he sacrificed once to his inflexible determination to perpetuate the civil disabilities of all his Roman Catholic subjects. His son was as bigoted as himself. During the regency the younger George fully maintained the excessive influence of the Crown. His opposition to liberal measures was worthy of his father's son. The royal voluptuary could always summon up a religious scruple whenever he was pressed to do justice to Dissenters or Roman Catholics. It was not until the fat Adonis had considerably overpassed his sixtieth year, and when he had become enfeebled in mind and enervated in will, that he was induced to give his consent to the abolition of a measure which he had always declared he was bound by his coronation oath to retain.

If money is the root of all evil, it is also the root of much good. It has been a powerful instrument in the hands both of kings and of their subjects. George III. was the first English sovereign since Henry VIII. who inherited money saved by his predecessor. Yet, in spite of this favourable circumstance, in spite of the fact that George lived in a style of the most unkingly parsimony, he got enormously into debt. In February 1769, the arrears of the civil list were more than half a million, and his Majesty was obliged to apply to Parliament to discharge them. Eight years later he again had recourse to Parliament, not only to pay off another debt of 618,340*l.*, but to increase his annual civil list to 900,000*l.* a year. On the second occasion ministers were compelled to produce a statement of accounts, which they had refused on the first occasion. It was then seen that the amount of secret service money on the pension list was suspiciously large, and it was insinuated that the money had been spent in corrupting
Members

Members of Parliament. In 1779, the Duke of Richmond proposed a reduction of the civil list, but the motion was lost by more than two to one. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Burke proposed his elaborate scheme of economical reform, and in his memorable speech, Feb. 11, 1780, pointed out the innumerable offices attached to the royal household whose duties were long since obsolete. The king's turnspit, for instance, was a Member of Parliament. Jobbing, waste, and peculation existed in every department. Burke was for the time unsuccessful in his efforts, but in 1782 the king was compelled to announce another debt upon the civil list, amounting to nearly 300,000*l*. This led to important modifications, by which the pecuniary resources of the king were diminished. 'Nevertheless, debt continued to be the normal condition of the civil list throughout the reign of George III. Again and again applications were renewed to Parliament; and the debts discharged at different periods after 1782 exceeded 2,300,000*l*. From the beginning to the end of this reign, the several arrears paid off by Parliament, exclusive of the debt of 300,000*l*. charged in the civil list in 1782, amounted to 3,398,000*l*.' It was not till William IV. ascended the throne that an organic change was made in the revenues of the Crown. Instead of deriving his income from a variety of droits and dues, the king, surrendering these rights, accepted a civil list of 510,000*l*. The civil list of Queen Victoria was settled on the same principles as that of William IV., and amounted to 385,000*l*., the only material variation being, that in lieu of the pension list of 75,000*l*., her Majesty was empowered to grant pensions annually to the extent of 1,200*l*. In neither of the two late reigns has any application been made to Parliament for the discharge of debts upon the civil list.

The removal from the sovereign's hands of so dangerous a means for the corruption of Parliament, has been attended by a reduction of court influence highly beneficial to all estates of the realm. Until the accession of William IV. the influence of the Crown was invariably exercised against a liberal policy, and often against the liberties of the people.

'But,' adds Mr. May, 'the earlier years of this reign presented the novel spectacle of the prerogatives and personal influence of the king being exerted in a great popular cause on behalf of the people. . . . Yet, in truth, the attitude of the king in regard to this measure (the Reform Bill) at first resembled that which his royal predecessors had maintained against a progressive policy. When ministers first proposed it he regarded it with dislike and apprehension; he dreaded the increasing influence and activity of the Commons; and—alarmed by the spirit in which they had investigated the civil list—he feared lest, strengthened by a more popular representation, they should encroach upon his own prerogatives and independence. The royal family and the court were also averse to the measure and to the ministers. But when his Majesty had given his consent to the scheme submitted by the cabinet, he was gratified by its popularity—in which he largely shared—and which its supporters adroitly contrived to associate with his Majesty's personal character and supposed political sympathies.'

We have no intention of describing the great contest which took place between 1830 and 1832. Mr. May has narrated its incidents in a manner worthy of the event. By the Reform Bill another safeguard has been erected against the improper influence of the Crown. The political extinction of the rotten boroughs has rendered it more than ever difficult to tamper with the constituencies. Yet, remembering how the tide of constitutional government has fluctuated in this country, even within the present century, there is still, and probably always will be, need for the third estate to carefully protect its privileges, and to keep a watchful guard against any encroachment.

To pass from the king to the lords. The second estate is happily very different now from what it was. In the reign of Henry VII. no more than 29 temporal peers received summons to his first Parliament. On the death of Elizabeth, this number had increased to 59. The Stuarts raised the number to about 150. In Queen Anne's reign were added 16 representative peers of Scotland. The frequent creations made by Anne and by George I. excited the jealousy of a body, in the smallness of which consisted the importance of each member. In 1719, a bill was brought in by the Duke of Somerset to restrain the Crown from creating more than 6 peerages beyond the then existing 178. This bill, and another introduced in the following session, were strenuously and successfully opposed by the House of Commons, who urged with great force that thus to restrict the sovereign was an infringement upon the royal prerogative. Lord North and Mr. Pitt were very liberal in their creations; the latter had bestowed nearly fifty patents during the first five years of his administration. Having experienced the advantages derived from such a course, he was unwilling to leave the same power in the hands of his political opponents, and he therefore proposed to restrict the regent in the exercise of this prerogative of the king. Such a proposal came with ill grace from a minister who in two years had created or promoted 35 peers, and in eight years had created nearly 70 peers. On the union of the Irish legislature with that of England, 28 representative peers were admitted to seats in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Unlike the Scotch peers, however, the Irish were elected for life. A further privilege was conferred upon the Irish nobility, not granted to the Scotch, that of sitting in the House of Commons for any place in Great Britain. Since the Act of Union several additions have been made to the peerage.

'In 1860 the House of Lords consisted of 460 lords temporal and spiritual. The number of hereditary peers of the United Kingdom had risen to 385, exclusive of the peers of the blood royal. Of these peerages 128 were created in the long reign of George III., 42 in the reign of George IV., and 117 since the accession of

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of William IV. Thus 287 peerages have been created or raised to their present rank since the accession of George III., or very nearly three-fourths of the entire number. But this increase is exhibited by the existing peerage alone, notwithstanding the extinction or merging of numerous titles in the interval. The actual number of creations during the reign of George III. amounted to 388, or more than the entire present number of the hereditary peerage. No more than 98 of the existing peerages claim an earlier creation than the reign of George III.; but this fact is an imperfect criterion of the antiquity of the peerage. When the possessor of an ancient dignity is promoted to a higher grade in the peerage, his lesser dignity becomes merged in the greater but more recent title. An earl of the fifteenth century is transformed into a marquis of the nineteenth. Many of the families from which existing peers are descended are of great antiquity, and were noble before the admission to the peerage. Nor must the ancient nobility of the Scottish peerage be forgotten in the persons of those high-born men who now figure on the roll as peers of the United Kingdom of comparatively recent creation.

It will have been seen from the above remarks, that the House of Lords has not only increased in numbers, but has to a great extent altered in constitution. The number of peers, not hereditary, who now sit in the Upper House, exceeds the whole peerage in the time of Henry VIII. The two Union Acts, by which the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland were merged in that of England, involved the principle of representation. At the present time there are 16 representative peers of Scotland elected only for a Parliament, 28 representative peers of Ireland elected for life, 4 Irish representative bishops, and besides these are the 26 English bishops holding their seats for life, so that the total number of lords not sitting by virtue of hereditary right, and, therefore, more amenable to external influences, is a considerable element in the constitution of the Upper House.

During the present generation the House of Lords has passed through two important crises which threatened to materially alter its constitution. The first of these was occasioned by the obstinacy of that branch of the legislature itself. The persistent obstructiveness with which all attempts at reform of the parliamentary representation were resisted excited such intense hostility against the House of Peers that its very existence was threatened. To 'Swamp the House of Lords!' and 'Down with the Lords!' were the cries heard in every large town of the kingdom. The statesmen who had charge of the Reform Bill saw that there was but one course before them, if they would avoid a revolution such as that which had deposed Charles X. from the throne of France. Their remedy was homœopathic in principle, but not in quantity. To correct the fatal obstinacy of the peers by creating more peers was the only remedy that seemed possible. Accordingly Earl Grey and Lord Brougham received an autograph order from William IV. 'to create such a number of peers as will be sufficient to insure the passing of the Reform Bill,—first calling up peers' eldest sons.' But the Lords, whose political influence is in inverse ratio to their number, yielded. They saw that it was impossible

possible to save the House of Commons from the fate which they predicted for it, and so they devoted themselves to the rescue of their own House from a similar doom. The complaints, however, were not the less loud and bitter. 'Swamping'—wholesale creation,—was the subject of vehement protests. More vehement than just; for inasmuch as the peers, with the exception of the 16 representative Scotch peers, and the 4 representative Irish bishops, are not affected by a dissolution of Parliament, the creation of new peers is the only analogue to a general election, the only check that the two other estates of the realm have upon this. Were it not for this power, the House of Lords might defy both the King and the Commons, and render impossible all measures of political advancement. This power is the more necessary, because even liberal politicians often become conservative when they have passed to the Upper House. They are no longer influenced by the opinions of a popular constituency, but, on the contrary, are now brought in contact only with cautious and often timid politicians, who, having attained to honour and prosperity under the existing state of things, are averse to even the slightest alteration of the present social system. In reality, the strength and the popularity of the House of Lords consist in its capacity for development. The fact that the peerage is not an exclusive corporation, but is open to the meanest, if only he shews himself worthy, renders an aristocratic body wonderfully popular, even in the most democratic districts of the country. Englishmen point with pride to peers of the realm who, or whose fathers, were barbers, coal-pitmen, briefless barristers, or friendless midshipmen. Recent additions to the peerage, by which bankers and manufacturers have been added to that august body, have still further increased the popularity of an institution which perhaps never stood higher in the public estimation than at the present time. It was asserted some time ago by a well-known democratic M.P. that 'while we might single out a few families who have come down from remote times, the majority of whom had generally shown themselves considerate and just to the people of the country, all the modern peerage was bred in the slime and corruption of the rotten-borough system.' On reading this wholesale denunciation we turned to 'Dod,' and found that among the peers who have been elevated to the peerage (not to a higher rank merely) during the last hundred years, about 270 in number, are the following, who certainly had nothing to do with the rotten-borough system, and who, or whose predecessors, were rewarded for services done to the state. First, we meet with the following, who did gallant service as soldiers or sailors: Lord Abercromby, the Marquis of Anglesey, Earl of Camperdown, Viscount Exmouth, Viscount Gough, Viscount Hardinge, Lord Hawke, Viscount

count Hood, Earl Nelson, Earl of Powis, Lord Raglan, Lord Rodney, Lord Seaton, Viscount St. Vincent, and the Duke of Wellington. We next find the following lawyers, many of whom never sat in the Lower House at all: Lords Abinger, Brougham, Campbell, Chelmsford, Cottenham, Cranworth, Denman, Ellenborough, Erskine, Kenyon, Kingsdown, Lovelace, Lyndhurst, Plunket, Redesdale, St. Leonards, Tenterden, Truro, Wensleydale, and Wrottesley. We find the following eminent statesmen who hold their titles in reward for services done as ministers or diplomatists, by themselves or their predecessors: Lord Auckland, Earls Canning, Cowley, Cowper, Dalhousie, Durham, Viscount Eversley, Earl Granville, Earl Grey, Lord Harris, Lord Heytesbury, Earl of Ilchester, Lords Llanover, Lyveden, Earl of Malmesbury, Viscount Melville, Lord Monteagle of Brandon, Earls of Onslow, Orford, St. Germans; Lords Panmure, Stanley of Alderley, Stratford de Redcliffe. Lastly, we find the following peers who, during the past few years, have been raised from the ranks of commerce to those of the aristocracy: Lords Ashburton, Belper, Broughton, Overstone, and Tredegar.

The second crisis through which the House of Lords has passed, and with far greater *éclat* than that of 1832, took place six years ago.

‘In 1856 her Majesty was advised to introduce among the hereditary peers of the realm a new class of peers created for life only. Well-founded complaints had been made of the manner in which the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords had been exercised. The highest court of appeal was often without judges, their place being filled by peers learned in the law, who sat as members of the court without affecting to participate in its judgments. . . . As an expedient for adding to the judicial strength of the House, without a permanent increase of its numbers, it was suggested that the most eminent judges might be admitted to the privilege of sitting there for life only.’

This practice was not without precedent, but it had fallen into disuse; and it was upon this ground that the peers rested their objection to the proposed life-creations. It was also suggested that if the sovereign were once permitted to make peers for life only, he might altogether cease to grant hereditary peerages, and thus the peers would be creatures dependent upon the Crown. Some very animated debates followed. A Committee of Privileges was appointed to inquire into the validity of Lord Wensleydale’s patent, and reported ‘that neither the letters patent, nor the letters patent with the usual writ of summons, can entitle the grantee to sit and vote in Parliament.’

No one who witnessed the complete triumph obtained by the Commons over the Lords in 1832 would have believed that in less than thirty years the Lords would assail successfully the most cherished privilege of the Commons, that of granting supplies, and enacting taxes. The circumstances attending the rejection of the bill for the repeal of the paper duty by a majority of eighty-nine in the House of Lords are too recent to need a full narration here.

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We allude to them merely as a proof of our assertion that the Upper House is now more popular than it has been for many years past; and that it may now venture to do that which would thirty years ago have caused something very like a revolution.

Interesting as are the other portions of Mr. May's History, that which relates to the third estate exceeds in interest. The chapters referring to the House of Commons ought to reassure the most dispirited reformer. When he reads of what has been accomplished, in spite of the most prolonged and bitter opposition, he may at the same time congratulate himself on the eventual redress of great injustice, and on the smallness of the evils which he now seeks to remedy. Mr. May has, we think, admirably explained the recent failures in the reform of the representation—failures, be it remembered, due not to the obstinacy of either of the three estates of the realm, for the third estate at least has been far in advance of the demands of the nation, but to the utter indifference of the people themselves.

'Whence this indifference?' says Mr. May; 'why so marked a change of popular feeling in less than thirty years? The settlement of 1832 had secured the great object of representation—good government. Wise and beneficent measures had been passed; enlightened public opinion had been satisfied. The representation was theoretically incomplete; but Parliament had been brought into harmony with the sympathies and interests of the people. It had nearly approached Mr. Burke's standard, according to whom "the virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons consist in its being the express image of the feelings of a nation." The best results of reform had been realized; the country was prosperous and contented.'

The English are averse to change. Unless the evil is great, they do not care to alter it. Especially are they indisposed to amend long-standing institutions for the purpose of attaining a logical consistency, a theoretic perfection. It is no doubt doctrinally unjust that Bodmin, with its 400 electors, should return as many members to Parliament as Birmingham, with its 10,000 electors. But on the whole, the present system works well, and all future attempts to obtain a more complete numerical conformity are likely to meet the same fate as recent attempts.

With all its faults, we may well value our English constitution as it at present exists, when we compare it with its condition at the end of the last century. Nomination boroughs are rare in these days, but in those they formed a very large proportion of the whole constituencies. The Duke of Norfolk returned eleven members to the Lower House; Lord Lonsdale, nine; Lord Darlington, seven; the Marquis of Buckingham, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Carrington each six. Seats were holden in both houses by hereditary right. Where the constituencies were too large to be under the domination of one nobleman, they were always accessible to bribery. Soon after the accession of George III. a large influx of Indian nabobs excited great jealousy among the

the English landowners. The latter complained that the former, having amassed enormous riches, were able to outbid them, and that the price of boroughs was thus permanently raised. In 1766 Sudbury, disfranchised not long since, openly advertised itself for sale. In 1768 the corporation of Oxford, being heavily embarrassed, offered to return two gentlemen, provided they would pay the debts of the city. The king himself was cognisant of the prevailing corruption, and wrote to Lord North in 1779: 'If the Duke of Northumberland requires some gold pills for the election, it would be wrong not to satisfy him.' Some seats were openly sold to the highest bidder. In others the ministry for the time swamped the independent electors by driving a whole army of tax collectors and revenue officers to the poll. This was made the subject of repeated complaints in the Lower House, and more than one unsuccessful measure was introduced for the disfranchisement of such officials. The principle of disfranchising officeholders under the Crown has, however, been gradually extended to the Customs, the Post-office, and to contractors. Subsequently the disqualification included all the judges, except the Master of the Rolls, who is now the only judicial personage who has the right to sit in Parliament, but who at the present time does not exercise that right.

With such a thoroughly corrupt system as that which we have described, there was but small room for the independent politician. To compete with the ministers for the time being, who, like Lord Bute and his colleagues, spent over 80,000*l.* a year of secret-service money, chiefly in debauching the constituencies or their representatives, was a hopeless undertaking. While the other class of constituencies, rotten boroughs in the gift of noblemen, who bestowed them only on the condition of unconditional support to their own party, was utterly repugnant to all highminded men. These, while warmly attached to a party in the main, were not prepared to sacrifice truth and justice to its imperious claims, and for them there was but one course open, bad among worse, that of purchasing seats. Mr. May well remarks on this practice:—

'The system of purchasing seats in the House of Commons, however indefensible in principle, was at least preferable to the general corruption of electors, and, in some respects, to the more prevalent practice of nomination. To buy a seat in Parliament was often the only means by which an independent member could gain admission to the House of Commons. If he accepted a seat from his patron his independence was compromised; but if he acquired a seat by purchase he was free to vote according to his own opinions and conscience. Thus we find Sir Samuel Romilly—the most pure and virtuous of public men—who had declined one seat from the favour of the Prince of Wales, justifying the purchase of another, for the sake of his own independence and the public interests. Writing in September, 1805, he says: "As long as burgage-tenure representatives are of only two descriptions—they who buy their seats, and they who discharge the most sacred obligations at the pleasure, and almost as the servants, of another—surely there could be no doubt in which class a man would choose to enrol himself;

himself; and one who should carry his notions of purity so far, that, thinking he possessed the means of rendering service to his country, he would yet rather exclude himself altogether from Parliament than get into it by such a violation of the theory of the constitution, must be under the dominion of a species of moral superstition which must wholly disqualify him from the discharge of any public duties.”

Happily we have changed all that now. A few boroughs there are which are so far under the control of powerful families, that a candidate hostile to their views would stand small chance of being elected. Yet even here we find that this power is usually exerted in a right direction: and such constituencies are often the refuge of leading statesmen who having, during a temporary unpopularity, been defeated in more open constituencies, have betaken themselves to a secure haven unexposed to the gales of popular displeasure, where they may, without being overcome with anxiety as to the effect of this or that vote upon their chances of re-election, and without being overburdened by the petty cares inseparable from large constituencies, devote their time and energy to the interests of the State. Boroughs are no longer offered for sale. Bribery and intimidation are sure to bring down condign punishment. Election committees are not as they were, mere trials of party strength, but judicial assemblies, dealing out with equal hand the unseating of erring members, or the disfranchisement of peccant boroughs. We have got rid, too, of Gatton and Old Sarum, and such-like constituencies without constituents. It is no longer possible for a county with a population of fourteen thousand to have but one elector resident in it, who, as at an election in the county of Bute not a century ago, nominated and seconded himself as a fit and proper person to represent the electors in Parliament. Granting that the theory is still imperfect, it now works without serious inconvenience, and with but few occasions of scandal. Recent experience has shown that the most popular constituencies do not return the best, nor even the second-best representatives, and there is a general and growing tendency on the part of men of high standing to avoid boroughs whose electors number five figures.

The contest between the Parliament and the press is the most exciting portion of Mr. May's most interesting volume. He rightly says that the liberty of reporting was a greater boon to the nation than even the Reform Bill of 1832 itself. Whatever inequalities there may be in the representation they do not prevent the unrepresented from influencing the legislation of the country. Long before a bill is passed, its provisions have been recorded and discussed in the public newspapers, and the people at large—electors and non-electors—have had full opportunity of expressing their approval or opposition, either by the journals which are devoted to their interests, or in public meetings. Who can doubt

but that the non-electors had at least as much share in repealing the Corn Laws as the electors had? Who can doubt but that if the great body of the working classes were really bent upon obtaining an extension of the franchise, Parliament would be obliged to concede it? The press and the platform are far more powerful agencies than the polling-booth, and are satisfactory substitutes to the now almost exploded weapon of petition. But with what a great sum was this freedom obtained. Even now to report the speech of a member in the House is a breach of privilege, and the theory is still maintained by those industrious officials who pace the Strangers' Gallery and pounce upon any unwary person who is guilty of displaying pencil and paper. Practically, however, the theory is given up, and the reporters have had a gallery assigned to them in the present Houses of Parliament, a privilege never before conceded; and both branches of the legislature feel that publicity is a great safeguard, that the people themselves assisting in the legislation will be the less disposed to assent to any violent or sudden changes of the law. It would be unjust to impute to Parliament all the blame of the obstinacy with which it for so long resisted the publication of the debates. Its repugnance was in great measure caused by the unfairness and untrustworthiness of the reporters. Dr. Johnson, who wrote the debates for the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' used to declare he took care that the Whig dogs should never have the best of the argument. While, on the other hand, Mr. Pitt used to complain that he was made by some of the newspapers to say the very reverse of what he had said. To misreport is even now a breach of privilege; and when reporters used to give way to their own political prejudices, and, instead of faithfully recording the orator's words, distort them to his disadvantage, it was not surprising if reporting was altogether viewed with suspicion and disfavour. But this, too, we have changed. The modern reporter is a being without parts or passions; he is, for the time, a mere stenographic machine. The words as soon as uttered by the speaker pass through the ears of the reporter, and find their way to his hands, which, being acted upon, move up and down upon the paper; and lo! we have recorded before us a chart of oratory as faithful as the self-recording charts of the wind.

There are many other subjects of great importance treated by Mr. May, in his 'Constitutional History.' But our limit of space is exhausted, and we cannot even allude to them now. We will only say here that we wish Mr. May all and speedy success with the second volume which he promises us, and which, judging from its proposed topics, will certainly not be less interesting than the first.

ART. VII.—SOCIAL STATISTICS.

COMPARATIVE NUMBER OF HOUSES IN ENGLAND AND WALES at each of the Censuses from 1801 to 1861.

Census Years.	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.
1801	1,575,923	57,476	No Return.
1811	1,797,504	51,020	16,207
1821	2,088,156	69,707	19,274
1831	2,481,544	119,915	24,759
1841	2,943,945	173,247	27,444
1851	3,278,039	153,494	26,571
1861	3,745,463	182,325	27,580
Increase between 1801-61	2,169,540	124,849	Abt. 11,000

COMPARATIVE POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES at each of the Censuses from 1801 to 1861, showing the ACTUAL INCREASE in the respective Decennial Periods.

The Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen, belonging to England and Wales, both at home and abroad, are included in this Table.

Census Years.	Total Population.	Increase in each Decennial Period.	Decennial Increase per Cent.
1801	9,156,171		
1811	10,454,529	1,298,358	14
1821	12,172,664	1,718,135	16
1831	14,051,986	1,879,322	15
1841	16,035,198	1,983,212	14
1851	18,054,170	2,018,972	13
1861	20,223,746	2,169,576	12
Total Increase between 1801 & 1861		11,067,575	120

HOUSES AND POPULATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES, 1851 and 1861.

HOUSES.

Census Years.	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.
1851 (March 31)	3,278,039	153,494	26,571
1861 (April 8)	3,745,463	182,325	27,580
Increase between 1851 & 1861	467,424	28,831	1,009

POPULATION.

Census Years.	Males.	Females.	Total.
1851 (March 31)	8,781,225	9,146,384	17,927,609
1861 (April 8)	9,758,852	10,302,873	20,061,725
Increase between 1851 & 1861	977,627	1,156,489	2,134,116

ASCERTAINED

ASCERTAINED INCREASE OF POPULATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES between 1851 and 1861, compared with the Registered Births over Deaths in the Ten Years from 1851 to 1860.

In 11 Divisions of Registration Districts, chiefly embracing the Counties stated below.	POPULATION ENUMERATED.		Ascertained Increase between 1851 & 1861.	Excess of registered Births over Deaths in Ten Years, 1851-60.
	1851.	1861.		
1. LONDON (within the limits of the Metropolis Local Government Act)	2,362,236	2,803,034	440,798	253,989
2. SOUTH EASTERN (Surrey and Kent [extra-metropolitan], Sussex, Hants, Berks)	1,628,416	1,846,876	218,460	196,992
3. SOUTH MIDLAND (Middlesex [extra-metropolitan], Herts, Bucks, Oxford, Northampton, Hunts, Beds, Cambridge)	1,234,332	1,295,375	61,043	155,742
4. EASTERN (Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk)	1,113,982	1,142,202	28,220	129,726
5. SOUTH WESTERN (Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, Somerset)	1,803,261	1,835,551	32,290	200,673
6. WEST MIDLAND (Gloucester, Hereford, Salop, Stafford, Worcester, Warwick)	2,136,573	2,436,137	299,564	298,980
7. NORTH MIDLAND (Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby)	1,215,501	1,288,718	73,217	161,763
8. NORTH WESTERN (Cheshire and Lancashire)	2,488,438	2,934,722	446,284	308,022
9. YORK (Yorkshire)	1,789,047	2,015,329	226,282	256,117
10. NORTHERN (Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland)	969,126	1,151,281	182,155	152,694
11. WELSH (Monmouthshire and Wales)	1,186,697	1,312,500	125,803	145,878
Total	17,927,609	20,061,725	2,134,116	2,260,576

TOTAL POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES, AND IN THE ISLANDS OF THE BRITISH SEAS, on 8th April, 1861.

Exclusive of the Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen abroad.	Males.	Females.	Total.
England and Wales	9,758,852	10,302,873	20,061,725
Islands in the British Seas	66,394	77,385	143,779
Total Population	9,825,246	10,380,258	*20,205,504

* This includes part of the Army in England and the Channel Islands, and the Navy, Merchant Seamen, and others on board Vessels in Ports and Rivers.

ART. VIII.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

WHEN we last wrote our 'record,' a deep and overwhelming wave of national sorrow had come upon us as a people. There were stricken hearts in our palaces, our halls, and our cottages. England's beloved queen had lost her royal consort, and the whole of her loyal-hearted people deeply sympathized with their widowed monarch and the orphan princes and princesses. Nor has that wave of sympathetic sorrow rolled back to the silent depths of a forgotten calamity. The lorn feeling still pervades our spirits, although the outward expression is being repressed by the gentle hand of mighty Time—the soother and healer of many of the afflictions of human souls. Nor will future generations be without suggestive mementoes of our present mournful experience. The name and fragrant memory of Albert the Good will be perpetuated by many fitting memorials. An obelisk of noble proportions and grand artistic expression is to grace the site of the memorable world's Exhibition in Hyde Park—that owed so much of its grandeur and success to the generous fosterings of His Royal Highness, the late Prince Consort. And in most of our large provincial cities appropriate memorials are being raised by the voluntary offerings of the people, who thus testify, not only their deep loyalty, but the yet deeper reverence of the English heart for what is noble and patriotic, as exemplified in the life and labours of the beloved prince, who stood by the throne as a worthy consort of Queen Victoria.

Another all-absorbing topic was briefly glanced at in our last—that unfortunate affair of the 'San Jacinto' and the 'Trent.' Columns of angry comment were appearing in several of our leading organs, tending to produce a state of public irritation, on both sides of the Atlantic, that boded results that the thoughtful and patriotic could not but shudder to anticipate. For the moment war between England and America seemed not only possible but imminent. We, however, refused to yield to the clamour of the passing hour, and recorded our conviction that the affair, grave and threatening as its aspect then was, would be settled by an appeal to reason, law, and mutual interests, rather than by a resort to

force of arms. Strong in that conviction, we said, 'It cannot be that the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln can wish to offer a deliberate insult to, or outrage upon, the flag and honour of England. He is too sober-minded, sagacious, and law-abiding to attempt anything of the kind; and we doubt not the President will act with calmness and moderation in this great emergency. And we have equal confidence that our British Cabinet will endeavour to steer clear of the rock ahead, and carry us safely through the breakers.' Our prognostications have been fully verified. Before the middle of January the message of peace and a just surrender of the rebel commissioners, was wafted over the United Kingdom, sending a thrill of delight and unspeakable gratitude through every bosom in which throbs an English heart. It came as a solace in the midst of our national mourning, and was doubly prized by the people for the relief it would afford to the sorrowing and widowed lady of the realm. And it was a happy coincidence that Columbia's message of peace to the mother country, came to us by a steamer bearing the honoured name of the father of the American republic—'Washington'—as noble and upright an Englishman as ever lived. Could our Federal friends in America have beheld the joy and thankfulness created amongst all classes of English society by the news brought by the 'Washington' from Washington, they would have been convinced, despite other appearances, that the heart of England yearned towards them as truly and as affectionately as ever the heart of a mother was moved towards her first-born. Nor have more recent events tended to remove that impression to thoughtful and dispassionate observers. The recent grand successes of the Federal army, the evident anti-slavery bearing of the Federal policy, are all bringing the hearts of our people into unison and generous sympathy with the Federal cause. The mists, misconceptions, and misrepresentations that for so many months surrounded the question of the American civil conflict—as discussed by certain leading organs of British opinion—are being gradually and most effectually dissipated. The 'Daily News,' the 'Star and Dial,' the 'Manchester

'Manchester Examiner and Times,' and numerous other advanced papers, have nobly helped to accomplish this great and good work in the interests of justice, freedom, and humanity. The enlightened utterances of John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Lord Stanley, W. E. Forster, M.P., and the Solicitor-General, with many other of our thoughtful statesmen and publicists, have succeeded in placing the American rebellion before the minds of our people in its true character and tendencies. It is only for Englishmen to know the true facts and bearings of that 'rebellion' to decide them as to which side their sympathies, as liberty-loving men, must adhere. Nothing can prevent the English nation being heart and soul with the Federal cause, so long as it is seen that the Federal party are true to their own platform and declared policy. Let there be no swerving to protect the 'interests' of slavery by compromising the Federal power and sanction, to foster the 'wild and guilty phantasy'; but let the evil be exterminated as far and as fast as Federal authority and power extend. That the United States government are really in earnest, has been made palpably evident in many ways of late; and in nothing, perhaps, more so than the execution, in New York, of Captain Gordon, the convicted slave trader. Throughout America that event is understood to be one of peculiar significance. It is an index of the quality of Mr. Lincoln's government, of its strength of anti-slavery principle, and the consistency of its policy. It foreshadows the coming doom of the vile system. It avenges the fate of Captain John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry. There is not a kinder-hearted man than Mr. Lincoln; but neither is there a man who better understands how cruel may be the indulgence of a fond sentimentalism, at the expense of grave national duty. He could not allow himself to lose the precious opportunity to strike a blow at a system which costs hundreds of lives yearly, and dooms the brave men of the two African squadrons to ruin their health on a pestilential coast. The man-stealer will never again, we trust, carry on his piratical and murderous traffic, under American stars and stripes, with impunity.

Whilst writing we have received the mails which bring the information that

President Lincoln has sent a message to Congress, which will secure for him the warmest sympathy and admiration of the civilized world. He proposes that the two Houses should, by a joint resolution, offer to co-operate with the Slave States for the gradual emancipation of the slave population. He advocates this proposition by arguments which are irresistible. He points out that this measure is one of the most efficient of self-preservation; and that if adopted by the more northern Slave States, it would alienate them permanently from the Southern Confederacy, and so break the neck of the rebellion. While not claiming for the Federal Government the right to interfere with slavery within State limits, the President significantly remarks, that if resistance to the national authority continues, it is impossible to foresee what may take place. 'Such means as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come.' This is an unmistakeable hint to those who persist in rebellion, to put their house in order. Mr. Lincoln, in the form of an interrogatory, suggests whether the compensation offered would not be of more value to the States and persons concerned, than the institution of slavery in the present aspect of affairs. The message appears to have been well received in America by the more influential organs of the press, and we shall wait with great interest for the debates which it must occasion within the walls of Congress. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this document, or the momentous character of the issues which are involved in the propositions which it contains. It is an indication that the dawn of emancipation is not remote, and that the government of the United States are prepared to carry out that great act of justice by wise and peaceful means.

We regret to learn that a serious agitation is being carried on in Russia against the emancipation of the serfs. Thirteen of the local judges are placed upon their trial for refusing to carry out the imperial edict. As a set-off to this temporary backward movement—or rather impediment to the noble measures of the Emperor of Russia—we have the pleasure to record the noteworthy fact that the Dutch government has decided upon emancipating all

all the slaves held by that nation. The scheme as it now stands is not immediate and unconditional; but we trust that the precious boon of liberty will ere long be bestowed upon every one of the oppressed subjects of that and every other civilized nation.

The sad calamity at Hartley Colliery has left a deep and abiding mark upon the national heart and memory. We need not go over the intensely agonizing incidents of that fearful catastrophe; they are but too painfully present to the mind of every reader. We rejoice, however, to record the fact that ample provision has been generously and promptly made for all the sorrowful survivors of the appalling accident, by which more than two hundred persons were literally buried alive, almost within sound of the shrieks of their bereaved widows and children. The relief fund has reached the sum of 72,000*l.* We trust that one result of this sad accident will be the more careful and ample protection of miners by means of humane regulations, enforced by wise legislation. It is thus that the law of progress vindicates the providence of God, educing good out of evil, and making the future of humanity not a mere continuation but a development of the past.

An important legal decision has recently been recorded in regard to the liabilities of shareholders in companies. At the County Court held at Bacup, judgment was given in a case which excited considerable interest in the locality. In the beginning of May, 1861, a co-operative manufacturing company was formed, denominated the Rawtenstall Bobbin Manufacturing and Commercial Company. It was intended that the capital of the company should be 50,000*l.*, in ten thousand shares of five pounds each; but the entire number of persons to whom shares was allotted was only fifty-four, and all the shares taken were less than 120. A resolution was carried for the purchase of Hareholme Mill, for the sum of 882*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*; but, in consequence of the funds not being adequate, the scheme had to be abandoned. As there were expenses incurred in the formation of the company, proceedings were taken in the County Court to recover a proportionate amount from each shareholder to cover

those expenses. It was agreed that the decision in one case should determine all the rest. The defence was simply a question of law. It was to decide how far persons who had become shareholders had made themselves responsible, in cases where the original design of the company had never been carried out. It was argued in this case that the mill had not been purchased; that bobbins had not been manufactured; and that no business set forth in the memorandum of association had been transacted. It was argued that the company had been formed under a false pretence; and as the promoters had broken faith with the shareholders, they were not liable to contribute to the expenses which had been incurred.—His Honour, in giving judgment, said that in this case the company was incorporated, the defendants had taken shares, paid calls, and taken part in the meetings of the company. He held that the company might sue in any competent court of law for calls due; and the verdict would therefore be for the plaintiffs. He warned persons to be wary in becoming shareholders in such companies, lest they might unwittingly find themselves in courts of justice.

The remarkable case of Windham's alleged lunacy that for several months has been before the Law Courts has terminated in a decision in favour of the sanity of the defendant, and will lead, we trust, to some decided improvement in the Lunacy Laws. It is a disgrace to our jurisprudence and civilization that such a trial, under the circumstances, was either needful or possible. A Lunacy Regulation Bill was read a second time in the Lords on the 21st ult. It proposes to limit the inquiry, under any commission of lunacy, to the question whether the person 'is, at the time of inquiry, of unsound mind, and incompetent to govern himself and manage his affairs;' and that no evidence shall be receivable which goes back more than two years from the date of the commission. It makes medical evidence inadmissible. The alleged lunatic to be personally examined before any evidence is taken. A new trial may be granted within three months after the return of the first inquisition.

ART. IX.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

London Labour and the London Poor; a Cyclopædia of the Condition and Earnings of those that will work, those that cannot work, and those that will not work. By Henry Mayhew. Supplemental volume on Those that will not work. London: Griffin and Co.

THIS work carries out Mr. Mayhew's idea, and comprises accounts of prostitutes, thieves, swindlers, and beggars, by several contributors. It contains also an introductory essay on the agencies at present in operation in the metropolis for the suppression of vice and crime, by the Rev. W. Tuckniss, B.A. It is a volume full of material for the social reformer, and ought to be read and pondered. Its facts are startling, its revelations appalling, and the appeals it makes on behalf of the lower strata of society such as should melt the hearts and engage the energies of the benevolent.

The Syrian Leper: a Chapter of Bible History Expounded. By the Rev. C. Bullock, author of 'The Way Home.' London: Wertheim and Co.

THIS is a practical and earnest little book, much in the same spirit as the author's former work. The popularity of such treatises is a pleasing sign of the times.

The British Controversialist for 1861. London: Houlston and Wright.

THERE is much interesting and able matter in this volume, discussing questions of the day, and of abiding worth.

The Historical Finger-Post. A Handy-book of Terms, &c. By Edward Shelton. London: Lockwood and Co.

A VAST amount of matter is comprised in the volume just named. Though not in all cases correct, yet it affords answers to many questions, and affords information on many dark subjects.

The Rebellion: its Origin and Main-spring. Mr. Sumner's Address at the Cooper Institute, New York, Nov. 27, 1861.

THERE are few men in America in whom we have greater confidence, or whom we regard with higher esteem than the Hon. Charles Sumner. He is a true statesman, with good principles before God and man. This speech should be read, as it will aid to reveal the state of parties in relation to the war in America.

The Mother's Picture Alphabet. S. W. Partridge.

THE highest style of art is connected with very engaging matter in this beautiful book. Mothers who can afford it, —and it is a cheap book—should purchase this. It would not fail to interest the domestic circle, and charm many an hour.

Attic Tracts on Danish and German Matters. By Baron C. Dirckurck-Holmfeld, of Roskild, Denmark. London: Trübner and Co.

MUCH insight is afforded by this pamphlet into the questions agitated by the Danish-German questions.

The Magdalen's Friend. London: Wertheim and Co.

WE again call attention to this admirably-conducted and very useful magazine.

The Temperance Dictionary. Part I. By the Rev. Dawson Burns. London: J. Caudwell.

THIS work deserves as large a circulation as will warrant its completion. It contains a vast collection of interesting and valuable matter, which would form a text-book for temperance speakers. Mr. Burns is doing his part with ability, brevity, and good writing.

Agatha: a Magazine of Social Reform and General Literature. Dublin: J. Robertson.

THIS offspring of the Social Science Congress at Dublin is a very creditable serial in the interest of social reform. It is well edited, well written, and well illustrated. We cordially hail its appearance, and wish it success in its benevolent course.

The Threepenny Magazine. London: Caudwell.

THIS is a new candidate for popular favour, and advocates total abstinence and social improvement. If well sustained, it will be an efficient helper. We trust that temperance reformers will patronize and circulate the literature of their own theme.

Beacon Lights for British Youth. A series of Tracts. By J. A. Harding. London: Simpkin and Co.

THESE are both devoted to the social evil and its suppression, and are very suitable. Mr. Harding's tracts should be put before young men.

Meliora.

- ART. I.—1. *Address of the Ionian Assembly in reply to the Speech of His Excellency the Lord High Commissioner, and His Excellency's rejoinder, April 4th, 1862.*
2. *Reports on the Condition of the Ionian Islands.*
3. *Reports of Mr. Eliot, Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy, Mr. Consul Wood, &c., on the Finances and Commerce of Greece.*
4. *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece.* By Nassau W. Senior. London, 1859.
5. *Greece and the Greeks of the present day.* By M. About, Edinburgh, 1855.*

THE insurrection at Nauplia, and what must now be called the usual annual plea of the Corfu Legislature for a discontinuance of the British protectorate, have called the attention of the public to the condition of the Greek kingdom, and the state of the Ionian republic. It is curious to observe that, whilst the Greek people have long been dissatisfied with their sovereign, and have repeatedly endeavoured to get rid of him and his courtiers, the Ionian islanders have, at the same time, been agitating to become the subjects of King Otho. As England is not only sole protector of the Septinsular Republic, but is likewise one of the three powers which placed King Otho on the Greek throne, and undertook the thankless office of guarding him whilst there, an inquiry into the avowed grievances, and the general condition of the two peoples, will not be without interest to our readers.

The manner in which Great Britain came to be mixed up in Hellenic affairs can be told in a few words. Beginning with the Ionian Islands, we need not go further back than the time when they formed part, or rather ceased to form part, of the Venetian Republic. This was in 1797, when Venice came into the possession of Austria, and the seven islands were made over to France. This arrangement, so far as the latter power was concerned, scarcely existed two years; for in 1799 the Gallic soldiers were driven out of the Ionian Isles by the combined forces of Russia and Turkey.

* Reference has also been made to Kolb's 'Handbuch der Vergleichenden Statistik' (1860), and the 'Almanach de Gotha' for 1862.

During the next seven years the Septinsular Government existed in the form of a republic, under the guardianship of Russia. A constitution was made for the islands by the Czar; but it appears to have been even more unsatisfactory to them than the one they are now under. Ultimately, in 1807, in accordance with a private arrangement, known as the treaty of Tilsit, made between Alexander and Napoleon, they were once more placed under the dominion of France, being much courted by the latter Emperor, as a sort of half-way house to Turkey. But his designs were frustrated by the English Government; one by one, between 1809 and 1815, the whole of the seven islands were wrested from the possession of France; and Great Britain, with the consent of the other great powers, became, and has since remained, their protector. A constitution was given to them in 1817, upon which several improvements have been made, and now the Ionians have all the freedom as well as the honour which belongs to subjects of the British throne; nevertheless, in their own opinion, as expressed, in April last, in the Address of the Assembly, delivered by the most illustrious Doctor Eliæ Zervò Jacobato, the President, in reply to the speech of His Excellency the Lord High Commissioner, they are about the worst governed and most miserable people in Europe.

Our official connection with Greece commenced about thirty years ago; but for some years previously, during the revolutionary period, our people had been firm supporters of the Hellenes, and it was chiefly by means of their moral and material assistance that the Greeks worked out their independence of the rule of Turkey. Great expectations were entertained at that time that, when once liberated from the iniquitous government of the Porte, the descendants of the fathers of poetry and philosophy would soon make for themselves a position and a character worthy of their great ancestry; but never were vaticinations more completely unfulfilled. In everything which constitutes real progress the nation has made scarcely a step forward, whilst in some respects it has positively retrograded. Hence the very general indifference with which the recent troubles of the country have been viewed by Europe; yet the Greeks are the people with whom the Ionians desire to be united, in preference to an association with the greatest, most prosperous, and most liberal nation of modern times. They do not allege that the ills which they assert they are suffering are not in existence in the Greek kingdom; but the fact that they point to an incorporation with that nation as the only panacea of their troubles, warrants the inference that they would have us to understand such to be the case. Let us see.

First of all, as to *finances*. 'Mismanagement and waste of public revenues,' says the Address above alluded to, 'have contributed

buted to produce the present deplorable condition of the finances of the State. This has been aggravated by contributions to the protecting power.' There is an amount of falsehood in this statement which is perfectly astonishing. The assertions were flatly contradicted by Sir Henry Storks, the Lord High Commissioner, and rightly so. But the most extraordinary allegation is the assertion that 'the deplorable condition of the finances has been aggravated by contributions paid to the protecting power.' What will Professor Goldwin Smith and the colonial emancipationists say to this? They advocate the liberation of our transmarine possessions partly because of the expense entailed upon the British taxpayer by their retention; but the Ionians, it seems, contribute to the protecting power, not the protecting power to the Ionians! The plain facts are these: When the protectorate was assumed, it was agreed that the Ionians should provide the necessary means for carrying on the civil government, and should, in addition, pay an annual sum of 35,000*l.* towards the support of the military, the home government paying about three times as much. Instead of this, the sum spent by the dependency has been reduced to 25,000*l.* per annum, and that paid by the imperial government raised to 200,000*l.* It is the protector, not the protected, that ought to grumble. 'But they manage these things better in Greece,' say the Ionians. This superior management on the part of the Greeks consists in spending 250,000*l.* per annum, or one-third of the revenue (777,000*l.*) in naval and military affairs, against only 25,000*l.* on the part of the Ionian Islands! The Ionian islanders talk of the revenue as if it were something exorbitant; yet it does not amount to quite fourteen shillings per head of population: the figures for 1860 being 172,304*l.* revenue, and 246,483 population. On the other hand, the revenue of the kingdom of Greece in 1861 was 777,000*l.*, and the expenditure 892,000*l.*, or over sixteen shillings per head of population (1,067,000). In addition to which the Greeks have a public debt of nearly 12,000,000*l.*, or above 11*l.* per capita, against an Ionian debt of only 300,000*l.*, or not much more than 1*l.* per capita. M. About, an impartial observer, states that if Greece were organized like the Ionian Islands, she would realize annually over and above her expenditure a net profit of 6,500,000 drachms (232,000*l.*).

The culpable mismanagement of the finances has been one of the causes of the periodical insurrections which disturb the Greek kingdom. In 1824 the provisional government contracted a loan in London for 800,000*l.*, and in 1825 a further one of 2,000,000*l.* Both were issued in five per cent. bonds; but the interest on the first was repudiated in 1826, and that on the second in 1827, since which the Greek Government has flatly refused to pay either principal or interest. The accumulated obligations to English

creditors now amount to 7,383,000*l.*, and the whole sum may be looked upon as a bad debt. In 1832 England, France, and Russia became guarantees for a further sum of 2,400,000*l.* to enable the new kingdom to make a fair start. Part of the loan was to be paid over to Turkey and other creditors, and the remainder was to form the nucleus of a national capital to be employed in developing the agricultural and commercial resources of the country. 'Unfortunately,' says M. About, 'the funds were confided to the Council of Regency. The regents were irresponsible; they employed the money as they pleased, and went away without leaving any accounts.' King Otho was brought up in a bad school, and surrounded with spendthrift tutors and associates, and he has rigidly followed their teachings and examples. Payment of the 2,400,000*l.* was provided for by a sinking fund of one per cent. This, and the interest on the bonds, were forthcoming, though not without some assistance from the three powers, pretty regularly down to 1842; but since then the guaranteeing powers have had to pay the whole of the annual dividends (137,000*l.*), and at the present time the principal and arrearages of interest amount to 4,320,000*l.* In addition to the foregoing there is 187,000*l.* owing to Bavaria. The sum total of liabilities, therefore, amounts to 11,880,000*l.* Besides this, there is a considerable sum owing to the Bank of Athens, the amount of which we have been unable to ascertain. So utterly prostrated is the credit of the Government, that even the Bank of Athens, so recently as in April last, refused to open a new account until the old liabilities shall have been paid off. External aid has long been out of the question. The credit of a Government which is either unable or unwilling to deal honourably with its creditors must necessarily be nil. Yet the resources of the country are ample for the requirements of the State. 'The Greek people is poor, but the country is not,' says About. The fact is, the court, like a sponge, habitually absorbs all the money it can extort from its million of subjects. The material interests of the community are neglected to the aggrandizement of the personal schemes and comforts of the sovereign. Notwithstanding the disgraceful financial position of the nation, the king has not scrupled to spend over half a million sterling in the erection of a new palace; and the queen, with a quiet conscience, calls for nearly two thousand a year to keep her gardens in order; to say nothing of the pensions and salaries paid to Bavarian parasites. Yet this is the nation with which the Ionians are said to be anxious of being incorporated. We do not mean to say that the islanders express themselves satisfied with the condition of Greek finances, but we protest against them assuming that those finances are in a better state than is the case at Corfu.

If we compare the *industrial state* of Greece with that of the Ionian

Ionian Islands, we shall find the result quite as favourable to the latter as we have shown the case to be in the matter of finances. No better criteria can be found whereby to judge of the amount of progress made by a country than its tables of imports and exports. These are the indicators of its growth or decline. The trade of Greece advanced with considerable strides from 1833 to 1837; thence to 1849, says About, 'it made no progress; since 1850, it has fairly declined.' The Septinsulars, however, think that they are in a still worse condition, and have no hesitation in asserting that 'everything that could contribute to the development and encouragement of the resources of the country has been neglected;' and further on in the Address it is said that this 'deplorable condition' cannot be ameliorated so long as the islands are 'divided from the already liberated section' of the nation; or, in other words, Greek commerce is more prosperous than Ionian. The malcontents do not deal in statistics; so, from 'vague assertions,' as Sir Henry Storks remarked, 'appeal must be made to facts.' In 1859 the imports into Greece were valued at 1,650,000*l.*, and the exports at 872,000*l.*, or a total of 2,522,000*l.*, or about 2*l.* 7*s.* per head; during the same year the value of the imports into the Ionian Islands was 1,107,000*l.*, and that of the exports therefrom to 839,000*l.*, or 1,946,000*l.* together, being above 7*l.* 18*s.* per head, or more than three times the per capita amount of Greece, though the geographical area of the latter is more than fifteen times, and the population over four times the extent of the area and population of the Ionian Islands.

The causes of this comparative inferiority of Greek commerce are manifold, but they may be all traced to the negligence and malpractices of the Government. Foremost of all is the want of roads. 'Roads there are none in the whole monarchy,' says Mr. Eliot, 'except such as may by courtesy be so styled in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital.' 'There is no road between Athens and Sparta,' says M. About; 'no road between Athens and Corinth; no road between the capital of the country and Patras, which, thanks to the currants, is becoming the capital of commerce. With the exception of the bad road which joins Athens to Thebes, passing through Eleusis, all the roads which leave Athens are only drives for the queen's horses.' Similar testimony is made by Mr. Senior. The natural result of this is that agricultural progress is restricted. Much of what is produced is consumed on the spot, except when in the neighbourhood of a seaport, because the expense of conveyance would eat up more than the value of the article many times over. Hence but one-third of the arable land of the entire nation is under cultivation, and the people are dependent upon foreign sources for
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what could be produced at home under a better condition of things; and, though the imports of breadstuffs are large, the people of the interior derive no benefit from them, as the absence of practical means of transit is equally preventive of communication from the coast to the interior as from the interior to the coast. 'In a large part of the kingdom the peasants eat nothing but cakes of maize—a heavy and unwholesome food; and this is not to be had by everybody that wishes for it. I have been in Arcadia villages where the people live on nothing but herbs and milk, without bread of any kind.' (About.) The Queen spends as much upon her gardens as the Government appropriates for opening new roads and keeping the old ones in repair. The expenditure on roads is about 2,000*l.* annually, whilst the cost of the army is 250,000*l.* For the latter, the kingdom has little or no use, for the guaranteeing powers will see that the nation is not invaded; whilst the welfare of the people and the credit of the Government would be much better consulted if a portion of the money spent in military displays were laid out in works of public utility. The nation would become richer, the revenue would augment, the population would increase, and by-and-by a manufacturing system would spring up, and reverse that impoverishing state of things which must ensue where the imports are double the value of the exports, and where the people purchase nearly the whole of their clothing, and a good part of their food, from foreign countries, although the resources of the country, if properly looked after, are equal to the provision of both.

There are 7,500,000 acres of arable land in the kingdom, of which 2,000,000 acres belong to the State; yet not a third of the whole is under cultivation. Besides the arable land there are 3,000,000 acres of forests, which, if worked intelligently, would be a mine of wealth to the country, but culpable negligence here again obstructs the path of industry. Mr. Wood, the British consul at Patras, drew particular attention to the neglected timber resources of Greece: 'It is much to be regretted that, in consequence of there being no good roads, it is difficult to bring down timber where very extensive forests of oak exist, and will prove a valuable article of export should this country some day have the advantage of improved land communication.' Hence, in the midst of plenty, so to speak, Greece imports 50,000*l.* worth of timber annually for building and other purposes. The same influence injuriously affects the welfare of the oil, wine, silk, and other agricultural products.

The mining resources of the country, which are mainly government monopolies, are equally neglected. Useful coal is to be found at Marcuboulo, in Bœotia, and at Kami, in the island of Eubœa; but the former bed is not worked, and the latter only partially.

partially. A French economist has calculated that, properly worked, the mines of Kami would bring in an annual income of nearly 2,000*l.*—their present income is scarcely 500*l.*—a clear loss to the Government of 1,500*l.* a year. Then there are the lead mines of Zea, and the marble quarries of Carysto; the latter were of repute in the time of Cæsar, but now they are almost unknown to modern Greeks. Then, again, there are the fisheries, farmed by the Government to individuals, and the salt works, carried on by the State itself, which are miserably managed. The entire income from public domains is about 70,000*l.* annually. Properly conducted, the revenue would be increased threefold, if not more.

M. About, speaking of the management of the public domains, remarks:—

‘The letting out of the public property brings no profit to the State; it gains still less by alienating them. No buyer has the means of paying in ready money for what he buys; willingly or unwillingly, the sum must be divided into ten, twenty, or thirty annual instalments, of which the first is sometimes paid, the second rarely, the third never. What is to be done? Take back the property sold, to sell it again? A new buyer will not pay up more regularly than the first. Farm them out? The farmers will not pay their rent. The national property will only be sold or let profitably when the Government know how to induce capital to flow into the country, and to compel debtors to the treasury to fulfil their engagements.’

It is the absence of capital which keeps the nation from progressing, and it is bad government which causes the absence of capital; for who will lend money to a country unable or unwilling to meet the dividends on its present loans, and which draws from the guaranteeing powers 137,000*l.* per annum?

This financial mismanagement injures the people in other respects. One of the causes of the severity and fatal effects of Indian famines is the impossibility of rendering assistance to the distressed section, in consequence of the want of the means of transit. It is no uncommon thing for plenty to be reigning in one district whilst want and misery are prevalent in another. This, notwithstanding the small geographical extent of the country, is not unfrequently the case in Greece. Another result is the number of industrial centres which are forced to render themselves self-dependent in all matters of prime necessity. Co-operation is out of the question, and an advanced system of manufactures impossible. ‘In most districts,’ says Mr. Wood, ‘the chief element of industrial progress—division of labour—is entirely wanting, and the inhabitants of each village are generally obliged to provide for their own wants in the matters of clothing and food.’ Everything is in the most primitive condition, agriculture is semi-barbarous, and manufactures have only arrived at about the same point as the industry of England had reached three or four hundred years ago. There are only two establishments for silk-winding

winding in the country, and they are small and barely remunerative. Silk-winders travel from village to village, and from house to house, crying out, 'Have you any cocoons to wind?' (About); and these wandering spinners are patronized in preference to the stationary establishments, because of the difficulty and expense of reaching the latter. How different is the case in the Ionian Islands! 'Corfu and the other six islands,' says About, 'are better cultivated and more flourishing than any province in the kingdom of Greece; the communications by land and sea are easy; the country is traversed in all directions by admirable roads [constructed by the Government]; all the islands are connected together by a regular line of steamboats.' And yet the Ionians assert their position to be inferior to that of 'liberated' Greece! Could infatuation go further?

Another evil suffered by Greece, though it is one which the Ionians do not claim to be afflicted with, still one which ought to be taken into account in any consideration of the relative claims of the two systems of government, is the manner in which a large part of the revenue is levied and collected. The bulk, we may say the whole, of the Ionian income is derived from indirect taxation; but in Greece, indirect taxation furnishes only about one-fourth of the whole, and more than one-half is the produce of a land-tax levied in kind. The evils which attend this system are innumerable. 'The dîme system, or custom of paying tithes in kind,' says Mr. Eliot, 'acts most prejudicially on the producer, who is bound, after verification by a government surveyor, to transport the tenth part, at his own cost, to the nearest dépôt.' One effect of this is a considerable amount of dishonesty, but the most injurious result is the obstacle which it throws in the way of material improvements. Mr. Senior tells a good illustrative anecdote. A gentleman broke up a large tract of land and laid it with potatoes. The tithe farmer required him to compound for the tax on the basis of the high prices ruling at Athens. But as the carriage of the potatoes to that city would enhance their cost two hundred per cent., the producer claimed a reduction of two-thirds from the amount of assessment. This was refused, and as payment of the tithe in kind would have involved a still greater loss, the claim of the tax-gatherer was paid in full, and the potato grower was told, in reply to his remonstrance, 'never to grow any bulky commodity until the law was altered.' It is needless to say that he followed this piece of gratuitous advice. After this we cease to be surprised that only one-third of the arable land of the country is under cultivation. In the Ionian Islands more than two-thirds of the arable land are under cultivation.

The population of Greece is 1,067,000, and its area 15,000 square miles, which gives 70 inhabitants to each mile. The area
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of the Ionian Islands is 1,041 square miles, and its population 264,000, or more than 253 to each mile! The resources of Greece, if properly developed, could sustain five times its present population. The fact that the number of inhabitants has scarcely increased during the past five years speaks volumes against the government of the country. It is not that the Hellenes are devoid of energy, for away from home they are most successful merchants and traders. At Constantinople, Odessa, Alexandria, Trieste, Marseilles, and Amsterdam, the Greek merchants carry on an extensive trade; and in our own country—in London, Manchester, and Liverpool—there are numbers of opulent Greeks. Indeed the Levant trade is entirely in their hands; and the increase in the exports to Turkey, from 1,000,000*l.*, twenty years ago, to 4,000,000*l.* at the present time, is one of the fruits of Greek enterprise. In fact, as M. About says, ‘I discover only one country where it is impossible for Greeks to make a fortune—that is Greece.’

Then there is the absence of justice in the legal tribunals of the nation. The Ionians complain of personal liberty being outraged, and public opinion being circumscribed, but they fail to adduce authority for the support of their assertions; whilst Sir Henry Storks, in reply, states that ‘individual and public security is enjoyed in the highest degree, and political and personal liberty in opinion, speech, and action is permitted to an extent unknown in other countries.’ In Greece, however, everything rests with the reigning sovereign. Both M. About and Mr. Senior, as well as the British Consuls, have shown that in the administration of justice, corruption holds full sway. M. About says distinctly that there is *no* justice in Greece, and he puts the circumstance down as one of the causes of the general stagnation. ‘Capital would not be wanting,’ he says, ‘if business had some promise of security, if lenders could count on the probity of borrowers, or, on the integrity of justice.’ A Greek informant told Mr. Senior that the court, whenever it liked, dictated the sentence of the tribunal, and that though some improvement had been made upon Turkish law, still there was as much corruption and intimidation as ever there had been. But besides this liability to be victimized by the corrupt influence of parties high in power, there are the miserable arrangements for the administration of justice, which often render it impossible for an injured person to obtain redress, even when the question at issue is not of immediate interest to the court, except by submitting to personal annoyances and expenses, altogether out of proportion to the value of any claim he may be making.

‘Our tribunals,’ said one of Mr. Senior’s interlocutors, ‘hold their courts of justice in the capital of the Eparchæa, often twelve or fifteen miles from its limits. If

If a man has been injured it costs him a day's walk to apply to the nearest justice; another day is lost in sending the summons to the defendant; another in the defendant's journey to the tribunal. The plaintiff and defendant, or the accuser and the accused, may have to wait a week or two before their cause is heard. To obtain legal redress from injury of five drachmas may cost thirty.

The natural consequence of this state of things is the existence of a species of Lynch law, for it is no uncommon occurrence for an aggrieved party to take the law into his own hands; then follows a series of retaliations and counter retaliations, until one or both of the disputants are ruined.

In the Ionian Islands all this is reversed. Justice is as cheap, as easy of access, and as righteous as in England itself. Rich and poor are alike evenly dealt with, and no one is in danger of being victimized by a corrupt administration of the laws.

The Ionians, in virtue of the latitude of expression allowed to them, and which they would be debarred from if under the rule of King Otho, abuse the English Government most cordially; yet they have the boldness to assert that 'the expression of opinion is circumscribed, and even punished, and all power is concentrated in the hands of the executive authority.' The very attitude of the Corfu Chamber is a standing contradiction to these groundless complaints. What would have been the fate of the petitioners in Athens? The fact is, they would never have been allowed to make any complaints at all. Greece is reputed to be governed constitutionally, but, as one of Mr. Senior's informants remarked, 'We, on the spot, know that the chambers are the organs, not of the nation, but of the court, and that an act of the Greek Parliament is merely a royal proclamation. King Otho has a better right than Napoleon had to say, "*L'état c'est moi!*"' The lower house of the legislature, though consisting nominally of the representatives of the people, is really a company of government nominees, elected through the influence of the various local officials, who receive their appointments at the hands of the king. Popular candidates are rarely returned; there is consequently no opposition to the doings of the court. The members of the upper house are elected for life by the king himself, and in case that any portion of them should attempt to oppose his designs, he has simply to introduce a sufficient number of his favourites to neutralize the opposition.

Then with regard to the press, the fetters of the court are as successfully applied to the various organs as is the case in France or Austria. The press is said to be, and by the Constitution ought to be, free. But such is not the case. A short time ago a law was passed for the punishment of all attacks on the king. It is easy to perceive that such a measure places the press entirely under the control of the sovereign, who alone has the power of pronouncing what may, or may not be, libellous. With this constant

constant terror hanging over them, the conductors of the various newspapers of Athens have no option but to laud every performance of the king and his court, whether the imperial conduct be praiseworthy or not.

In the matter of education the Ionians complain that 'public instruction has fallen into decay.' Yet their public schools, supported at a government expense of 11,500*l.* a year, contain 7,000 pupils, or one out of every thirty-five inhabitants, whilst in Greece the budget only gives 3,780*l.* towards national education, and the number of pupils is only as one to every forty-eight inhabitants. Public instruction, so far from falling into decay in the seven islands, has done the reverse, for both the expense of carrying on the schools, and the number of pupils attending them, has been increasing yearly.

As in everything else, the Ionians possess perfect freedom of opinion in religious matters, and there is more enlightenment and little or none of the superstitious element which is so prevalent in Greece. In the latter, dissentients from the religion of the State are tolerated, but that is all; and in case of popular persecution, of which there are occasional instances, the State is powerless to prevent the intolerance of its subjects. The result is that every Protestant feels that he is only in the country on sufferance. Proselytizing is looked upon as a crime of the most heinous nature. The officials of the Greek church are plentiful, and hold considerable influence over the people. For a population of just over 1,000,000 souls there are 30 bishops, 5,114 priests, and 12,549 monks, &c., all in the pay of the State.

The unanimous testimony of travellers is that socially the Greeks are about the least advanced of any people in Europe. They have a supreme contempt for all sanitary regulations, and both in their persons and in their homes are the willing slaves of uncleanness. This is simply the result of their habitual laziness, which, in its turn, is promoted by the want of stimulus on the part of the Government. If a man finds his exertions frustrated on every side by adverse influences, he grows indifferent—swims with the tide. There is plenty of scope for industry in Greece, but so long as the Government neglects to provide good roads and good laws, and fails to see that the latter are fairly administered, industry will seek a more congenial clime, and laziness will stay at home; hence all the energy, and, what is more, the capital, of the Greek nation emigrates to the great cities of England and continental Europe. This is patent to all men engaged in business pursuits.

The Ionians are far more industrious than their brother Hellenes. Their habits of life are of a higher order. In short, whilst

whilst the Greeks present all the semi-civilized features of Eastern sociology, the Ionians have imbibed the habits and manners of the people of Western Europe. In Greece, the position of the weaker sex is little better than it is in Turkey. It is not exactly as it should be in parts of the Ionian Islands, but great progress has been made of late in the right direction.

Look at the state of the two countries how we may—whether we examine their finances or their industry, their political, their educational, their religious or their social condition—the superior government of the seven islands is strikingly apparent, and the culpable negligence of the Greek State prominently manifest.

The complaints of the Corfu Assembly, therefore, were perfectly groundless, and the insurrection at Nauplia quite intelligible. That the Ionians sincerely desire to be united to the ‘liberated section’ of their race, we are ready to admit, but they will not further their cause by a perverse course of misrepresentation. The Islands are of no great value to Great Britain, especially now that the unity and integrity of Italy are guaranteed. The question is whether a united Greece would not be a benefit to England and Europe at large. One thing is certain, the English taxpayer would be a gainer to the extent of some 200,000*l.* a year. But the fact that the most influential classes, which may be considered as represented in the Senate, do not desire any change, and the miserable condition of the Greek kingdom will prevent any movement, for the present, towards a withdrawal of the protectorate. King Otho has evidently already more subjects than he can well manage, and to add to them would only be to create a ‘Greek question’ to give employment to all the diplomats of Europe. The hope of the Hellenic race is in the next occupant of the Greek throne, and who he may be is uncertain, for the successor of King Otho has not yet been named.

ART. II.—1. *Sixteenth Annual Report of the Early Closing Association.* 1860.

2. *Seventeenth Annual Report of the Early Closing Association.* 1861.

3. *Practical Testimonies to the Benefits attending the early payment of Wages, &c.* 1858.

4. *The Pioneer of Progress, or the Early Closing Movement in relation to the Saturday Half Holiday and the Early Payment of Wages.* By John Dennis. Prize Essay. 1860.

5. *The Half Holiday Question.* By John Lilwall. Third Edition. 1856.

6. *A Plea*

6. *A Plea for Moderation in the Hours employed in Business.*
By Samuel Martin, Minister of Westminster Chapel, Westminster. Ward & Co.

'Vide ne funiculum nimis intendendo aliquandò abrumpas.'

THE pronounced tendency of this age to utilitarianism, and the worship of wealth, acting on the energy and earnestness natural to the English character, have resulted in the establishment of a highly artificial system of overworking, which excludes recreation, prejudices health, and is well calculated, if unchecked, to insure the moral and physical degeneracy of our race.

'In England only one sees those rigid self-contained figures wending their way with restless steps, careless of all that is passing around them, and seeming to consider every wasted minute an irreparable loss,' was the remark of Madame Ida Pfeiffer while in London.

'I see at a glance these people have enough to do,' says Heine. 'By day and night John Bull must tax his brains to discover new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and runs and rushes, without much looking round, from the Docks to the Exchange, and from the Exchange to the Strand, &c. So it seemed to me as though all London were such a Beresina bridge, where every one presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of life; where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian; where every one who falls is lost for ever; where the best friends rush without feeling over each other's corpses, and where thousands, in the weakness of death, and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge, and are shot down into the icy grave of death.'

To take our pleasures sadly has been, since the days of Froissart, part of our national character; and too often, in common with other northern nations, when we relax, our holiday has been only another name for a scene of license, disorder, and intoxication.

The different kinds of overwork to which, as a people, we have delivered ourselves up may be classed under three divisions. The first is that of the brain, where there is a predominance of thought over action; the second is that of the body, where there is a predominance of action over thought; and the third is where the labour is mechanical rather than intellectual or physical—it makes no great demand on the brain or muscle; it presents a nearly total absence of the excitement of hope or the stimulus of competition, and because of its essentially dispiriting nature, its littleness of aim and minuteness of details, its monotony and drudgery, and, above all, because of the very long hours of business which are exacted—for these very reasons in this description of labour, it is perhaps, of the three, the most trying and injurious to mind and body.

Amongst

Amongst the overworked in the first category, we place our statesmen, judges, law officers; the upper classes of government officials in the Bank of England, Post Office, Dockyards, and the like; the heads of our private banking and commercial firms; our literary men and women (making exceptions, of course, of those with whom the swiftness of production and quantity and quality of work are measured solely by their own inclination or capability); a large proportion of professional men, editors, schoolmasters, governesses, and reporters for the press.

In these various positions, though there is much drudgery and considerable bodily fatigue, the main burden is thrown upon the brain, arising either from the responsibility and anxiety of mind inevitable to administrative authority and commercial enterprise, or the perpetual exercise of severe thought and accurate judgment, which becomes a second nature to the judicial mind, or else from the excessive speed and unfavourable conditions with which some particular kinds of mental work have to be performed.

In the second category we place the greater number of working manufacturers and operatives, and, in general, all workmen, builders, masons, railway navigators, porters, guards, agricultural and dockyard labourers, engineers, miners, journeymen bakers, and country postmen.

In the third class are clerks, in government employ, in banks, counting-houses, railway and telegraph offices, London postmen, railway signal-men, and all sorts of shopkeepers, assistants, milliners and dressmakers, and, in some cases, domestic servants.*

There are also employments which are directly prejudicial to health, either from their sedentary nature, from the vitiated and unwholesome atmosphere in which they are pursued, or from the necessity of working at them in a particular position. Such are the trades of the journeymen bakers, tailors, weavers, woolcarders, knife-grinders, stone-cutters, &c.

With regard to the first class, few men who think at all, and are possessed of the most moderate knowledge of the laws of health, doubt that the work is very severe, and greatly in excess of what it ought to be. It is not of a kind so patent to public observation as that of handicraft or manual labour. The evidence of it is to be sought in the verdict of the medical men, who find among its members their most intractable cases of dyspepsia, hypochondria, and paralysis; and lunatic asylums their surest supply of patients. Members of Parliament, for example, pursue

* Perhaps the maid of all work, for whom legislation is powerless and private benevolence inoperative, presents the only instance in which the three conditions are unfortunately and almost ludicrously combined, of responsibility, heavy for her humble sphere, and severe and prolonged physical labour.

their labours until the small hours; and the reporters, printers, correctors of proofs, and writers of the leading articles, necessarily follow suit. To shorten the hours, therefore, for the sitting of the Lower House would be at once to affect all these employes favourably; and this appears a question well worthy of serious consideration, for it would not be too much to assume that, by talking less, our legislators might effect as much in a shorter space of time. The judges and law officers labour until very late: this keeps the attorneys' offices open, which, again, compels the copiers and law-stationers to work after hours, often, indeed, until the Sunday morning. There appears to be a feeling in this profession in favour of early closing on Saturday afternoon rather than the diminution of daily labour; but if to gain both steps be impossible, the one half-holiday in the week would be an enormous benefit, supposing always that it were conscientiously taken advantage of. Some heads of firms, however, are so wedded to their work, that we have known occasions where, when the public proclamation of a holiday necessitated the closing of the doors, while the young clerks walked out in troops, the grey-headed senior has quietly lit his gas, locked himself in, and proceeded with his daily routine. 'What should I do with a holiday?' said one well-known member of a legal firm (now no more); 'it is very well for boys, but I shall work as usual.' The high pressure of intellectual labour, and the perpetual excitement endured by some of our most brilliant authors, too frequently result in their being incapacitated by disease, or early snatched away by death. Examples of this kind are, unhappily, over-frequent to need mention. To use a homely phrase, they 'burn the candle at both ends,' and are yet surprised at the rapid waste of the material which supports combustion.

In the second division, the hours of work do not appear so unreasonably long among certain kinds of labourers. The manufacturing operatives in mills are protected by law so far as women and children are concerned, and it is gratifying to record that none of the evil consequences have resulted which were so confidently prophesied by those who termed that act of the legislature an interference with the liberty of the subject. But the over-hours which alternate with half-time, make sad havoc among the men. The builders, masons, and bricklayers labour in summer from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. (allowing an hour and a half for meals), and for a much shorter time during the winter season. The chief things to be desired for them are, the leaving off work earlier on the Saturday afternoon, and the payment of wages on Friday morning, so as to enable their wives to get the money and make the weekly purchases on Saturday morning instead of Saturday night, or, as very frequently happens, on Sunday morning.

morning. The workmen at the Government dockyards, similarly situated, possess these privileges, and evince a full sense of the value of them. The journeymen bakers are grievously oppressed under the existing system. We shall have more to say of them hereafter, but it may here be briefly stated, that with wages of a very moderate amount, their hours are from fourteen to eighteen in the twenty-four, in a most stifling and heated atmosphere, and with very little advantage of rest as respects Sunday. Railway porters and guards are worked too many hours at a stretch, and country postmen perform enormous distances every day in the week, often in terrible weather, for very inadequate pay, but, as a rule, they complain very little. Whether this is owing to the natural phlegm and content which distinguishes the agricultural part of our population or not, remains to be proved ; but the same cannot be affirmed with respect to the London postmen. Of their amount of toil, and length of hours of actual labour, it is difficult to speak with certainty, because their times, hours, and beats are systematically varied ; but that they are frightfully overworked and underpaid, recent disclosures have established as facts beyond controversy.

Of course it is in our large centres of industry, where the population is simply enormous, the living literally from hand to mouth, and the competition for wealth, and even for bare life, absolutely grinding, that the high-pressure system of work presents itself and its effects in its worst aspect ; and London, as being the head-quarters of labour, and also as being the spot where the association for early closing first commenced its operations, will furnish the most appropriate material for our inquiry. It would be difficult to affirm that the young men in those departments of Government which close at four P.M. are in any respect overdone either as to length of time or amount of work ; but the clerks in merchants' counting-houses are required to attend until very late, and when there is a press of foreign correspondence, and only a limited time for the purpose, they seldom, then, leave until midnight. Since the postal transmission from London has ceased on the Sunday a great improvement in this respect has been the natural result so far as the Saturday night is concerned ; and it seems difficult to see why they should not, as far as is practicable, be released on that day at two P.M.. Railway clerks work about ten hours per diem ; bankers' clerks eight, or even less ; railway signalmen from twelve to fourteen hours at a time, as was proved by evidence given during the inquiry which followed the disastrous accident at Brighton. But it is to the unfortunate condition of the remainder, who form the third class—the large body of shopkeepers, assistants, milliners, and dressmakers—that we would most especially direct the attention of our readers. It appears that

that, with the exception of certain districts, the hours of labour from Monday to Friday are injuriously long, and on the Saturday criminally so. The grocers, cheesemongers, provision dealers, and oilmen seem unable, generally, to close before ten P.M., and at midnight on Saturdays. The boot and shoemakers close about nine or ten on week days, eleven on Saturdays; chemists and druggists towards eleven P.M., besides having Sunday business; hatters and glovers from ten to eleven P.M.; milliners and dressmakers work up to midnight, and, during the season, often until early in the morning; hairdressers keep their shops open commonly until eleven P.M.; cigar-shops and eating-houses are closed frequently only at midnight, and sometimes not even then when in the neighbourhood of places of amusement. A walk, any Saturday night, about ten P.M., in Bethnal Green, the New Cut, Lambeth Walk, or Tottenham Court Road will afford to any person who likes to take it the most incontrovertible evidence as to the extent to which trading is carried on at these hours. Brilliant jets of gas are flaming from almost every open shop or at every stall. The streets are packed with costermongers' carts; all the spoiled and bruised vegetables are sold off at merely nominal prices; fruit—such as oranges, cocoa-nuts, apples, and pears—and fish—such as oysters, crabs, mackerel, and herring—are noisily chaffered for; moveable stalls of licensed hawkers, covered with articles of clothing (slop manufactured, of course, or second hand), quack medicines, corn plaisters, &c., pins, needles, and cutlery, are surrounded by dirty little city Arabs and untidy, wretchedly-attired women, sometimes with children at the breast, sometimes dragging their uncombed, unwashed, half-fed, and half-clothed offspring by the hand. The pavement is almost covered with orange peel, cabbage leaves, and other vegetable refuse. Round most of the butchers' shops a sort of auction is going on, and meat which would most assuredly never pass the inspection of the Sanitary Committee is readily sold off and conveyed from an atmosphere sufficiently vitiated by smoke and gas to one still more tainted with the breath of perhaps a score of unwashed, unhealthy human beings. The men are shouting, brawling, hustling, smoking, spitting, and swearing, or standing in groups, redolent of spirits, with their pipes in their mouths, their hands in their breeches pockets; they are unshorn, and, if the time be summer, in their shirt sleeves; and thus they lazily stand watching the efforts of the women to secure cheap food, and listen weariedly to the never-ending din.

This brings us to the question of Sunday trading, the practice of which forms a large contribution to the excess of work performed by the nation. The proximate causes of it, as well as can be ascertained, are twofold: First, the late payment of wages on

the Saturday night;* so that, Sunday being considered an idle day, half the money is often spent in the public-house (where, unhappily, wages are frequently paid out) before the wife ever touches it, and then the provisions for the week have to be made hurriedly, and by gaslight, when the choice of the market is gone. The second proximate cause is the miserable state of the abodes of the poor, especially where they live in underground cellars, as is the case in many districts.† The tainted state of the atmosphere is such that, whether in hot or cold weather, meat, and all sorts of provisions, turn putrid and foul in an amazingly short space of time. The first reason could easily be remedied, and has been by many employers; but the second, referring to the dwelling-places of the poor, opens another question, and, until some alteration be effected with respect to them, it appears to us that the Saturday half-holiday movement, if universally followed, will rather stimulate than decrease the buying and selling on the Sunday.

According to evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1850, the grocers', butchers', and drapers' shops, to the number of seven out of ten, in Whitecross Street, were open every Sunday from seven A.M. to one P.M.; in Houndsditch, Lambeth, Westminster, St. Giles's, Spitalfields, Hoxton, and Bethnal Green, the streets on that morning were like a fair. The agents of the London City Mission stated that, in the particular districts where they laboured, about 14,000 shops were more or less open on Sunday; and it was computed that, during the morning, about 20,000 men, women, and boys were engaged in selling goods, and perhaps about two or three times that number of purchasers supported them. This state of things has been greatly ameliorated within the last ten years; but Sunday trading, though the police authorities in the City, Bermondsey, Somers Town, and elsewhere have endeavoured to check it as much as possible, does still exist to a large extent among the news-vendors, butchers, bakers, barbers, grocers, fish shopkeepers, and cigar-dealers.

Having thus glanced at the system as it exists at present, we proceed to examine evidence as to its results. So few people there are who have not had, at one time or other, definite experience of the effects of toil in excess (whether of kind or of time, physical or mental), that it should be hardly needful to enter into the question from a medical point of view. We, however, quote extracts from the testimony of some of the most distinguished members as fair specimens of the opinions entertained by the profession.

* It often happens that a week's wages paid to one man have to be subdivided among a number of underhands, who work under the slop or sweating system. In such cases the distribution hardly ever is made before Sunday morning.

† St. Giles's affords sufficient instances of the kind in its neighbourhood.

Dr. Stevens: 'A prolific cause for the rapid and extensive increase of insanity in this country is to be found in the unceasing toil and anxiety to which the working classes are subjected.'

Dr. Simon: 'Medicine cannot tell you in figures how much strength is wasted for want of play. Nothing is more familiar to medical observation than the ill effects of that monotonous industry of the million which has grown up under the pressure of our commercial competition.'

Sir J. Clark, after describing the ill-ventilated rooms in which milliners' apprentices worked from six A.M. to twelve P.M., adds: 'A mode of life more completely calculated to destroy human health could scarcely be contrived.'

Dr. Arnott speaks similarly of tailors and printers, &c.

Dr. Lankester: 'There is in this metropolis a sacrifice of a thousand lives annually through the practice of keeping in shops for a greater number of hours than the human constitution can bear. For 1,000 deaths from this cause there are 8,000 individuals whose health suffers from it.'

Dr. James Copland: 'No less than three-fourths of the diseases to which human life is liable in London actually arise from this cause (prolonged labour).'

Sir A. Cooper, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Dr. Guy urge the same point; and scores of others might be quoted, but these are ample for our purpose. No man, sensible or foolish, will deny that the practice of overworking commonly exists, that it is a very bad thing, and that it has a steady tendency to increase where it is not checked by organized opposition. What men sometimes doubt is its being a preventible evil; they see no remedies, or only such as are worse than the disease.

With a view to the investigation and reform of this oppressive state of things, the Association for the Promotion of Early Closing was first formed, nineteen years ago, in 1842. The objects professed by the Association are as follows:—

1. An abridgment of the hours of labour in all departments of industrial life where necessary, especially on Saturday nights.
2. Adoption of a Saturday half holiday where practicable.
3. Early payment of wages.
4. Rescue of shopkeepers and assistants from the drudgery of Sunday trading.

The principles originally laid down, and which have been rigidly adhered to, were that nothing should be attempted which should improperly interfere with the just rights of capitalists and employers, or the convenience of customers and the public generally; that persuasion and argument only should be used to further its aims; and that no violent measures, no coercion, moral or otherwise, should be employed or countenanced for an instant.*

The means used by the Association are of a twofold kind. It was sought to interest the public at large by holding meetings, at which employers, assistants, and customers were invited to attend and discuss the question; by the publication and distribution of

* The consequence of this wise and conciliatory conduct has been that the leading employers are now active supporters of the Association; and those who refuse to be convinced by argument, and are deaf to entreaty, are nevertheless without any hostile sentiments towards it.

short papers and tracts containing brief summaries of the arguments in favour of shortening the hours of work, the experiments, and results; by inducing ministers of religion, Members of Parliament, medical men, &c., to speak on the matter, and from the pulpit to point out, generally, the evil of Sunday trading and the duty of employers to the employed on that day; and by the establishment of branch associations in various parts of Great Britain, to co-operate with and communicate progress at head-quarters.

Then, as respects more private endeavours, the committee engaged suitable agents, whose special province it was to wait on the heads of large firms in certain districts with a view to effect some sort of unanimity in the agreement to close earlier on all nights, but especially on the Saturday. The same representations were made to the young men employed in shops and warehouses. Their approbation, so far as opinion went, was not difficult to obtain; but it was also explained to them that, without some self-denial on their part, so as to afford aid, whether personal or pecuniary, and without a steady and marked energy and industry in business, neither short hours nor half holiday were likely to be obtained. Those employed in the wholesale trade have always enjoyed greater advantages as to shorter hours than those in retail business; and the shopkeepers at the West End have, as a whole, experienced less difficulty in closing early than those in the poorer and more populous districts.

We have described the state of things in 1850, and the large margin there appeared to be for increased activity in the labours of the Association. The chief difficulties to contend with were, 1st. The selfishness, perverseness, or cupidity of some few tradesmen, who, by persisting in late hours, obliged their neighbours to do the same throughout the district. 2nd. The late payment of wages on Saturday night, which rendered late buying unavoidable. 3rd. The supposition that early closing could injure trade, because families whose orders were refused after certain hours would, it was imagined, leave the shop and deal elsewhere. The first difficulty was one that recurred so frequently, and in so many different districts, that it did for a considerable length of time, and does still, greatly impede the movement. It is of a kind that time, conciliation, and the pressure of public opinion only can vanquish entirely. If a man can be clearly shown that he neither increases his profits nor procures better work from his men by long hours than by short ones, it is certain he will not long hold out in favour of a confinement as irksome to himself as to his men. From 1850 to 1860 a large progress was effected, and latterly with an astonishing rapidity, due, probably, to the feeling in favour of the newly-established volunteer rifle corps. In 1858, in a memorial laid before the Directors of the Bank of England, the

the following establishments were cited as closing early on the Saturdays: The Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the General Post Office, and the railway companies in certain departments only (more could not, for obvious reasons, be effected in these two last named), a large majority of insurance companies, distillers, leather and hop factors, wholesale fruiterers, stationers, booksellers, and all the great warehousemen north and south of Cheapside engaged in the West of England and Scotch trades. Petition was made to the Directors that they would adopt the principle of closing at two P.M. on Saturdays. The prayer was not then complied with, on the cogent ground 'that though disposed to assist any decided expression of public opinion, the initiative could not be taken by the Bank Directors.' An application from the Association to the Chairman of the Committee of Bankers, G. C. Glyn, Esq., was more successful; and in the commencement of 1860, the committee decided in favour of closing private banks at three P.M. on Saturdays. This example was shortly followed by the Bank of England. In the spring of the same year the wholesale booksellers, who formerly closed at 7.30 P.M., acceded to the solicitations of the Association, and commenced shutting up at two P.M. on the Saturdays during the summer months and four P.M. for the rest of the year. With one or two exceptions, the iron merchants and wholesale ironmongers agreed to the same hours. The large retail houses of different trades in the City and the West End commenced making arrangements in favour of the movement, either by closing altogether at five P.M., or by releasing one-half or one-third of their hands at two P.M. during the summer. Several firms which adopted these measures forwarded testimonials to the Association to the effect that 'they have found them act well and not interfere with business.' In the legal profession large advances have been made. In 1860, the county courts closed at one P.M. on Saturdays, the Bankruptcy Court at two P.M., Common Law three P.M., and Equity Court at four P.M., and 1350 solicitors were named as closing their offices in consequence at two P.M. The districts of Islington, Highbury, Holloway, Tottenham Court Road, Borough, Newington, Aldgate, Whitechapel, Pimlico, Edgeware Road, and Chelsea were actively canvassed, and the agents of the Association were, in general, courteously received and listened to. Representations have been also made to the heads of the establishments in the Burlington Arcade in favour of releasing the young women employed there at an earlier period of the evening—the hours being nominally nine P.M. in summer, but often much later, and eight P.M. in winter. The Honourable Mrs. Kinnaird had instituted evening classes for the benefit of these young persons, by which they have, so far, been but little able to benefit. The measure was not unanimously agreed to, but hopes are entertained that before long
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it may be so. Lord Shaftesbury, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, and Lord Chesham (owner of the property) have expressed a warm interest in the matter. The Association has likewise, in conjunction with that for the 'Aid and Benefit of Dressmakers and Milliners,' made many efforts in behalf of this unfortunate class, the members of which are in a peculiarly helpless and unfriended position. The evil is from various causes most difficult to grapple with, and not much progress, it is feared, has been effected as yet. A letter was, however, forwarded to the committee, addressed to Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street, from the young women employed by them, thanking them for the boon of two additional hours of evening recreation, *i. e.* from seven to nine P.M. In September, 1860, the milliners in Whitechapel began to close at six P.M. on Saturdays; those in Westbourne Grove had previously set the example; but these are the only cases wherein any considerable number of milliners have agreed to do so. From about that date a very great progress commenced, more especially in the half-holiday movement. A curious cross action existed at first, and it was found that the half holiday in the City and offices had the effect of greatly increasing the business at the West End, as the gentlemen appropriated their leisure to shopping with the ladies. This, however, has been remedied, and now the great majority of the West End tradesmen close early, particularly the drapers, hairdressers, chemists, druggists, &c. Many firms in the Edgeware Road changed their hours from ten P.M. to nine P.M., and other shops in that neighbourhood, formerly closing at twelve P.M., do so now at eleven P.M. In the Borough, Clapham, Blackfriars Road, and Brixton similar results have been obtained. The boot and shoemakers have showed great good-will to the cause; but the hosiers and hatters appear indifferent or unwilling, and in numerous places it is on evidence that one opposing tradesman has the power of compelling the whole of the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood to keep their houses open from fear of the pecuniary loss which might otherwise accrue to them. In the districts of Hackney and Kingsland this hardship has been especially felt. In Kentish and Camden Towns the progress has only been from eleven to ten P.M. on Saturdays, and from nine till eight P.M. on other days. We need not recal to the memory of our readers the particulars of the lamentable strike in the building trades of July 1859. Previous thereto, the committee of the Association had several interviews with the committees, both of the master builders and the building operatives. It was felt that the contemplated strike was not only in opposition to the attitude of the Association, as being coercive and irritating in its nature, but that it was ineffectual, short-sighted, and unwise in policy, whether employed as a measure of aggression or economy. The committee nevertheless offered to
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mediate between masters and men, but from various reasons the proposal was not accepted, and the strike took place, amply justifying in its course and by its termination the reasons and conduct of the committee. Up to this time, therefore, the hours of the builders remain as before, excepting that sufficient ill-will has been generated to throw back for some time any chance of amelioration. This does not, however, apply to those few places where the hour system prevails, where, of course, the men arrange their own time.

For many years the case of the journeymen bakers has engaged the attention of the Association, and, latterly, of the public at large. At the Social Science Congress in 1857 the subject was brought forward by Mr. Lilwall, then secretary to the Association, and in 1859, at the Bradford Congress, that gentleman read a paper, entitled 'The Claims of the Journeymen Bakers,' in which their hardships were ably and temperately discussed. It was distinctly stated, however, that, not from unwillingness to do otherwise, but from causes for which the employers saw no remedy, a large number of these men are forced to work 112 hours in the week, which, if we were to exclude Sunday, would give an average of 18 hours out of every 24. The wages of the men (excepting the foremen) range from 12s. to 18s. per week, including an allowance of bread. Most of the bakehouses are under ground, ill-ventilated, and excessively hot. The beds of the men are often underground also, adjoining the bakehouse; and, in some cases, no beds were provided, but the men slept on the bare boards as well as they could. Most of this destructive night-work is rendered necessary in order to supply the hot rolls for London breakfasts,—a rather sad reflection for those who indulge in that luxury. Nearly all the master bakers admit that the system is bad.

Mr. Bonthron (an employer) says: 'I have been too long dissatisfied with the present system to wish to continue it.'

Mr. Mackness: 'I have been the means of killing many men under it, and I do not mean to kill any more.'

Mr. Callard: 'The number of hours was decidedly excessive.'

Dr. Guy corroborated all this, and added an appalling mass of medical testimony. Mr. Bennet, in the name of the Operatives' Society of Bakers, proposed 12 hours a day, *i. e.*, from four A.M. to four P.M. But it appeared that the masters who were willing to reduce the time from 18 to 12 hours nevertheless required to be at liberty so to arrange those hours as best to suit their own localities and particular class of business. A good deal of conflicting evidence was adduced, one master having found that the twelve-hour system worked well, and another declaring that his experience was to prove it impracticable. Conferences continued
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to be held, at which the nature of the resolutions carried was decided, according as there was present a preponderance of masters or workmen. The greatest objection seemed to be raised as to the leaving off on Saturday night on the score of the provision required for the Sunday's consumption. The idea of a strike was at one time entertained. But the delegates of the Society had an interview with Lord Shaftesbury on November 17th, who succeeded in dissuading them from so suicidal a measure, and advised them to keep their hard case well before the public, and avoid, as long as possible, any appeal to the legislature. No definite progress has, therefore, as yet been made; but it appears to us that some arrangement might be adopted similar to that so successfully carried out by other tradesmen, and a part of the hands released, or work half time on the Friday, and so be ready to supply the required amount of labour on Saturday.

Agricultural labourers seem, in general, pretty well content with things as they are; but as the extensive introduction of steam power and other machinery greatly increases the amount of work accomplished in a given space of time, their condition will gradually approximate more nearly to that of their town brethren, and they will seek, and, we hope, obtain similar advantages with respect to leisure for education and recreation.

The question of the earlier payment of wages is not one that will provoke discussion from any right-minded man. To pay wages on the Friday or Saturday morning, instead of Saturday night, is an incalculable benefit to the welfare, comfort, and character of the workmen, their wives, and families, and involves neither outlay, loss, nor trouble with regard to the master. It is the practice in all the Royal and Government establishments; and it is gratifying to observe that a score of public companies, and upwards of 200 of the largest metropolitan firms, both wholesale and retail, as well as most of the newspaper offices, have adopted the plan, and have publicly given the most ample and decisive testimony as to the good effects which have ensued. To quote the words of one witness: 'We find it a convenience to ourselves and advantage and satisfaction to those employed.' The weak point of the Saturday half-holiday movement strikes us as being that, so far as the very poor are concerned, notwithstanding the early payment of wages, so long as their dwelling-places are so unhealthy and ill-ventilated that they cannot keep their food sweet in them, so long will they purchase their provisions as late as they can;* and if they cannot buy on the Saturday night they will do it on the Sunday morning.

* The adoption of habits of prudence with regard to drink, and other unnecessary indulgences, invariably tends to lift the adopters into more wholesome habitations.—ED.

The wise and conciliatory conduct of the Association as standing between the public, the masters, and the workmen, with respect not only to strikes but aggressive measures generally, cannot be too highly praised. Nothing is to be permanently gained in these affairs by forcing matters with a high hand. Thoroughly to enlist public opinion is perhaps the longest way of gaining rights and privileges, but it is the surest means of retaining them.*

It is evident that, to carry on such extensive and energetic operations, the Association must be involved in very considerable pecuniary outlay, and at the present moment its financial position is not a satisfactory one. It is matter of regret to find that it does not meet with that general support, in this respect, from those in whose behalf it labours that we might expect. There are many honourable exceptions to this remark; but it appears that it is from the upper ranks of life and the heads of firms that the monetary support is most steady and liberal. No one supposes that the subordinates of the smaller establishments can or ought to contribute largely; but surely an annual subscription of from one to five or ten shillings, according to the amount of salary received, would not involve too much self-denial when weighed against the advantages for which the struggle is made.

Our object has been rather to demonstrate the necessity of shortening the hours of labour, and to trace the origin and progress of the Early Closing Association, than to discuss the manner in which the hours gained from business shall be employed. We may briefly remark, however, that, besides the excellent libraries which are provided by most of the large firms for the use of their assistants, the reading rooms, the lecture halls, and institutes, the associations and Bible societies, which exist in large numbers, there are evening classes at King's College and Crosby Hall, (now Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street),† so that it is undeniable that opportunities of the most ample kind exist for mental recreation and study if the young men choose to avail themselves of them.

* The intemperate conduct of some young men, animated by over zeal for the cause, induced them to offer such annoyances to a respectable tradesman as to draw on themselves the severe censure of the magistrate. We are glad to record that this folly has not been repeated.

† With respect to this institution an important public meeting was held in October, 1861 (the Lord Mayor in the chair), for the purpose of reconstituting it on a self-supporting plan, under the form of a collegiate establishment, to be called 'The City of London College for Young Men.'

ART. III.—*The Action and Reaction between Churches and the Civil Government.* A Lecture by H. W. Newman, Latin Professor at University College, London. London: 335 Strand.

IT is said that no man believes, in his heart, that other men fully understand him. By some, this is made matter of thanksgiving ; to others, it is matter of indifference ; a third class find in it matter of complaint. Assuredly the complaint is very unreasonable. It is not to be marvelled at that others fail to understand us, seeing that the very wisest come so very short of understanding themselves. Something of our own contents we, of course, believe we know ; but there remains a world within the most discerning of us, almost entirely ignored. No doubt we might be very well satisfied to leave these seldom illumined parts of our nature under their usual veil of darkness, were they but as quiescent and uninfluential as they are retiring and obscure. It is, on the contrary, a demonstrable truth, that upon those portions of our being whose favourite aspect is shadow and eclipse, immensely more of our character, conduct, and destiny depend, than upon all that is commonly held under the view of our consciousness.

The flame of consciousness, indeed, lives upon the wick of no stationary, steadily-burning lamp. It is carried around the terraces and corridors of our being, constant only in fluctuating, and supplying no fixed elements wherefrom its wilful orbit can be calculated. 'The house we live in,' regarded from the exterior, is never illumined throughout all its storeys at once. As if borne by the hands of restless and wayward inmates, the light of consciousness moves up or down, gleams now in the basement, glows anon in the entertaining rooms, ascends presently to the chambers, or from some dormer window sends forth upon the dark a hooded and flickering ray. In connection with the physical frame, familiar experiences supply plentiful illustrations of the fact we are referring to. That which we may term the *bodily consciousness* does not pervade the whole corporeal system with equal presence at all times. It has its centripetal currents, and its centrifugal ; now pressing in upon the vital organs, and again surging out from the centres to fill the superficies and reside for awhile with unwonted emphasis in some external part. Electricity is always determined to the outer surfaces of its conductors ; consciousness not always ; yet it has its skin-preferring hours. At such times, the contact of a feather or a straw can thrill the corporeal sense, and sway it to pleasure or to pain, as it lies spread out upon the periphery of the body. Then, to be touched involves a dermal ecstasy, or sends a cold shudder creeping all along. Then, a finger's point drawn across the footsole provokes laughter in shrieks,

shrieks, or a breath upon some strip of bared cutis extorts a remonstrant cry. The very hairs of the head, which God's providence numbers, may be numbered too—dolefully individualized and set apart, live hair from live hair—by abnormal sensibility at the bulbs. After awhile, however, all such gushing forth of the consciousness into the termini of the physical frame, all such abnormal residence in the most external parts, where the bodily man leaves off and his clothes begin, may be succeeded by a total desertion of those out-premises by the consciousness; a stubborn insensibility of skin; a stolid refusal to acknowledge by any responsive feeling the most laboured appeals to dermal sensibility. The medical books swarm with cases in point, but there is no need to open those volumes; such cases are amongst the commonest of our experiences, and the most familiar examples that we can alight upon will be the best. The tender excrescences within the shoes of the martyrs of Shoemakerdom, will sometimes bear to be trodden on better than at other times. On frosty days it is a familiar grievance that one 'cannot feel one's fingers' or one's nose. Children can sometimes defy the usually irresistible touch in the side or elbow, and boast that they are 'not ticklish' to-day. Hard sitters often know what it is to have the foot 'asleep,' the bodily consciousness in it having temporarily disguised itself, if not actually absconded. And as the outer parts of the frame have their variations and defections of consciousness, so have the more inward. Witness the lungs, wherein the blood-oxygenating process is usually conducted rather for us than by us. Commonly we scarcely know that we breathe, the business being deputed to those automatic subsidiaries that ply the bellows in quiet industry, no instructions being asked and no recognition courted. But let the clerk who has with too sedulous sitting polished to the very height of its capacity the seat of his office-stool; let the shopman beneath whose unresting shoe-soles a track has been worn upon the floor behind the counter; in short, let any one long 'in populous city pent' escape to some rural scene, and there, roaming over the unsmoked turf or climbing the breezy downs, absorb the full atmospheric volume so long denied; how conscious then becomes the mere exercise of breathing, that now delightful privilege—the high enjoyment of a glad power of chest-expansion—untrammelled spiration of clean air at mouth and nose,—the boon of opening to its utmost the rib-bound breast, which no poor urban mill-horse of a man cramped in his city den can know! Exuberant, then, and riotously glad, the bodily consciousness seems to live emphatically in the lungs, organs felicitously emancipated and gratified, replenished and satisfied with good. In the lungs, again, but in a widely-contrasted manner, the corporeal consciousness seems all congested and pent, when the victim of asthma feels that hateful visitant

visitant with hard hand contracted about his breathing. What anxious wheezings and pantings then, what intolerance of closed windows, what labourings of the dismally disappointed chest, what research for air and suckings of it in like blood-bought treasure, what miserly reluctance in letting go the atmospheric modicum, what gaspings with lips kept wide apart upon the livid face, what rolling of the eyes in strained antagonism with their sockets, and how strictly and narrowly, disregarding all other calls and needs, deserting all other habitats, in the one, anxious, anguished act of breathing, the bodily consciousness abides !

Every night (the cares of this life and heavy suppers not preventing), the corporeal consciousness recedes inwards from all parts of the body. The soul seems then to be off and away, about business of its own, too far to show its usual body-wisdom, yet not too remote to keep a one-eyed watch on the bodily senses, and return at short notice to them if need befall. The bodily consciousness, during this furlough of the immortal part, may be said almost to have ceased. But much deeper retired from the bedrugged body is the consciousness of the drunkard in his tipsy sleep ; whose very feet may be burned off him at the limekiln's edge or oven's mouth, without any remonstrance or withdrawal. And still more profoundly far from the physical frame, the spirit seems to be removed in trance and catalepsy ; not merely ' flown like a thought until the morrow day,' but eloped like a bird that has detected a broken wire in its cage, and unless recaptured does not return, and is heedless of enticements.

Moreover, not only can the consciousness roam from part to part of the body ; it can wander from region to region of the mind, or, as the case may be, from body to soul, or soul to body. As the bulb of an onion consists of coat within coat, so the consciousness of man may readily be followed through several layers, stratum within stratum. If, for one example, we assume to be Mrs. Smith in company with her neighbour Mrs. Jones, we notice, as the outermost fact of the intercourse, the sensuous envisagement of certain phenomena in which we receive Mrs. Jones's aspect and conversation : that is to say, Mrs. Smith sees and hears her friend. But upon these outermost facts of her consciousness, her intelligence and will from within react ; and, no longer merely looking and listening, she inwardly shapes her own aspect and arranges her words in order to give what her visitor will appreciate as a friendly welcome. It may happen, however, that at the moment of the interview, beneath the amicable countenance and genial manner of Mrs. Smith, there lies a feeling of regret that Mrs. Jones did not arrive at a time more fitting Mrs. Smith's own convenience ; which feeling is evidently the more inward of the two, and is carefully kept retired and veiled behind the cordial face
and

and kindly address with which she receives her visitor. Thus far, then, we have touched upon three layers of different depths in the consciousness of Mrs. Smith ; and this by an easy analysis, such as every one is equal to, without treating the matter with any metaphysical exactness. The first and outer layer is the seeing and hearing ; the second is the thought and desire to be seen and heard as befits friendly intercourse ; the third is the hidden sentiment in Mrs. Smith which would grieve Mrs. Jones, and probably force her to go, if she were but aware of its existence, and which, therefore, remains unexpressed. But is it to be assumed that even at this third stage in the analysis, the core is really stripped ? Far from it ; all these polite and unpolite thoughts and feelings about a casual Mrs. Jones and one's own relations to her, these trivialities of time, are merely skin-deep in the soul, and might scale off, and be forgotten, and yet the soul with its profounder feelings and its eternal relationships remain. But through such gradations of depth, and many more, the consciousness can pass, sojourning here or there, more superficially or more deeply, as necessity or convenience requires.

The friendly excuse, 'He was not himself just then,' implies the transference of the consciousness from one region of the psyche to another. No foolish person is steadily and consistently foolish at all times. At intervals the lucid mind prevails, and gazes forth from the midst of its enveloping fog of insanity, in the denizens of Bedlam. Then again, there are the hacknied quotations, '*Aliquando dormit bonus Homerus* ;' and '*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*.' With facility more or less, according to the mobility or firmness of the temperament—from intellect to feeling—from the white heights where moral sentiment sits enthroned, down to the muddy excavations and pits of passion—or from these to those—the consciousness undergoes transitions. To persons habitually tender and compassionate, marmoreal moments may occur,—case-hardened intervals, when even they, like the false deity of the Pope-upon-Bolingbroke philosophy, can 'see with equal eye'

'A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.'

(A god, this, by the way, infinitely removed from the Heavenly Father of the Christian, without whom, it is true, 'not a sparrow falls to the ground,' but who, notwithstanding, holds His heroes as 'of more value than many sparrows.') If, to-day, we reprobate, with Wordsworth, the man who can

'Peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave ;'

after all, who knows? perchance to-morrow that same man shall be found in quite another mood, tenderly touched at the sight of the turf, bitterly weeping upon the headstone. Even in him

him the consciousness, albeit abiding now in the cold reasoning parts, and not swift to rise and open the door when some occasion of feeling knocks for entrance, may yet pass over and take up its residence in the heart, wherefrom, melting all, it shall pour forth emotion as of a woman, or flaming up as from an altar, like the rapt seraph shall 'adore and burn.' The man is the same ; but his consciousness has migrated for awhile from its usual seats, travelling along in his soul as from region to region.

Thus through what cycles of change, through what discrepant varieties of state, do men pass as the days carry them onward ; in person unaltered ; in feeling, in thought, in purpose, sadly, or gloriously, unlike their former selves ! Do not all people at times, and some at almost all times, see more or less reason to suspect that (to put the case strongly) they, individually, are, in fact, not so exclusively one, as they are several persons in one—that they comprise a whole board, a corporation aggregate of persons, of whom one may be prominent and authoritative one day, but another eminent and sceptrigerent the next ? Now, they find themselves flying abroad in roomy reaches of thought ; but now, again, they seem all cabined, cribbed, confined in some mere bodily organ—the stomach, for example, ignobly dwelling upon fish and flesh, and all dead within them for the time save a shabby corporeal hunger. At one period, they are frosty, apathetic, and only active in pushing action away. But at another, the ice within them breaks up, melts, grows warm, simmers, begins to be ebullient, then hotly boils. They are all quick now, vibrant, energetic, passionate, or enthusiastic ; ready to throw away the world for a word, lose themselves for a toy, or fight to the death for an idea. Such processions of the consciousness in certain persons are effected from above downwards—from moral feeling and intellect to lower things, with difficulty, and with alacrity upwards from below. They may be likened to the stately progress of a governor-general, who, from the pure, cool, mountain heights where he by choice resides, descends occasionally for a tour through the sultry plains, not of preference, but of duty, that no part of the dependency may be unvisited by the master's abuse-rebuking eye. With other persons, the march of the consciousness from low passions and poor bodily needs to lofty thoughts and aspirations, is tedious and repugnant, and the preference for studious stomach-servings and other grovelling cares determined and inveterate. These, in their mode of inhabiting their body and their more outward mind, are like a herring-retailer retired from business and having all due entertaining rooms and conveniences in his villa ; but who cannot tread upon his soft, thick carpets without seeming to owe them an apology for the liberty, and who resides really, except on Sundays,

in the kitchen. Certainly, it concerns all of us to reflect, whereabouts in ourselves it is that we habitually inhabit; and whether exalted life even below stairs (since we must at times go below), should not always be expected from us by ourselves. Too often, it is to be feared, we allow the cook or the butler to rule over the gentleman and the lady within us; and we become profuse in inconsistencies, through the shiftings of command that we connive at, from one part of the nature to another. But happy is he who has at last learned how, and by Whose strength, to maintain august principle upon the throne of the empire within him, able to hold riot down with firm hand, and to keep at all times hasped the brazen doors through which, when open, rank rebellion marches.

It occurs next in order to be noticed, that besides the common fluctuations and migrations of the consciousness from part to part of the bodily, and from faculty to faculty of the mental frame, it has occasional, rare, sometimes signally epochal and for ever memorable extensions. With a glad overflowing rush, as when Napoleon adds Savoy to France, so is it (but free from the plotting and the guilt) when a new province of thought and feeling in a man becomes subject to his consciousness. On this he enters, and he takes possession of it, and wonders, now at the new things rendered actual or possible, now at the narrowness of his former life with its barriers so long effectual, yet so thin. He asks, How was it that he could not break through or leap over them before? The apparent advantage of being young is, that it has on all sides walls that it secretly feels to be undermined, bounds that are only to hold it in provisionally; limitations which it knows will ere long have to succumb before a magic charm, the first letters of which are already set on the tongue for utterance. We call this an apparent advantage of youth, because we hold it to be only such; the same condition—that of being within temporary limits that are presently to yield to vast expansions—belongs also, doubtless, to old age. For although, according to the appearance—

‘ There’s somewhat comes to us in life,
But more is taken quite away ;’

yet in deepest truth, the icy barriers that gather about, press in upon, and so sadly narrow the scope of advanced earthly life, are icy, not only in that they are cold, but also as being liable to liquefy. At last, when the sun of eternity shines on them, they drink in the heat and melt away. But as far as this earthly life is concerned, it is notorious that, *after* the birth of the senses that put us in communication with the outward world—(that original introduction to the marvels of touch, of taste and smell, of eye and ear)—the first great triumph of the consciousness is won when it enters upon its deferred birthright of poetic feeling and thought.

Having

Having trodden for some years the now familiar round of eating and dressing, undressing and sleeping, of school and play—every room in the house of our life become, as we think, well and to the uttermost known to us—there arrives a supreme moment when we discover, in the wall of one of the well-known chambers of our daily experience, as it were a moveable panel, heretofore unseen. In obedience to a happy inspiration, we press the spring ; lo ! the wall opens, and with joy and wonderment we pass through to an apartment larger, more richly furnished, and with new views from ampler windows than all previous experience had revealed. For now the rich overflowings of poetic life are ours. Now,

‘ The whole world is made
Golden with glorious glimpses,—wide, wild gleams
Of the intense divinity of dreams.’

The light that suffuses all things with a novel glow is not the old light of the sun—

‘ For goes withal a flood of such rich dyes
As makes earth near as heavenly as heaven ;’

but because this magnificent and enrapturing enlargement of the field of consciousness is intended to instruct us to look onward and upward still, therefore it is presently revoked, and even the professed poet is compelled to own at length that with him, also, it

‘ Fades into the light of common day.’

How very requisite this defection, this ‘ falling from us,’ this ‘ vanishing,’ is, by way of lesson, the heart that most intimately knows itself can explain the best. It must be that we lose for awhile the glorious light of youth and poesy—

‘ Else would our souls their higher aim forget,
And be to nature’s fairness all enslaved.’

Let us not deem, however, that these marvellous glimpses of how ethereal and elate a state our life may attain, are, as many call them, the illusions of youth. They are foreglimpses of another and a better state, where that rarefied but most rich air of poetry shall be the very grossest and poorest atmosphere that the ennobled spirit shall be required to breathe. And so we catch it, in this life, only fitfully, in glad but unsatisfying gasps. As was said of Virgil, and after him of his translator by Pope, *tantum vidi*—so must the most inspired of poets complain of ‘ the light that never was on sea or land,’ but came streaming in from a higher world than this into the corporeal eye—we have only just seen it ; one happy glimpse, in the blessed youth-time, one glad visitation of it, has been vouchsafed to us ; and then was closed ‘ the vision and the dream.’ For our parts, let us all say, Be it so. We are content. The hint so kindly given shall suffice. It exists, then, that glorious air ? There is such a continent of youth,

youth, and love, and joy within us, though not subject to consciousness, except in memory—the consciousness of the past? Enough. Let us plod on, then, as we are plodding, in life's prosaic round; and welcome be all losses, wrongs, and pains, since they shall bring us at last (at least, save for our own default) to the full user and fruition of that inheritance of beauty and gladness, which it was the office of youth, in its brief halt, to flash once vividly before our eyes.

It is not always that joy attends such revealing epochs—such expansions and overflowings of the consciousness into new ways. Great sorrows come, and show us how bitterly, how profoundly, these hearts of ours can grieve. At the bottom of much of our sorrow, it is true, there lies a secret delight, especially on the more unconscious side of it; for everything, sorrow even not excepted, that apprises us what shocks of grief are possible to us, has a hidden recommendation to us, because it is our consciousness visiting a new domain and privileged to sit for awhile in an unaccustomed seat. At the end of the elegy, then—the mournful tribute paid, dear Lycidas bewept—there occurs the anticipation,

‘To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.’

And so the pale flower of our grief has a worm of joy in it, after all; joy, in that it assures us, by another proof, that there are vast tracts of the wide world within us that still remain to be won by our footsteps. But, on the other hand, there is the case of the man who, long morally asleep, toying idly with life's feathers, flowers, and straws, is awoke, at length, finding himself on the very verge of the committal of some great crime. Or ever he was aware, he had allowed himself to be silently thrust along by those ‘heathen deities called circumstances,’ to the very edge and brink of that hideous chasm. ‘What then,’ he shudders as he cries, ‘this *was* possible for me? *So near* was I to falling headlong?’ Just so. Even so near. Between him and the despised tenant of yon prison cell, no more distinction than inheres between the performance or non-performance of one half-conscious act. In him therefore, he sees it plainly now, there *is* all this dread possibility of lapse! The dark places of man's inner world, replete with the houses of cruelty, have loomed into unexpected visibility; and it is his with terror to gaze on vast deserts of barrenness, wide forests of wild unconsecrated growths, unchristened peninsulas of paganism, black continents of guilt, within himself, and unsuspected before. To those who to good purpose make such discoveries, the occasion is critical and epochal; their whole life is struck up off the old pivot, and set revolving around a new axis. The period of such an awakening can much less easily be forgotten than the hour wherein the man, of whom the newspapers told us some months ago, found his familiar fireside chair sinking suddenly from beneath

him ; and he snatched himself aside just in time, and down the deep well, thus laid open, with ashen face stared horror-struck.

But it is not by signal and ever-memorable acquisitions of new ground for our consciousness, that we are most effectually assured of the existence of vast territories of feeling and thought and faculty that are in us, and are not yet our own. There occur to all, not excepting the most saturnine temperaments, experiences of exaltation, moments of unwonted fullness and fluency of ideas, and of firmer grasp of executive power, placing us, although only for a brief interval, on a level with persons wontedly far more competent than ourselves. To force their way into such temporary expansions of the consciousness, what schemes, what labour, what associations, what drugs will men not condescend to ! At such times, we commonplace people seem to understand the secrets whereby astute diplomatists treat, great statesmen govern, profound mechanicians invent, sagacious naturalists discover, or the immortal poets sing. Tasks from which in sheer despair we would shrink in our ordinary hours, now strike us as quite within reach of our accomplishment ; as, in fact, the most appropriate undertakings to engage skill and force such as we find to be ours. Observing how we acquit ourselves at such moments, our friends say of us, ' He surpassed himself.' But anon, the tide ebbs ; the golden moment dies. These rich capacities, that unwonted genius, came only as a bird might come, alighting on the hand, or sitting to prune its pens upon the shoulder. Whilst it stops, it is ours, indeed, and we seem to stand higher by a head because of its strength-inspiring song ; but, whilst we plan a glorious life with this fortunate visitor, the bird is flown, and we sink down again, little men, dullards, fainting away under the familiar weight of our old inefficiency.

That there are within all of us great capacities which, like trees laden with goodly fruit, fringe our pathway all through life, and would be ours could we but attain the inaccessible art of grasping them, is argued by many of the facts of somnambulism. In the thick night the somnambule opens his chamber-window ; by help of the invisible gleam of the unlighted candle in his hand, walks forth upon the roofs ; and with a foot marvellously sure proceeds confidently on his unbeaten way.* The point is, that this very man, so skilful, is, whilst (as we call it) *awake*, unconscious that

* ' The phenomena connected with this form are familiar to every one. The individual gets out of bed ; dresses himself ; if not prevented, goes out of doors ; walks frequently over dangerous places in safety ; sometimes escapes by a window, and gets to the roof of a house ; after a considerable interval, returns, and goes to bed ; and all that has passed conveys to his mind merely the impression of a dream.' — *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, &c.*, by John Abercrombie, M.D.

any such power of walking safely on perilous heights by night, lies within him, and he could not for his life, except when 'asleep,' essay any such adventure; after the first step upon the benighted roof, a very short series of movements would terminate in his fall. But wrapped up somewhere within him (as his fit of sleep-walking has proved) there was the talent of a Blondin; as, by the same token, we boldly conclude there must surely be in us all. Doubtless we are all highly proficient rope-walkers, if we only knew the fact, and could take hold of our hidden powers by the practical haft. That empowerment, unfortunately, eludes our waking research. By the luck of his organization, with hard labour and much patience, one man amongst ten thousand imports it out of sleep-land into this subsolar world of consciousness, and he becomes a great funambulist, and we pay him a hundred pounds a night for doing what we could all do for ourselves, as easily as walking, did we but know where the key is to unlock those chambers of our inward being, whereunto sleep gives ready access, and wherein, packed up, lie the best part of our abilities.

The same argument is, of course, adduced by all those exalted states in which sleepers transcend their waking powers; and it may prove comfortable in teaching us respect for the vast capacities which we have not, and yet we have. In what we term sleep, (some day, shall we not find that it was a momentary waking out of a life-long slumber?) eloquent and touching sermons have been delivered, books dictated, and poems written, such as in his ordinary life the author could not equal, and perhaps was not competent to comprehend. In the medical and psychological books there are recorded many such cases; all showing that, when 'sick' in a peculiar way, some persons are capable of intellectual or artistic or other achievements, whereof when in usual health, they gave little or no sign.* The inference thrusts itself upon us, that could we all be *sick* in the like manner, similar accessions of

* 'In another year from this time she began to talk a great deal in her sleep, in which she seemed to fancy herself instructing a younger companion. She often descanted with the utmost fluency and correctness on a variety of topics, both political and religious, the news of the day, the historical parts of scripture, public characters, and particularly the characters of members of the family and their visitors. In these discussions she showed the most wonderful discrimination, often combined with sarcasm, and astonishing powers of mimicry. Her language through the whole was fluent and correct, and her illustrations often forcible and even eloquent. She was fond of illustrating her subjects by what she called a fable, and in these her imagery was both appropriate and elegant. "She was by no means," says my informant, "limited in her range,—Buonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, and all the kings of the earth, figured among the phantasmagoria of her brain, and all were animadverted upon with such freedom from restraint, as often made me think poor Nancy had been transported into Madame Genlis' Palace of Truth." The justness and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information.'—*Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, &c.*, Part III., Section iv., § 2, II., by John Abercrombie, M.D.

faculty might be displayed by all. And then, from the shoulders of this inference, wings immediately expand, bearing us aloft with it to the delightful faith whereto, indeed, all the fluctuations of our consciousness are suasive—that we are not really the dull and helpless creatures that in daily life we appear to be; that, as, on the word of One who ‘knew what is in man,’ there is (or should be) a whole kingdom within us, so in that kingdom there can be provinces of inspired ‘gifts,’ sciences, arts, and powers, made for our use, and waiting to come upon us hereafter, yet affording only the briefest, faintest, and rarest hints of their existence now amid the usual impotence of everyday existence.

Descending, however, from this higher region of allusion, we may recal the assurance of Sir William Hamilton, that ‘The mind may and does contain far more latent furniture than consciousness informs us it possesses.’* Thus much, it must be granted, Sir William proves. But he proves more; he says: ‘I am not only strongly inclined to the affirmative—nay, I do not hesitate to maintain that what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we are not conscious of—that our whole knowledge, in fact, is made up of the unknown and the incognizable.’† In this respect, is not our knowledge in one case with all the objective world? for even the largest and most solid material things are composed of infinitesimals, of which no possible microscopic power can lay hold. ‘There is,’ says the same authority, ‘indisputable evidence for the general fact, that even extensive systems of knowledge may, in our ordinary state, lie latent in the mind beyond the sphere of consciousness and will; but which in certain states of organism may again come forward into light, and even engross the mind to the exclusion of its everyday possessions. The establishment of the fact that there are in the mind latent capacities, latent riches, which may occasionally exert a powerful and obtrusive agency, prepared us for the question, “Are there any ordinary, latent modifications of mind, agencies unknown themselves as phenomena, but secretly concurring to the production of manifest effects?” This problem, I endeavoured to show you, must be answered in the affirmative.‡ In soberest truth, then, a great metaphysician being our witness, it is from these ‘latent riches,’ it is from this unconscious side of our being, that the major part of our conduct proceeds. The conscious side of our nature is that by which we would fain be judged by our fellows, but they chiefly appraise us according to that unconscious side of our character which shows itself in every action of our hands, in every gesture of our bodies, and, although never very visible to any, is generally much more obvious to others than to ourselves. It is

* ‘Lectures on Metaphysics,’ XVIII.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid., XIX.
well

well to know that much that passes for hypocrisy is not so, consciously; and many of the inconsistencies of conduct that strike us in others, are not such in the view of the persons who commit them, but flow spontaneously, from the unconscious side of their character, unchastised, because unknown to the consciousness. How else could it be, that (to give only one example) the ardent advocate and champion of liberty, the scorner of tyrants and bearder of oppressors, the denouncer of despots and breaker of yokes, the man renowned in his circle for burning aspirations after freedom manfully asserted, and deeds of daring for liberty's sake well done, may yet be, as sometimes he is, the man whose wife and children scarcely dare lift up their eyes to meet his, and whose servants, if he has any, tremble at his nod? This 'open secret,'—*that he is at heart a despot*, is cardinal in his life, and on it turn no small part of his actions. This, however, evidently lies out of the track illumined by his consciousness; it is on the obscure side of his nature, operates down there in the dark, and makes him a hypocrite without his knowledge.

And thus, whilst the mariner loiters in the cabin, or drowzes and nods at the helm, unobtrusive currents may silently drift his barque aside, and take him leagues away from his true course. Such currents work underneath all of us as we sail upon life's ocean; and they are the undemonstrative masters of our being, the motives that commonly and unconsciously mould and sway our lives. But that whereof we are usually conscious we assess as if it were all that exists; and we forget the vast remainder that only occasionally, and then never fully, emerges into our view. There is no one of all the planets, and no human being, that has not at any given moment a side of light and a side of shade. It is true, whilst the planetary orbs rotate, the light and the darkness fluctuate, chasing each other round the globes from meridian to meridian; whereas, what is obscure in human life is so habitually, and seldom becomes illumined. Like the moon's, its hemispheres retain their respective aspects, one side always towards the individual, the other always averted. The lunar librations, however, bring into occasional visibility portions of disc at northern or southern, eastern or western rim; and the human being also, as we have shown, has his librations, irregularities of orbital motion, now and again bringing unfamiliar tracts of disc into view.

Consciousness also has its migrations in that compound personage, the societary man—the tribe, the nation, or the race—who, in all his forms, is just as liable as the simple individual is to fluctuations and processions of the consciousness. As these are known to John Smith, so are they to the nation. The tide of shifting consciousness ebbs and flows in the individual from hour to hour; but from year to year, or from half-century to half-century,

tury, in 'the community at large.' Sometimes with the skin—that is, with comparatively external matters of interest—the nation's consciousness is engrossed ; at other times, rushing to the vital parts, there is a determination of the consciousness to affairs of profoundest moment. It would be a most interesting task to trace some of the chief points of fluctuation in the consciousness of our own nation during the experience of still living persons ; but there is room here only for a slight glance at a single point. For many years after *Annus Domini* 1832, the nation, as well all remember, could by no means eat its meals in peace, or sleep quietly upon its bed, by reason of solicitude about its bones, which, politically speaking, were found to be altogether out of joint. Of what dislocations in electoral representation did it not tell ? Of what fractures of the suffrage did it not complain ? The vast majority of the nation had arrived at the conclusion, as a perfectly and finally settled thing, that it immediately must have the concession of certain 'points.' The nation at large was absolutely sure that these, and nothing instead of these, were what it wanted, and that, whilst devoid of these, it never should, would, nor could remain content for a single day. We all remember, for the discovery is recent, how the effects of that long-reiterated assurance endured after the sense of the need had generally died away. When the sun is so far beneath the horizon that refraction cannot keep him visible, there still lingers in our latitudes a twilight to remind us of the departed luminary. And it was thus that the twilight of the need of political reform, once almost universally felt, lingered behind after the sense of its real necessity had, for the most part, departed. The feeling of requirement, as regarded certain points, had become, at length, with many a mere habit. It was with the country at large at the last, somewhat as with a poor wretch who died in Manchester a few years ago. Some injury to the thumb was said to be cured, and the surgeons had dismissed the case, but the patient, unable to apply himself to work, restless all day, all night sleepless, had still paced the floor of his house, gazing mournfully at his thumb, continually lamenting, 'My thumb, my thumb, oh dear, my thumb, my thumb !' Like a petrified pain the bodily consciousness seemed to be fastened about that member, unable to be dissolved away. The necessity for political reform had latterly become, in this sense, as the nation's ever painful thumb. The cry, once very earnest with the many, continued such only with the comparatively few ; and, in a thousand of its houses of utterance, had been, at last, a mere formal habit. *Then*, first, of course, statesmen in power began to believe in it ; prepared, at length, really to do something, they sought for the patient, and found him—where ? Not awaiting them, not prepared to give them any useful audience ; but, with back turned upon them,

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standing in the new guise of a volunteer rifleman, gazing out at the Italian window, or through the Atlantic casement at fratricidal America. At the present moment, whether we deplore or be thankful for it, it is evident that the nation's need for politico-organic reform is scarcely within the field of its consciousness. Yet the facts of the case remain the same. The need for such reform was not greater in 1842 than it is in 1862; nor is it less now, by one whit, than it was then. What has changed is the seat of the consciousness of the nation. That consciousness has retired from political reform, as in arctic regions life recedes from an unguarded nose. Politicians, faithful to a loved conviction, rub hard; but the frosted organ refuses to feel. And, in some quarters, it is even asked whether the gelid member might not be better restored by rubbing with snow, rather than with the usual hot embrocations.

The birth and growth of a hundred philanthropic organizations, rendering this century notable above all others for the turning of classes able to tender help to classes requiring it; the 'crowning mercy' of a Social Science Association, which has actually just been privileged to startle with its presence the great hall of William Rufus, and to marshal its forces in the Houses of Parliament;—what shall we say more?—the existence of 'Meliora' herself, organ of social science as she is;—these are attributable to the fact that the consciousness of the nation has migrated, and been of late years increasingly determined to affairs of still more profound importance than many which engrossingly occupied it in the earlier part of the century. From matters of the clothes and skin it has receded inwards, and, happily, the sympathetic viscera have had an unusual share of conscious life. How much more vigorously the heart of the nation consciously answers now, as shown in the tone of its literature and the charities of its action; how much more readily, and to the purpose, the nation's bowels yearn towards the poor and the oppressed, is matter of general regard. If the nation, for awhile, has ceased, comparatively, to dwell anxiously upon the political articulation of its joints; if its young men, instead of their fathers' old masculine conflict in the arena of earnest political debate, prefer, just now, that inferior expression of masculinity which presents to the eyes the uniformed rank and file, and finds voice in the rifle's bark; we may all, however we view these changes, rejoice that at least the nation is less than ever neglecting to be conscious of the deep-lying causes of self-reproach which have never been so clearly diagnosed, and so intensely blushed for, as now. Great Britain still bears upon her giant brow, along with 'the round and top' of her material sovereignty, such brands, dark and damnable, as that of woman's honour widely trampled in the dust; and that other one of revenue, shamefully drawn

drawn from the licensed panderers to the nation's vices. But her consciousness as to sins such as these is changing, and its vividness is every day improving ; and long may this happy turn of the nation's consciousness endure, and no fluctuation interfere with the steadiness of the purpose now being set like a lever, and used like one, under a vast heap of evils.

It would be unjust to the present age to conclude that its evils, heaved up by a change of the bed of the sea of public opinion, make it on the whole the worst age of the world. The truth is simply thus:—the consciousness of the community, in its new fluctuation, overspreading tracts of life previously unvisited, did not create what was non-existent before, but brought things old and dark into bright and scandalizing view. The dioptric lantern collects the whole of its illuminating power, forbidding its escape upwards or below, and hurling it forth in a plane of light visible afar. But whilst where they flow forth, the luminous waves give brilliant demonstration to all that they encounter, they leave utterly dark all that is above or below their plane. The consciousness, also, never at any one time illustrates all that is, whether in an individual, or in a nation ; but whilst it lights up large tracts, it always leaves still larger ones unilluminated, and these are therefore commonly unsuspected to exist. The effect of any mutation of the level of its incidence, is a revelation of multitudinous things, existent all along, but now, perhaps, first made visible. And well is it with the nation, as with the person, that uses well the opportunity thus given, of recognizing her or his own unpublished contents, and setting straight all that needs to be rectified.

This setting straight is always a difficult matter ; but Providence never permits the light to be focussed upon any evil, until a remedial counter-agent has been set within reach. Of remedies, however, as of nations and of individuals, it is true that there is not only an action that is within the field of consciousness, but also an action that is upon the dark or unconscious side. The man, or the nation, that knows this truth, and is earnest for self-amelioration, will be solicitous as much to be set in the midst of silently-operating sanative circumstances, as to have the more demonstratively remedial measures applied which popularly monopolize reputation as cures.

In his tractate named at the head of this article, Professor Newman recognizes and sets forth the truth, that influences working unconsciously within the nation, do more to mould the national character than all that would most readily be presented to the consciousness when we begin to ask how it comes that the nation is just what we perceive it to be. For it is impossible to see beneath the surface of the matter, without acknowledging not only that
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the obscure and unilluminated depth of the nation's life and character is that whereout its actions most largely spring; but, further, that this deeper and more obscure and unconscious side is affected for better or for worse, more by agencies working apart from any general consciousness of such effect, than by others more confessedly and conspicuously operant. To illustrate this should be the object of the next portion of this article; but acting on the necessities of space, it is requisite to strike by a short cut, and rapidly, to a close. Professor Newman, slighting for the nonce the establishment of religious and moral truth by the conscious and voluntary way of precept and doctrine (his own little essay, however, being all the while intended to conduce by precept and doctrine to what he believes to be that end), affirms the inestimable tuitional value of the never-sleeping and unconscious tutorial operation of institutions and laws. Of course, very far, therefore, would he be from assenting to the statement of Mr. T. Campbell Smith, that 'The honest man never came into contact with the laws. His life was the same as if they did not exist. It was only to enforce just and to silence unjust claims, that law and lawyers need exist at all.*' The honest man, on the contrary, if he knew all, would find that to some extent he owes his very honesty to the silent but powerful education of laws which directly in his own earlier days, or indirectly through his ancestors, have been instruments contributing to make him what he is. Were this otherwise, his life could yet not be the same if led apart from the influence of laws, as it proves to be being in their sphere, since his every day's experience must be largely affected by the actions of others, all of whom, backwards through their ancestors, and forwards up from their mother's knee, have come under and been more or less moulded by a thousand unseen agencies, and amongst them the country's laws. The phenomena of local colour teach that no object could appear exactly as it would appear to the eye of an efficient observer, if the circumjacent objects were not just what and where they are. Hence the poet sings:—

'The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearl to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.'

Moreover, we are assured that 'Every substance, physically different, it signifies not whether as it regards colour, chemical

* 'Transactions of the Social Science Association, 1859,' page 271.

composition, mechanical structure, calorific condition, or electrical state, has a power of radiation by which a sensible change can be produced in a body differently constituted.* And if physical things thus impose upon and press in upon each other, much more must souls prove plastic to all that is about them. 'I have heard that stiff people lose something of their awkwardness under high ceilings, and in spacious halls.'† The exposition of the same truth by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer will do for our purpose, perhaps as well as any other. Mr. Gladstone says :—

'The whole experience of life, in small things and in great, what is it? It is an aggregate of real forces which are always acting upon us, and we reacting upon them. It is in the nature of things impossible that in their contact with our plastic and susceptible natures they should leave us as we were; and to deny the reality of their daily and continual influence, merely because we cannot register its results like changes of the barometer, from hour to hour, would be just as rational as to deny that the sea acts upon the beach, because the eye will not tell us to-morrow that it is altered from what it has been to-day. If we fail to measure the results that are thus hourly wrought on rock and sand, it is not because those results are unreal, but because our vision is too limited in its power to discern them. When, instead of comparing day with day, we compare century with century, then we find that land has become sea, and sea has become land; even so, we can perceive, at least in our neighbours—towards whom the eye is more impartial and discerning than towards ourselves, that, under the steady pressure of the experience of life, human characters are continually being determined for good or for evil, are developed, confirmed, modified, altered, or undermined. It is the office of good sense, no less than of faith, to realize this great truth before we see it, and to live under the conviction that our life from day to day is a true, powerful, and searching discipline, moulding us and making us, whether it be for evil or for good. Nor are these real effects wrought by unreal instruments. Life and the world, their interests, their careers, the varied gifts of our nature, the traditions of our forefathers, the treasures of laws, institutions, usages, of languages, of literature and of art, all the beauty, glory, and delight with which the Almighty Father has clothed the world for the use and profit of his children, and which evil, though it has defaced, has not been able utterly to destroy—all these are not merely allowable, but ordained and appointed instruments for the training of mankind; instruments true and efficient in themselves, though, without doubt, auxiliary and subordinate to that highest instrument of all which God has prepared to be the means of our recovery and final weal, by the revelation of himself.'

In Professor Newman we have a politician, ranking decidedly on the liberal side, but remarkably denouncing 'The cardinal heresy of the liberal party in both continents;—'The heresy which, in proportion as it triumphs, demoralizes nations, and makes them vacillate between anarchy and despotism;—the heresy, that 'in the State it is an erring obtrusiveness to legislate for the morality of the nation; and that all zeal for morality should be yielded up to individuals, or to voluntary societies.'

'Does any one,' he asks, 'seriously believe that the State can do little, or rather does not at present do much, for moral interests? What if it were to sanction polygamy? Must we go to the Mormons, or to the universally decaying Moham-

* 'The Poetry of Science,' by Robert Hunt. Chap. VIII.

† 'The Conduct of Life,' by R. W. Emerson. IV.

medan powers, to ask the probable consequences? If it threw open the trade of gambling, betting-houses, and lotteries, have the churches so much spare energy, kept in reserve, that they could counteract the demoralizing influences which are now pent up? Indecent and corrupting exhibitions or gatherings, which evade the existing law, are at present believed to perpetrate much moral mischief in our great towns. And if you duly consider how willing a fraction of mankind is to enrich itself by acting the tempter and promoting vice, can any of you doubt how grave an addition to our existing vice would be caused, if every vile man were allowed by law to thrust upon our children such sights and sounds as more mature years know to poison the fountains of youthful peace, innocence, and love? In the year 1830, grave statesmen and economists talked learnedly on the efficacy of free trade in beer to promote sobriety. Free beer-houses were established by the consent of both sides of Parliament; but in four years' time a select committee of the Commons, likewise composed of both sides of the House, judicially pronounced that a flood of vice had been set loose by the measure. Several select committees of both Houses have since declared themselves on the subject, always confirming this fact; yet it pleases the larger part of the press of England to shut its eyes, and pretend that the State can do nothing for morality. If time allowed, it would not be difficult to show, in numberless ways, how the action of public law is either a depraving or an improving influence. That we often are not aware of this, is a result, and in part a means, of its very efficacy. As a child has all its habits determined for it by the rules of the family, and moves in leading-strings unawares, so is it largely with the nation that has once become accustomed to the regulations of State. Habit is the great regulator of conduct and hereby of morality. The atmosphere which we are ever breathing, without observing it, is the main source of health or of sickness.'

'Habit,' he says again, 'is the ever-plodding tortoise which wins the race while the hare is asleep. Oh, how great the misery to a struggling human soul to have been reared in profligacy and recklessness of right! Where the public institutions favour vice and crime, and almost enforce it, how many of us will remain untainted? To touch pitch, and not be defiled; to walk through fire, and not be burned; to live in the midst of everything immoral, and maintain a conscience void of offence; to be subject to an unscrupulous and 'exact'ing superior, and behave to him with modesty and dutiful boldness, performing all his rightful commands, and refusing his unrightful,—is a task rather for an angel than for a man. Now let me ask: If we are truly religious men—I care not under what name,—if those whom I address are a religious church, what greater calamity from without could befall you as a religious body, in its religious hopes and aims, than if some evil demon could suddenly turn the civil institutions of our England into those of Nero's Rome? Oh, what a thing it is for our own moral and religious life to have no slavery among us! What a thing to have fixed law and fair juries, a police which cannot plunder and torture, magistrates who cannot arrest without cause, judges who cannot be terrified by power, soldiers who are restrained by civil law, and a law which is enforced equally upon all ranks! What a thing it is that impurity dares not to obtrude itself in full glare, usurping art, invading literature, penetrating into public religion, and dislocating family relations! Is it a fond fancy of Englishmen that it is characteristic of their nation to love fair play, to esteem truthfulness, to abhor hypocrisies and slanders, to uphold the rights of the weak, to disapprove all cruel extremes of punishment, all mere vindictiveness, all making of oneself judge in one's own cause? If in any of these things our boasts are justified, we owe these good qualities to the laws of the land. Let us not deceive ourselves. The best foundations of our moral character come to us as a gift from our predecessors, who have elaborated our civil institutions. Very imperfect we are; but the majority of us would be far worse if the laws of England were worse; and if we desire a purer and nobler morality to be wider spread and more permanent, we must desire and seek the removal of all those public regulations and customs which are experienced to be corrupting; we must aid every movement towards a purer condition of the whole social state.'

In endeavouring, then, to ameliorate the condition of the country, let the two sides—the light and the dark—the obvious and

and the obscure—the remedial action that tells of itself vocally and consciously, and the remedial action that *tells* silently but most potently—be fairly and fully taken into the account. Let us fortify the rising character of the nation, not only on the conscious, but also on the unconscious side. In monitions and precepts, in maxims of mouth, pen, and example, let us abound; but let us also not fail to set up those remedial institutions and laws, which constantly act as trees grow, whether we watch and observe them, or whether we sleep.

‘Some,’ says Mr. Sergeant Chambers, ‘would contend for the omnipotence of authoritative enactment to accomplish a social revolution, and would seek to effect it by the employment of such machinery exclusively. Others are for relying entirely on moral means of improvement and voluntary agencies, holding that Acts of Parliament are quite inefficient in relation to such matters. Experience, I think, teaches us the wisdom of employing both classes of agency; and invites us to invoke, on the side of social improvement, both the influence of opinion and the force of law, the freedom and energy of personal and spontaneous effort, and the authority of well-considered legal provisions.’*

ART. IV.—*Proceedings of the Social Science Congress held at Dublin. 1861.—Art. Abstract of Paper on ‘The Etiology of Drunkenness and its Relations to the State.’* By Doctor F. R. Lees.

NO topic of inquiry which happens to be opposed to the prejudices, the customs, the propensities, and the interests of classes, or of men in general, can at first be discussed in a philosophical spirit. The conclusions to which we are invited may demand a patriotic abnegation of interest or of appetite, or an illustration of Christian self-denial and obligation, exceedingly costly or unpleasant. Classes of ‘respectable persons’ in England who were once engaged in the slave trade, like Christian moralists, legislators, and preachers in the Southern American States now, were never very willing to enter upon an impartial consideration of the institution of slavery. On the contrary, history, ethnology, and Scripture have been all perverted in its defence. So, in regard to the subject of ‘Drinking,’ we could hardly expect the London or Burton brewers, however philanthropical and patriotic their professions, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer, however distinguished his moral character, to accept without demur the demonstration of the temperance societies. There would naturally rise up between the premisses and the conclusions put before them, the potent question from the one, ‘What

* ‘The Social Condition of the People, as Affecting, and as Affected by the Law.’ By Thomas Chambers, Common Sergeant of London. ‘Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science,’ 1859.

will become of my trade?' from the other, 'What will become of the revenue?' We deceive ourselves, however, if we suppose that such influences are peculiar to certain positions; the general love of liquor, as a 'means of enjoyment,' and the varied associations of pleasure and hospitality interwoven with the use of strong drinks, have presented obstacles quite as powerful to the due consideration of the question before us. It had been shown by abundant statistics gathered from the experience of temperance benefit clubs and life-assurance societies at home, compared with the best offices and clubs admitting moderate drinkers; from the returns of the army of the German Confederation as from our own Indian army; from experience in the United States, in the Crimea, in tropical regions, and even within the arctic circle, that the relative sickness and mortality of the three classes of abstainers, of careful drinkers, and of free drinkers, were as 1, 2, and 4. In vain, however, was this practical demonstration urged upon the 'educated classes;' they, like Mr. Gladstone, fell back upon the prescriptive authority of medical men, who told them that strong drinks were both nourishing and stimulating food. When the great names of Liebig, Lehmann, and Moleschott were quoted against this dogma—all distinctly repudiating the notion that alcohol could take any part in the composition of the human body—all admitting that it was a substance having a peculiar morbid action upon the nervous system and brain,—the faculty and the press fell back upon the unproved supposition that alcohol, if not plastic nutriment, was at least fuel to the body, which it warmed by becoming oxydized in the blood. Our translators, in the famous passage in Psalm lxix. 21, 'They gave me also *poison* for my meat,' have used 'poison' and 'food' as opposites; but in England the paradox was exhibited by some writers, of combining in their definition of diet the most incompatible notions, and actually ranking 'alcohol, tobacco, and opium' together, under the category of 'medicinal or auxiliary food'! In consequence of the experiments of the French professors (Lallemand and Perrin) published in October 1860, who demonstrate that alcohol behaves in nearly all respects like chloroform in the body, and that it is eliminated from the system, unchanged, so long as thirty-two hours after being taken in a moderate dose; and of the scarcely less celebrated experiments of Dr. Edward Smith, read before the Social Science Congress at Glasgow, the claim of alcohol as food is now pretty well abandoned amongst the intelligent members of the medical profession. Even Dr. T. K. Chambers, in a late number of the '*Medico-Chirurgical Review*,' has relinquished his old appellation of 'extra diet' applied to this drug. 'The evidence, so far as it has yet gone,' says he, 'shows the action of alcohol upon life to be consistent and uniform in all its

its phases, and to be always exhibited as an arrest of vitality.' After a controversy of twenty years, this, the latest conclusion of physiological science, seems a very fair starting-point for an unprejudiced investigation into the true causes and efficient remedies of our national drunkenness.

The reason of the failure of so many and such varied attempts to eradicate, or even materially abate, this vice is, of course, the want of adaptedness to the real causation of the evil. The *fons malorum* has been designated as the will of man, instead of as the physical properties of the drink. Morally, socially, and legislatively, the world has gone upon the principle of preventing the harvest while sowing the seed. Not only has the true physical cause of the vice been ignored, and numerous false causes set up, the delusion has gone so far as to assume, practically, that the positive effect (drunkenness) was owing to a mere negation—the absence of this, that, or the other condition! Now, we may affirm, that no domestic, social, or individual conditions can be imagined (save one) which history and observation do not amply prove to have existed in conjunction with the prevalence of intemperance, both in ancient and modern times. The solution of this problem is to be found neither in race, nor climate, nor religion, nor political liberty, nor schools, nor barbarism, nor civilization. The African savage and the Red Indian, equally with the refined Greek and the dreamy Hindoo, have in turn been addicted to this vice; and yet, in the present day, there are in African forests, as in the prairies of America, whole tribes of men who practise abstinence. The Shemitic and Japhetic races, in common with the children of Ham—Celt and Saxon, Scandinavian and Slavonian, Tartar and Turk, have all in turn illustrated the truth that 'wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging.' Wherever seductive alcohol has been consumed, under whatever name it has been known, from whatever product it has been manufactured: whether drunk by the Norwegian amidst his mists and mountains, or by the Tatar in his vast steppes, or by the Persian in his pavilion, or by the Red Indian in his interminable prairies, or by the tropical negro in his sylvan home, it has engendered the same tyrannous lust, and the same social disasters. The people may live in a mild climate, like the paradise of Persia, or sunny Greece, or beautiful Palestine, or spicy Araby, and yet be grossly intemperate, as Greeks, and Jews, and Persians, and Arabians once were. They may be ignorant or cultured, civilized or savage, Chaldean or Copt, Scandinavian or Greek, Persian, Finn, Lap, or Negro, and yet be intemperate. They may dwell in cold countries like the Swedes, or in warm ones like the Cyprians, and yet be intemperate. They may be educated and Christianized like the Protestant agriculturists in Scotland, and the citizens of
Edinburgh

Edinburgh and Glasgow; or neglected in their minds, their persons, employments, and houses, like the Catholic peasantry of Munster, and yet be intemperate, though not so intemperate as the better cared for, but more tempted inhabitants of Ulster. They may have high wages like British artisans, and reside, like the Angermannlanders, in neat houses of their own, and yet be intemperate. They may be well cared for as serfs, like the Russian peasantry, or free like the Rhenish, or have national education like the democratic Americans, and yet be intemperate. They may have free trade or license, cheap drink or dear, and yet be intemperate. They may be African pagans, or Jewish monotheists, or Armenian, American, or European Christians, and yet be intemperate. They may have austere sabbaths like the Scotch, or merry ones, like the Irish, or recreations, parks, or amusements, like the Stockholmers, the Ganters, and the Parisians, and yet be intemperate. They may drink unadulterated drinks like the men of Scripture who so greatly 'transgressed by reason of wine,' both priest and prophet, princes and people; or cider, like the peasantry of Somerset and Wilts; or lager beer, like the German craftsman; or ale, porter, and ardent spirits, like the people of England, and yet be intemperate. These, or some of these conditions, may modify or intensify the evil; may tend to check or to promote it, may aggravate the intemperance, or conserve the sobriety, which exists (and ought, therefore, never to be overlooked); but the true actual cause or cure they certainly are not. It may be well also to remember that the history of such men as Addison, Johnson, Hartley Coleridge, Pitt, Porson, and Talfourd, show that the vice of drinking does not originate in the absence of high moral qualities, but from the presence of a material agent, and the operation of a physical law, tending imperiously to a given result. The only proximate universal cause of drunkenness is the use of intoxicating drinks, which, as pathological or morbid agents, produce their necessary effects. The law of their operation may be thus stated: 'The habitual use tends to generate an appetite for their increased use, in time and measure.' The celebrated Scottish philosopher, Dr. Thomas Reid, has well expressed the peculiarities of this case. 'Besides the appetites which Nature hath given us for useful and necessary purposes, we may create appetites which Nature never gave. The frequent use of things which stimulate the nervous system, produces a languor when their effect is gone off, and a desire to repeat them. By this means a desire of a certain object is created, accompanied by an uneasy sensation. Both are removed for a time by the object desired; but they return after a certain interval. Such are the appetites which some men acquire for the use of tobacco, for opiates,

opiates, and for intoxicating drinks.* Mr. G. H. Lewes has stated the law of alcoholic action in even a stronger form: 'Moderation oils the hinges of the gate leading to excess. Nobody doubts the danger. Terrible is the power of this tricky spirit.'† Now, it follows from this principle, that the general causes of drunkenness must be those which originate the general use of which drunkenness is the incidence; and these discovered, the adequate remedy will at once appear.

The first cause of drinking is the belief in the excellence of strong drinks—the opinion that they are good, and will bring good. It is the business of the educator in general—the first duty of the temperance teachers in particular—to disabuse the public mind of this prejudice, by the diffusion of sound knowledge upon the subject; a mission which, it must be acknowledged, they have attempted to fulfil with a courage, zeal, and perseverance almost beyond precedent.

But man is not merely moved by conviction and opinion; on the contrary, he often acts in opposition to the clearest reason, and to his own confession of what is prudent and right. Social impulses govern him, above all. He is an imitative animal, and imitation hardens into habit. Moreover, if a man, for reputation's sake, will face the cannon's mouth, he will, for the same reason, do things that run counter to his own abstract opinion. Our love of praise, and dislike of blame, far more than conscience, make cowards of us all. While men confess that drinking is 'a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,' they yet practically sanction it; nay, even personal abstainers will sometimes load their tables with 'choice wines.' This is the great private temptation to drinking, which, as acquiring its power from an unconscious social confederacy, can be best combated by the conspiracy of intelligence and independence, as exhibited in a new associated example. Against the tyranny of convention the greatest thinkers, from Bacon to Mill, have urgently protested, as 'a standing hindrance to human improvement.' Lord Bacon has said that 'there is no trusting to the force of nature, nor to the bravery of words, except it be corroborate by custom. Custom, copulate and collegiate, is far greater. The great multiplication of virtues upon human nature resteth upon societies well ordained.' This, we think, is an ample vindication of the philosophy of temperance organizations, whereby a new fashion has gathered up and directed the force of 'opinion' to the weakening of the old and evil customs, and the liberation of many from the thralldom of conventional usage.

* 'On the Active Powers. Of Appetites.' 1788.

† 'Westminster Review,' July, 1855.

The freedom of the individual has by this means been so extensively and practically asserted, that in all ranks of life the abstainer is now not only tolerated but respected.

At the point where the special function of the temperance reformer ends, the work of the citizen begins. False notions and fashionable customs cause men to drink; and drinking, as we have seen, creates a love of the liquor and its associations, whence flows that perpetual stream of drunkenness which every good man must deplore. Ignorance and usage having done their worst, and originated the national craving for drink, matters are aggravated by empirical legislation. Above four hundred and fifty Acts of Parliament, in less than so many years, are passed, with a view to limit the outflow by feeding the fountain—to stop the result by licensing the cause!—to lessen the appetite by increasing the facilities for its gratification! John Bull, originally drunk upon unhopt beer and French wines, at last took the Dutch fever, and suffered severely from hollands and gin. Under a system of free license our countrymen could be drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence. It was at this juncture that an Archbishop of Canterbury declared the whole system to be ‘founded upon the indulgence of debauchery, the encouragement of crime, and the destruction of the human race.’ Higher duties and licenses checked the *gin*-fluenza, and encouragement was given to malting, brewing, and beer. With a view to counteract the great evil, a lesser one was fostered and extended. In sixty years the consequence was seen in the enormous increase of beer-drinking first, and gin-drinking second. The national appetite ‘enlarged its desire like the grave, and could not be satisfied.’ (Hab. ii. 5.) Eighty thousand public-houses, selling beer, wine, and spirits throughout the country, were declared by Parliament and the Commissioners of Police to be the great sources of pauperism, profligacy, and crime. Government, by way of remedy, tardily passed the Beer Bill, which simply added, under relaxed oversight, forty thousand poor men’s public-houses to the temptations which so frightfully abounded before. The mistake was speedily discovered, but has not yet been rectified; and so corrupting has been the effect on the public mind, that this fallacious remedy now looms so large and black on the eyes of magistrates and statesmen; that they cannot even see the great and original evil for which it was to have been the cure! It has however, wisely regarded, done its work of teaching. It has evinced the folly of supposing that multiplying the temptations to the use of the weaker intoxicant will do anything but generate, in still wider classes, the appetite for the stronger; and it has, by anticipation, taught us the delusion of resting the slightest hope upon this most extraordinary expedient for diminishing drunkenness, revived in

the shape of thirty thousand prospective wine-houses additional to the beer and spirit shops already extant. Physiology unites with all history and statistics in demonstrating this truth—that the extension of facilities for getting drink, where it is at all consumed, is equivalent to the extension of drunkenness and crime. Cheap drink creates drunkenness equally with the multiplication of temptations—in fact, *is* a temptation. The criminal tables for Ireland show, that under the operation of higher duties on spirits, there has been a steady, and latterly a rapid, decrease in crime. In 1851 no less than 118 persons were committed for murder; in 1860, only 37. Had there been no whisky shops there would not probably have been seven such cases.

It may be stated in this connection, that the amount of crime committed in beer-shops is not more than one-fourth that perpetrated in the old public-houses; we can, therefore, neither see the justice nor the policy of invidiously selecting merely one branch of the traffic for extinction. Since the difference is only one of degree in demerit, why specially reprobate that which is the youngest and the least source of public evil? We apprehend that the logical issue of this question is ‘Free trade or no trade?’ If the results of the traffic in inebriating liquor are beneficial, then the freer the trade the greater the blessing. But, the publicans themselves being witness, the extent of this business does not measure the prosperity, but the pauperism, the lunacy, the disease, and the crime of any district. A flourishing public-house is synchronous with a well-tenanted poorhouse, a busy hospital, a full asylum, and a crowded gaol. As Lord Brougham has so well said: ‘Trade is honest, it is innocent, it is useful, it is humanizing, and it is universally beneficial; whereas the slave traffic was in every respect the reverse.’ But is the drink traffic less so? Is it not, as facts testify, an organized, cruel, and seductive system of ruin and temptation? Is it not the friend of every evil, the foe of all that is ‘honest, lovely, and of good report’? Let the people themselves judge in this matter. Wherever the canvass has been made, in town or country, amongst those numerous classes most ensnared by the traffic, it has been found that their voice is as twenty to one for its suppression. Could such a vote be obtained for closing any other business?—save, perhaps, the pawn-shop, which is an offshoot of the traffic. Good and great men, like Bishop Berkeley and the renowned John Wesley, have long condemned the trade in drink upon moral grounds. The latter, in his famous sermon, ‘On the Use of Money,’ has the following sound argument: ‘Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore, we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these

these may have a place in medicine ; they may be of use in some bodily disorders. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they ? Who prepare them only for this end ? Then excuse these ; but all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are POISONERS GENERAL.' (Vol. ii. p. 121.)

It was with pleasure we read that Mr. Gladstone ' regards with the greatest dissatisfaction ' the receipt of 866,000*l.* from imported corn ; for indeed, as he observed, ' Every pound received from corn over and above the regular duty upon that amount of grain which is necessary to supply the average wants of the country, tells a melancholy tale in the first instance of the deficient yield of our own soil ; and, in the second place, it tells of 2*l.* or 3*l.* withdrawn or withheld from the revenue in the shape of a narrowed consumption of the comforts and luxuries of the people.' It may not be amiss to remind the present Chancellor, as Mr. O'Connell did a former one, that when in Ireland the revenue from spirits sank nearly half a million, the total revenue, instead of a deficit, exhibited an increase of more than 90,000*l.* It cannot be fitting that the State should license an immoral, dehumanizing trade like this, and become, in effect, the agent and distributor of that which interferes with its own function as protector, as well as with the civilization of the age. To license the facilities for crime and the excitors of it, is to become accessory to crime itself. The State reposes upon the knowledge and self-control of its subjects ; and to open houses for the sale of that ' brain poison ' whose special function is to provoke misrule, to destroy self-government, and to becloud the intelligence, is a kind of social suicide. To do this on the plea of revenue, is to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs—to shorten the lives and diminish the number of the subjects who pay taxes—and at the same time to increase immensely the burdens, the difficulties, and the dangers which render taxes needful or justifiable. Moreover, the license system is an anomaly in legislation. It is based on no principle, and is vindicated by no success. From first to last it is a history of patchwork and of failure. ' The present law,' says Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, as foreman of the Liverpool Grand Jury, in their presentment to the judge, August, 1859, ' neither effectually promotes wholesome restraint, nor is it consistent with an unfettered trade.' Publicans and the public alike detest it ; it is sustained by no public opinion or intelligence ; and is held together only by the profits of some influential brewers in Parliament, and by a blind prejudice in the house.

The maleficent relations of the liquor traffic to the great interests of the State no one is rash enough to deny. Whether viewed in the light of morals, or of political economy, or of social

order, this matter demands serious attention and prompt settlement. In the words of the grand jury from whom we have already cited, 'no graver question of domestic legislation awaits the action of the Executive Government.'

To enumerate only a few of the evils of the drink traffic—

In destroying many millions of quarters of grain, it enhances the market price of food.

In forcing us to seek abroad a supply of breadstuffs, necessitated by the destruction of grain at home, it occasions the exportation of gold and the needless loss of labour and value in the transit.

It absorbs, in destructive consumption, above twenty millions of the wages of the labourer, as well as induces much loss of time, and thus diminishes the floating capital and the wage-fund of the country.

In doing this directly, it creates seven-tenths of our pauperism, two-thirds of our lunacy, one-half of our disease and premature death, and in total cost and consequences entails a yearly loss of not less than 120,000,000 of pounds sterling upon the inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

If we are agreed, then, as to the magnitude of the evil of intemperance, as to its connection (to the extent of at least three-fourths of the whole) with the traffic, and as to the principle on which we may proceed to deal with it, the last question relates to the method of action. An influential writer, Mr. Isaac Taylor, says :—

'Drunkenness is first to be thought of as a grievous violation of public order ; it is the immediate, and the most frequent source of crimes of violence ; it is the cause of the domestic miseries, and of the diseases, and of the destitution which afflict, and which so heavily press upon certain classes of the community, and which throw a fiscal burden upon all. On these grounds, therefore, the community, the public mind, the public force, needs be restrained by no scruples in dealing, vigorously, and as best it may, with a vice by which so many of the guiltless are injured.*'

But the community must act, either directly by its voice, in districts, or representatively, by the law of Parliament, operating nationally. Both modes of action have their advantages and disadvantages, and the choice will partly depend upon the nature of the subject, and partly upon the character of the people. In regard to the liquor traffic, we prefer on all accounts the plan which would leave the decision of this question (as at present is done imperfectly) with the district. The only alteration proposed is in the extent of the constituency. Instead of a few magistrates being permitted to decide whether this or that house should be licensed in any neighbourhood, we would have the absolute power of veto extended to the neighbours themselves, who must best know whether any such business is required amongst them for

* 'Ultimate Civilization,' p. 338.

their convenience, and, knowing, will decide, free from interest, association, error, and prejudice. Such a power, the exercise of which is to be dependent upon a vote of a majority of not less than two-thirds, cannot possibly be exercised prematurely, and must necessarily be the sequel to a long course of discussion, registering the self-denial, the virtue, and the intelligence of the community. Imperial laws on this subject might be premature at the present time, and give rise to neglect, evasion, and other evils, in many districts; but the principle that allowed the introduction of prohibition into districts, would certainly grow until the whole country became unanimous. Since it would not anywhere precede public opinion, it would quietly and naturally extend, until an imperial law would simply index the census of facts.

This plan has another decided advantage: it will not postpone the proper fruits of a ripened intelligence existing in one district, to the distant day when the passiveness, interest, or ignorance of a great part of the nation collectively shall be overcome. It will enable the social reformer to reap as he goes on, thus cherishing his own faith in progress, and stimulating other districts to action in the same direction as his own. For example, there are 104 parishes in Scotland now, containing a population of 80,117, without a liquor license of any kind: would it not be a palpable evil to inflict such a thing upon them by an Imperial enactment? If so, it must be equally wrong to prevent parishes getting rid of these curses, when they desire it, on the ground that some other parish is not yet ready. That such a power is felt to be necessary and just, has been very recently made evident by a complete canvass of the town of Plymouth, from whence proceeded a petition to Parliament, asking for the power to deal with the traffic, signed by above eleven thousand persons. Written returns from the adult inhabitants were obtained, in reply to the question, 'Are you for the Permissive Bill to prohibit the liquor traffic,' to the following purport:—

For the Bill	17,136
Against it	840

In April last, thirty thousand of the citizens of Glasgow petitioned Parliament for the introduction of the permissive veto into the clauses of the Scottish Public House Act.

Mr. J. S. Mill has said 'that the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others.' In a permissive measure for dealing with the traffic, in which each member of the community is allowed to express his own will, the people of this country have discovered the surest guarantee of good government, and the most effectual plan for preventing social injury.

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The words of Mr. Justice Crampton, on retiring from the judicial bench in Ireland, may be here appropriately cited:—

‘Modern legislation has introduced a system of law which is of a most valuable kind, I mean, the system of permissive enactment. This kind of statute at once encourages self-government, and respects the principle of personal liberty. I hail this principle as a valuable one, and I would apply it to a measure not yet before Parliament, though for some time before the public. A Permissive Bill, it has been termed, and one which, I hope, may become part of the law of the land.’

To conclude this rapid summary of facts and principles. The LIQUOR TRAFFIC stands before the country as a huge criminal, condemned by almost universal consent. It needs but men bold enough to become its assailants in Parliament—to seize and portray it as it is—flushed with crime, living upon the lifeblood of innocence, clothed in the garments of murder, blatant with blasphemy, and reeking with pollution—to expose it as, fifty years ago, Wilberforce and Brougham exposed the horrors of the slave trade—and the chartered criminal will be adjudged before the nation. That the legislators remit it for execution to the people, is the people’s prayer: to their ‘tender mercies’ it may be justly and safely consigned.

ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Arrangements in the Inns of Court, &c.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1855.

2. *Dugdale’s Origines Judiciales.*

3. *Parliamentary Debates*; Session, 1862.

4. *A Bill to regulate the Government of the Inns of Court* introduced into the House of Commons by Sir George Bowyer.

5. *Address of Lord Brougham to the Social Science Association*, delivered in Exeter Hall, June 5th, 1862.

A POPULAR and successful advocate enjoys a reputation hardly less extended than a popular statesman. The interest exhibited by the British people in the proceedings of their courts of law is universal and unceasing. Every newspaper finds it necessary to devote a considerable space to accurate, and in many cases exhaustive, reports of daily trials and judicial investigations, and those portions of the inconvenient and ill-ventilated buildings we dignify by the name of courts, which are dedicated to the curious public, are always filled with a numerous and critical auditory. Even at Westminster Hall, where the judges sitting *in banco* are occupied exclusively with the discussion and decision of dry points of law, the back benches are filled with spectators and listeners, who are evidently drawn thither by no other motive than curiosity. The barrister receives his share of public attention as part of the costly and imposing machinery

machinery of justice, and any one whose practice carries him out of the general ranks, is as well known, by name at least, as any public man can be.

Recent events have, however, drawn more than ordinary attention to the position of an English barrister. While the public were almost anticipating the promotion of one eminent counsel, and his career was pointed at as an example of the impossibility of a minister's resistance of the advancement of a popular favourite, everybody was startled by the announcement that a great bubble had burst; a metropolitan borough had lost its representative; a recordership was vacant; and a familiar voice was no longer to be heard at Westminster or Guildhall. After an interval, during which rumours gathered force and consistency, it became evident that some strong measures must be adopted, or the English bar would be in danger of losing its character as a profession of honourable gentlemen, and at last the public were informed that Mr. Edwin James, Q.C. had been dishonoured, and had departed to repair his shattered fortunes in the United States. At the same time another gentleman who had obtained rank in his profession, and who held a seat in the House of Commons, was subjected to reproof and animadversion by the Benchers of the Inn to which he belongs, and appealed to the public, through the press, against the constitution as well as the decision of the tribunal which had judged him. With the personal questions involved in these circumstances we have nothing in this place to do: we have certainly read, with mingled amazement and admiration at its effrontery and plausibility, the address of Mr. James when called on to sustain his admission to the New York bar by the Law Society of that city; and we hear with interest that a lady of independent means took the opportunity afforded by his misfortunes to assure him, 'for the first time, that her heart had long been his;' we acknowledge the force of some of the observations made by Mr. Digby Seymour, on the course pursued by the Benchers of the Middle Temple towards himself; but we abstain from any expression of opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of the individual conduct of either. The character and position of the English bar is a matter of the highest public importance, and we propose, for the information of our readers, to examine briefly the regulations and authority which are intended to secure that character and position.

The bar of England (we do not write of that of Scotland or of Ireland, simply because our acquaintance with them is not equally accurate) may be said to constitute a private society. Enjoying, as its members do, the great privileges of exclusive audience in our superior courts of law, and of free audience in all, they form a mysterious brotherhood, with the terms of admission

to which the public generally are little acquainted, still less are those outside the profession familiar with the rules, which, maintained among themselves, govern and control the professional conduct and practice of barristers. A sort of general notion exists, that on the payment of certain fees, and consumption of a certain number of dinners, any one may become entitled to the style and privilege of barrister-at-law, without any security being taken for his legal or general qualification. Until 1854, there was some foundation for this notion, and the only guarantees which the litigant had, that the counsel retained in his cause would be competent, was found in the rule which forbade the barrister to receive his instructions except through the intervention of an attorney;—himself competent to judge of the qualifications of the counsel he might select. And in the main this was sufficient; the *title* of barrister might be obtained, but no *practice* followed unless upon evidence of competency afforded to those skilled for themselves in the knowledge and practice of the law. But this is far from being the state of the case now.

The four Inns of Court, of which more presently, possess the exclusive right of calling students of law to the degree of barrister. Acting in friendly conjunction, they framed regulations in 1854, the object of which was to secure that every student so called should have at least some acquaintance with the fundamental principles of his profession.

A young man desirous of becoming a barrister, must, under these regulations, apply to be admitted a member of one of the Inns of Court for the purpose of keeping terms. Having procured the introduction of some member of the profession, he may enter his name, paying about 40*l.* in fees, and depositing also 100*l.*, which sum, if he die or withdraw before his call to the bar, will be repaid without interest, and, if called, will more than pay the fees of his admission. Should he be a member of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, or London, he is excused from the deposit of the sum, and a shorter period in each term is required of him for attendance. Ordinarily each student must keep twelve terms, term being the legal name for the periods, four in each year, fixed and determined, during which the judges of the superior courts of common law sit together in Westminster Hall, for solemn discussion and decision of points of law in their respective courts. The 'keeping terms' consists in dining for at least six days (in the case of university students three days) in each term, in the Hall of the Inn; the object of such regulation obviously being to bring the student into intercourse with others following the same pursuit, and to afford evidence of his presence where opportunity, at least, is afforded of acquiring knowledge. During three years thus compulsorily devoted to studentship
strict

strict prohibition is enforced of any practice in any branch of law, and the member of the Inn is supposed to be engaged in no other pursuit. At the termination of the twelve terms, the student may be called to the bar by the benchers of his Inn, provided he either pass an examination by the council of legal education, or produce certificates that for one year at least of his studentship he has been in constant attendance on the lectures of two of the readers appointed by that council. The examinations, which are both *viva voce* and by written papers, extend over three days, and comprise Constitutional History, Equity, The Law of Real Property, Common Law, and Civil or Roman Law. Three examinations are held in the year, at each of which studentships of 50*l.* per annum, tenable for three years, are appropriated to the most successful students, and honours are gained by the three students next in point of acquirement, which entitle them to claim from the benchers of their Inn a remission of two terms from the period of their studentship. There is a growing inclination on the part of the various Inns to make this examination compulsory on all students, and it would doubtless be advantageous; but under the existing system it must be evident that the instances in which absolute incompetence can succeed in thrusting itself into the profession of the bar are extremely rare.

Of the Inns of Court, and of the powers and privileges which they exercise, the history is somewhat obscure. The localization of the law students which enabled its professors to bring the study of jurisprudence to the importance it assumed under Edward I., was no doubt due to the fixing of the Court of Common Pleas permanently at Westminster. The purchase of houses midway between London and Westminster was obviously convenient, enabling the students to procure provisions from the former, and to gain ready access to the latter for the purpose of study and practice. In the time of Fortescue there appear to have been as now four Inns of Court, Lincoln's Inn, Inner and Middle Temples, and Gray's Inn, and ten Inns of Chancery. The latter have long ceased to be of any other importance than as localities in which convenient chambers may be found, but the names of eight of them are still commonly known. Two—Furnival's Inn and Thavies' Inn—are connected with Lincoln's Inn; four—Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn, New Inn, and Lyon's Inn, are attached to the Temple; and two—Staples Inn and Bernard's Inn—form part of Gray's Inn. Of the four Inns of Court themselves the significance has long been lost; residence being the exception; but the admission of the student as a member of the Inn is still called admission to the House.

Lincoln's Inn was formerly the mansion of William de Haverhyll, treasurer of Henry III., from whom it passed to the Bishops of Chichester. From them the students of law who had previously

viciously occupied the house of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in Holborn, rented it, bringing with them the name of their old residence. The property of the society of Lincoln's Inn, which is now very considerable, appears to have been acquired by purchase of various members, and, unlike the case of the Temple, to have carried with its acquisition no trust for educational or other purposes. It was probably a quiet and retired spot when selected, well suited for study and contemplation; the principal difficulty with the students being the temptation presented to hunt rabbits in the garden of the Inn, necessitating, in the reign of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., enactments to restrain them in that diversion.

The records of the Temple were plundered and destroyed by Wat Tyler's mob; but the property seems to have been held by the society under the Earl of Lancaster, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, and the crown successively, at a small rent of 10*l.* from 1315 (temp. Ed. II.) to the reign of James I.

Originally founded, as to its main portion, by the Knights Templars, in 1185, the new Temple was, after the dissolution of that order, granted to the Knights of St. John, by Edward III., and by them demised to 'certain professors of the common law that came from Thavies' Inn, in Holburne.' By the time of Henry VIII. we find the Temple divided into the two societies of the Inner and Middle Temples, and then holding their property from the crown. From James I. the societies accepted a charter, granting the property of the Inn, which, reciting that 'the Inns of the Inner and Middle Temples being, two out of those four colleges, the most famous of all Europe,' continues—'which said Inns, Messuages, &c., for ourselves, our heirs, and successors, we strictly command, shall serve for the entertainment and education of the students and professors of the laws aforesaid residing in the same Inns for ever.' From the acceptance of this charter, the benchers of the two societies consider an educational trust arises, which certainly there has never been any inclination to escape. In 1673 the rights of the crown were purchased by the societies.

Gray's Inn takes its name from Lord Gray de Wilton. According to Dugdale, the house was originally purchased from the Gray family by the prior and convent of Shene in Surrey, and until their dissolution demised by them to the students in law; afterwards by the crown. Although by no means so wealthy, this Inn stands in the same position as Lincoln's Inn as regards the acquisition of its property, its earliest muniments affording no trace of any grant or trust.

The course of training pursued in the Inns appears to have been eminently qualified to direct and develop the learning of the students. In addition to the careful study insisted upon in private, readings and mootings were publicly held in the halls of the societies,

societies, at which questions of importance, propounded and discussed, were solemnly decided by the superiors. In later times some of these readings were published, and afford some of our most valuable disquisitions on certain branches of the law. Such were Callis' Reading on the Statute of Sewers, and Lord Bacon's on the Statute of Uses.

The income and expenditure of the Inns of Court are, of course, considerable. In the Report, the title of which will be found at the head of the present article, full details may be seen of the finances of each society.

The following account may be taken as a sufficiently accurate average of the annual income of the four great Inns. It is for 1854. Probably, to be quite accurate, the income of the Middle Temple should be larger by about 1250*l.*, that being the average surplus expended on the maintenance of the Temple Church and the Library.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF THE FOUR INNS OF COURT in the Year 1854.

Derived from	Inner Temple.	Middle Temple.	Lincoln's Inn.	Gray's Inn.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Rents	15,227	5,628	9,942	3,635
Dividends	1,644
Sundries	44	20	1,652
Members' Payments	5,941	2,874	8,279	3,055
	21,168	10,190	18,241	8,342
Expenditure	15,945	10,190	14,345	8,717

We have no accounts before us of later date : these will serve, however, to show the extent of the various societies. Before that time, Lincoln's Inn had expended 40,000*l.* in the erection of a hall and library, and, besides, maintained gratuitously the Courts or Chancery. Since that date the Middle Temple has expended very large sums in the repairs of property, and in the erection of the new library recently opened by the Prince of Wales.

According to the Report before mentioned, the number of students admitted in the years 1849 to 1853 inclusive was as follows :—

Years.	Inner Temple.	Middle Temple.	Lincoln's Inn.	Gray's Inn.
1849	82	59	72	18
1850	91	54	79	15
1851	82	43	82	23
1852	59	39	74	23
1853	59	32	75	12

No later statistics than these have been published. We may, however, say, that for 1861 the number of students admitted in the various Inns would probably maintain about the proportion indicated in the above list.

The growth of the power which is now exercised exclusively by the benchers of the Inns of Court, of calling students to the bar, has been gradual. Originally, the members of the societies were divided into three classes—the benchers or superiors of the house; the utter barristers, or those called to take part in the mootings we have alluded to; and inner barristers or students. Even the degree of utter barrister, however, conferred no authority to plead in court; but the advocates who appear to have been called to that position by the crown itself were always selected from that class. Serjeants (*servientes ad legem*) appear for some time to have been the only advocates. The word apprentices, which occasionally is found in the old Reports, was doubtless, as Dugdale suggests, synonymous with serjeant. In Plowden's Reports, vol. i., p. 213, the great case of the Duchy of Lancaster is stated to have been argued by Carrol, apprentice, and Plowden, apprentice, although certainly before this date (4 Eliz.) both had been made serjeants. The serjeant was created by writ from the crown, much as is the practice at the present day.

But by the latter end of Elizabeth's reign outer barristers appear to have been admitted to plead; for Stowe expressly speaks of them 'as enabled to be common counsellors, and to practise the law both in their chambers and at the barres;' but for a considerable period, the terms on which this was permitted were prescribed by the Privy Council. An Order of Council dated in Easter term, 1574, and bearing the signatures of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, and other lords, directs that no student shall be called to the utter bar but by the ordinary council of the house in their general ordinary councils in term time, nor unless he has performed certain mootings; and it further declares that none are to be admitted to plead in Westminster, or to sign pleadings, unless a reader, bencher, or utter barrister of five years' standing, while none may plead before justices of assize unless they have been admitted at Westminster or allowed by justices of assize. This order, however, appears to have been the last interference of the Council.

During the reigns of James I. and Charles I. the judges and the benchers conjointly made orders which regulated calls to the bar; but since the Commonwealth the power has been tacitly relinquished to the benchers alone. It is still contended that they exercise this function as delegated to them by the judges; and hence the judges, who are called visitors of the Inns of Court, may be appealed to if a call to the bar be unjustly refused. If our
view

view of the earlier history of the bar be accurate, however, the judges themselves exercise only a delegated authority from the crown; and the council is as much a part of the machinery by which the crown administers that justice of which it is the fountain as the superior officers of the court. This is a dignified view of his profession which every barrister will do well to remember.

For some considerable period after the power of calling to the bar was exercised by the benchers alone, indeed, until 1672, the qualifications required in candidates were very various at the different Inns of Court; but from that date an endeavour has been made to preserve something like uniformity. In Coke's time the admission was much more strictly limited than in modern practice. A rule, dated 1 Jac. I., and signed by Coke, Bacon, and other illustrious names, provides that none shall be allowed to enter as students at the Inns of Court but such as are gentlemen by descent; and, although such a rule has long been obsolete, yet so late as 1829 the Inner Temple adopted a regulation subjecting all candidates for admission to the house to an examination as to their proficiency in classical attainments and the general subjects of a liberal education. The present course of proceeding we have already described.

It is, of course, of the utmost importance that a profession of so much responsibility, and which, at the same time, subjects its members to circumstances of so much and so varied temptation, should be composed of gentlemen of the highest honour and integrity; and it has not been without reason that small points of etiquette have, by traditional usage, become incorporated into a sort of professional code.

It is sometimes contended by the public that these restrictions and points of etiquette are foolish, and even injurious to the interests of the client. But this opinion is not held by those best acquainted with the profession; and now and again instances of startling significance occur showing the value of the strictest maintenance of rule. It is, for example, an understood practice that no counsel should receive instructions except through the intervention of an attorney: thus guarding against the danger which would arise to the counsel, as well as to the client, were the duty of the advocate to be regarded as any other than that of dealing, to the best of his ability, with the facts as laid before him, and before the court, entirely irrespective of any personal interest or conviction. A profession of *ex-parte* advocacy would be impossible, were the advocate to allow himself to form personal relations with his clients, or were he to be held responsible, in any way, for the accuracy of the evidence with which he has to deal. The only exception to this rule is in the case of a prisoner upon his trial, to whom is accorded the privilege of handing instructions for his defence from

from the dock to any counsel he may select, and who practises in the court. But those who are acquainted with the course of business in our criminal courts know well that, while of great value to a prisoner, nothing tends more to lower the character and dignity of the bar than this practice of dock-briefs, wherever it is allowed to escape from the strictest supervision. The ordinary rule itself appears to entail some hardship on a poor man, since it compels him, if he desire to secure the services of counsel, to incur the additional expense of employing an attorney. It may also be said that no serious mischiefs have arisen from the practice of attorney advocates in the county courts; but their practice is so occasional as to afford no precedent for those whose sole business is that of advocacy. Who, however, that has read the Reports, can doubt that the grievous scandals disclosed in the recent trial of *Kennedy v. Broun and wife*, at Stafford, arose from the disregard of a man of the highest genius—a scholar, a poet—of this wholesome rule of his profession? Had there been interposed an attorney between Mr. Kennedy and his client, Mrs. Swinfen, the great ability of the counsel would have met with its adequate reward, and a great professional disgrace would have been avoided.

We do not propose to discuss any of these points of etiquette. We desire only to point out that the public generally can be but indifferent judges of their importance and value to the profession; and it is to the public interest that an observance of them should be enforced by some authority, as well as securities taken for the honourable and high moral conduct of each member. It is the maintenance of these conjoint conditions we refer to under the title of the Discipline of the Bar.

That discipline is maintained primarily by the authority of the benchers of the Inns of Court, who, as we have seen, possessing the power to call to the bar, can, by disbarring any of the members of their society, unmake as they have made. The direct authority of the judges, irrespective of their implied control over the decisions of the benchers, as visitors, to which we have already referred, is confined to the conduct of counsel in court. Of course every judge is empowered to maintain order and to conduct the business of his own court, but he is bound to respect the rights and privileges of the bar.

But the great majority of barristers, of those at least practising in the common law courts, are subject to another authority—voluntary, but still of great influence. The barrister who selects as the field for his professional efforts a circuit—and those who do not are very few—becomes at the same time a member of the mess of the circuit. The members of the mess, upon the most democratic principles constitute a court, with elective officers, the authority of which over its own members, upon points both of
etiquette

etiquette and of character, is absolute. Excepting so far as age and standing give influence, each member of the mess is of equal power, and the decisions of the court are the decisions of at least a numerical majority of its members. It needs hardly be said that the only means of enforcing its decrees possessed by such a court lies in a power of expulsion; but such is the force of association that the instances are rare in which those decrees are not implicitly respected, and an expulsion is a course seldom rendered necessary. Few instances have occurred in which professional success has been possible apart from complete association with the other members of the profession; but so long as the benchers do not proceed to disbar, no counsel can be excluded from a circuit, but only from the mess of the circuit—he may still enter as a free-lance into the professional arena; only men of transcendent ability, however, can overcome the damaging effect of coolness and alienation from their fellows. Such is, indeed, the position of one of the gentlemen whose name has been already mentioned in the course of this article. Whether rightly or wrongly, it is not our present purpose to inquire, but Mr. Seymour, subjected to the censure of the bench of his Inn, though not disbarred, has been excluded from the mess of his circuit, and we much doubt whether the exclusion is not felt as severely as would have been the actual disbarment.

We are certainly not of those who believe that the discipline of the bar should be relaxed; we would rather see its strictness increased. It may not be a very pleasant reflection for its members, but the fact is undeniable, that the bar has lost much of its high and honourable prestige, and we are unable to resist the conviction that this loss has not been altogether undeserved. The number of men who enter the profession, without hope or even intention of practice, but who look solely to place and patronage, has rapidly increased, and we are strongly of opinion that, so far from the creation of subordinate legal appointments being of advantage to the bar as a profession, it has been directly the reverse. A flood of place-hunters, comparatively ignorant of law, and careless of practice, has, through the channels of political influence, overwhelmed the claims of the hardworking and struggling men of merit; and although it would be both foolish and unjust to say that among these may not be found men of honour and morality, it would, on the other hand, be vain to expect from such a class any high appreciation of the true dignity and duty of the bar, or any veneration for its traditionary usages.

But we are not surprised, when we reflect on the great interest the public has in such a matter, that a demand should be made for some change in the mode of administering the discipline. The benchers, with whom rest the decisions involving the professional existence of a barrister, are a secret and self-elected tribunal.

In

In practice, none but silk gowns are now made benchers; and the mode of election appears to be, that upon receipt of his patent a member of the Inn forwards it to the existing benchers, is then balloted for by them, and if elected becomes thereupon himself a bencher, with all the powers and privileges of that position. No popular or general form of election by the members of his Inn elevates him to a share in their government. The tribunal may consist of political or professional rivals of the accused, who has no right of challenge or nomination; it is irregular in its sittings, and sometimes even irregular as to the parties composing the court of inquiry, so that those who have heard the commencement of a long investigation may leave its decision to others present only at its conclusion. These irregularities drew from Lord Brougham recently a remonstrance, and have originated the suggested bill and returns moved in Parliament by Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Crawford; and it is a knowledge of these which has given to the appeals of the gentlemen whose names are now connected with the discussion a certain amount of public sympathy and credence.

It appears to us that the discipline of the bar, to be effective, must always be of that character called by Lord Mansfield 'domestic.' Dealing with questions of etiquette, and with the members of a voluntary society, the strict and solemn rules of judicial proceeding cannot be always observed. But graver questions than those of etiquette not unfrequently come to be considered, and it is of the utmost importance that the decisions of such should not be open to cavil.

Undoubtedly the benchers of every Inn are men of such high character and integrity that they possess the confidence of the members of their own profession, and we are not aware of any wide-spread dissatisfaction on the part of the bar with the existing state of things; but this is accepted rather as a sort of 'domestic' arrangement, in the actual working of which little difficulty is found, rather than as the result of any consideration of possible mischief arising from circumstances very rarely occurring.

With some of the proposals which have from various sources been thrown out we are disposed very much to agree. We conceive that considerable advantage might be derived from improving upon the experience of the last few years, in the united action of the various Inns upon legal education through a conjoint council. The fittest persons to administer the discipline of a profession must undoubtedly be those whom a long and successful career has made acquainted with the practice and usages of that profession, and who, by promotion to the foremost ranks, have obtained an interest in the maintenance of its honour and reputation. Although self-elected, therefore, we can see no other persons so fit as the benchers

benchers to deal with such questions. But a conjoint committee or council of the four Inns would be a better tribunal than the benchers of a single society. As to publicity of proceeding, there are many cases in which it would be unjust to the accused, and probably injurious to discipline ; but there are others where much public scandal already exists, and where ill-defined and uncertain rumours are much more detrimental than the most open and complete information could be. It would, perhaps, be well to give the accused the option of a public hearing, and at the same time a limited right of challenge for cause of any of his judges, so as to avoid the possibility of a condemned culprit pleading that his condemnation had been obtained through the personal enmity of any of those judges. The managers of the inquiry should in no case be judges in that inquiry. Thus the course of proceeding might be, that upon complaint of malpractice or misconduct against a member of any Inn laid before the benchers of his own society, the question might be remitted for decision to a committee of eight benchers, two from each Inn, whose sittings should be uniform and regular, the names of the committee being given beforehand to the accused, in order that, if he exercise his right of challenge, substitutionary names might be found. Two benchers from his own Inn might be appointed managers, whose duty it would be to explain the nature of the charge and evidence ; and every security should be taken for the speedy prosecution of the inquiry.

No doubt, so solemn and cumbrous a procedure would be available only in grave cases, and it might be only as a necessary preliminary to the exercise of the ultimate power of the benchers of any Inn to inflict the penalty of disbarment.

We throw out these suggestions with some diffidence, and simply as contributions to the general consideration of this subject. We, in common with the rest of the public, desire to see, if possible, such an authority maintained for the government of the bar as shall at once secure the honour, integrity, and reputation of that great profession, and the confidence of those whose interests are confided to its care.

ART. VI.—THE EARLY WRECKED.

TEARS, bitter tears dropped upon the dainty, perfumed sheet of note paper over which Lady Alston's graceful head was bowed. Pale beams of wintry sunshine peered through the heavy blue window-curtains, and gleamed coldly on the richly-carpeted floor of her pretty boudoir. She cared not for sunshine just then ; a storm of grief was raging in her bosom ; her soul was sick with

apprehension of coming sorrow. She was oblivious of all external things, as, with an air of weariness, she sat resting one elbow on her writing-desk, while her jewelled hand was held across her weeping eyes. The minutes passed by, and she resumed her writing, slowly tracing a few sentences, then gazing abstractedly at the fire-flames leaping in the polished grate.

A low, playfully-prolonged knock was heard upon the room door. Lady Alston hastily dried her eyes, and called 'Come in.' A young man entered and saluted her with an affectionate kiss. A glance at the two satisfied you as to their relationship to each other. They had similar full, dark eyes, similar wavy chestnut hair, similar beautifully-curved, refined mouths, though that of the young gentleman was almost concealed by the moustache he wore.

'Herbert, you are unwell this morning?' said the lady, looking anxiously up into his face. His countenance was of a pale, sallow hue; his eyes were slightly bloodshot.

'I think not, ma,' he said, carelessly; 'I've had very little rest the past few nights; shall I take a wink on that enviable little lounge?' Without waiting her reply he threw himself full length upon it, and lay watching her as she turned again to her letter.

'To whom are you writing, ma, dear?' asked Herbert in a sleepy tone of unconcern, as his mother folded the note and placed it in an envelope.

'To Aunt Wylie,' she replied. 'In a letter that I received from her this morning she half expressed a wish that you would visit her.'

'I, mamma?'

'Yes; and now I have told her about the state of your health I expect she will send you a pressing invitation by return.'

'Which I should decline to accept,' said Herbert, promptly.

'Why so, Herbert?'

'How can you ask that question, ma? A parsonage-house, and then, of all other times, the dead of winter. Whew! It makes one's blood run cold to think of it.'

'You cannot call this the dead of winter,' said Lady Alston; 'it is beautiful spring weather, and is getting better every day. Then Herbert, dear, consider that you would be, at least for a time, out of the way of temptation. Winters is in town again, is he not?'

Herbert answered in the affirmative.

'I thought so. I saw you at three o'clock this morning, as Sir Richard Alston's son should never be seen, Herbert. For his sake, for your own sake, dear, I entreat you——'

'Now don't preach, mamma, if you please. Let a poor fellow have

have half an hour's quiet for once in his life.' He turned impatiently and closed his eyes for a nap.

Her time for preaching to, or teaching Herbert Alston was past for ever. In previous years she might have done it, and doubtless with the happiest results; but she had ignored her responsibility, neglected her duty, and now her time of remorse and suffering was come. Lady Alston was a thorough woman of the world. Her days and years were frittered away in frivolous amusements, light reading, studying the latest fashions, and so forth. Her thirst for excitement was insatiable. On the shrine of pleasure she unhesitatingly sacrificed her own true happiness, domestic comforts, and the best interests of her only and fondly-loved child. It cannot be denied that she loved him, though in her own peculiar way. She was proud of him; she was happy in his presence, restless and dissatisfied in his absence; when he suffered she suffered too. Yet, as becometh good mothers, she had never manifested genuine love for him. In his childhood she never folded his soft white hands in prayer, nor told him of One who loved little children.

Herbert's powers, both natural and acquired, were very great. His education being completed, he retired from the 'halls of learning' laden with honours. Lady Alston's pride and admiration of him knew no bounds. Contrary, however, to her fond expectations, he did not return home to be a pleasure and a solace to her in her weary hours (and worldly Lady Alston had many of them), nor to cheer her by his manly and affectionate companionship. She could not reap what she had never sown.

Society opened its arms to receive the accomplished, handsome, and wealthy young gentleman, and gave him at all times a welcome that had the semblance of genuine heartiness; and Herbert was gratified. He had crowds of so-called friends and admirers, and, alas! could count his 'fast' acquaintances by scores. The influence of the latter upon him was soon apparent. Health began to give way and, in an agony of alarm Lady Alston prevailed on him to take advice. Travelling was suggested; and after considerable demurring, Herbert consented to leave for a time the scenes of folly and dissipation to which he had become so fatally attached; and to make one of a party of tourists who were at that time about visiting the chief continental cities, and other places of interest.

He returned decidedly benefited by his two years' absence. For awhile, Lady Alston's hopes of his complete reformation were high, but anon were sunk again in gloom. At first he skimmed reservedly around the outer circle of the vortex of London questionable society; but ere long he was found pursuing

his former follies with greater zest than ever, and was being gradually, surely borne down to ruin and death.

There was one whom Herbert, in his more thoughtful moments, was pleased to style his 'evil genius.' His name was Winters. Herbert first met with him at the clubs. Had he paused for reflection he might well have trembled at discovering what a great influence for evil this man had, and still, exercised upon him. Herbert was in reality the dupe and victim of Winters, though the poor fellow knew it not. Lady Alston, in her clear-sightedness, perceived it, although she had seen but very little of Winters. She was not slow in discovering what sort of a man he was—outwardly almost irresistibly fascinating, both in person and manners; inwardly a knave; a prowling, destructive wolf in attractive garb. Lady Alston hated him; and on his account her soul trembled for her son's safety.

It was strange and inexplicable with what blind infatuation Herbert followed, and allowed himself to be led by, Winters. It was a cause of wonder even to himself sometimes; yet he never sought by word or deed to break off the acquaintance.

When overwhelmed with unavailing regret and sorrow concerning her son, Lady Alston would write to her husband's sister—a clergyman's wife living in Gloucestershire—to tell her her hopes and fears. Mrs. Wylie ever proved a faithful counsellor and a devoted friend to her oft-distressed relatives. While enjoying so great an amount of domestic happiness herself, her heart was always ready to sympathize with those who lacked her joys. She was Sir Richard's only sister, and had married, though not with her brother's full sanction, a truly good minister, whose lot was cast in a village of considerable size in the county before mentioned. Sir Richard had anticipated for his beautiful and accomplished sister a more brilliant alliance; and Lady Alston, then a newly-married young lady, expressed her unaffected surprise that 'Agnes Alston should throw herself away on a country clergyman, and bury herself alive in an unknown village, when she might have been an ornament to the best circles of society.' Agnes Alston thought differently, and acted according to the dictates of affection and conscience.

A day or two succeeding the one on which we saw Lady Alston writing to Mrs. Wylie, an answer arrived; also a note for Herbert, begging him to visit Rookby. His aunt said: 'Though it is not the season in which the country looks temptingly inviting, yet, if you will come, dear Herbert, I promise you that you shall not have to complain of dulness. Mind, I can take no denial! Hurry away from physicians, and London smoke, and din, immediately on receipt of this, and come and breathe freely in this charming locality for a few weeks.'

Lady

Lady Alston watched him as he read the epistle. 'Well, Herbert?' she said interrogatively, as he replaced it in its envelope.

'Aunt very coolly says that she will take no denial,' he replied.

'I am glad to hear it,' said his mother.

'What's that?' said Sir Richard, looking up from his morning paper.

'Aunt Wylie wishes Herbert to visit Rookby for a time. I feel persuaded it would prove beneficial to him.'

'Of course, of course,' said Sir Richard, briskly. 'Go by all means, Herbert. This exhilarating weather would brace you up finely.'

'There's no one there,' said Herbert, with a suppressed yawn. 'Even Walter is at school, I suppose.'

'Mr. Barton, or "the Squire," as he is called there, is an excellent neighbour; you would find him a congenial companion,' said Lady Alston. 'Then there is Amy, could you desire a more admirable cicerone?'

'I can't do it,' said Herbert, after a meditative silence. 'What with their everlasting dolorous psalm-singing, and prosy sermonizing, they would ding-dong me out of one world into another, in no time.'

Sir Richard smiled as he rose to stand with his back to the fire. 'You are slightly out of your reckoning there, Herbert,' he said. 'When I was about to visit Rookby for the first time, I had similar notions and prejudices, but I confess I was most agreeably surprised to find I had made a wrong estimate of the character of Agnes and her husband; and the foolish notions I had conceived about their mode of living were dispelled before I had been with them a day. I suppose I may say with truth that there are not happier or more cheerful people in England than the Wylies; their home is a perfect little Paradise.'

After considerable persuasion, Herbert consented to leave town. 'Just for a week,' he said, adding, 'I feel so wretchedly low or I would not consent to it. Mind, mamma, if Winters, or any of them make inquiries for me, I am in Paris. I shall keep them in the dark about this.'

Without hesitation his mother promised to circulate the falsehood. It was a bright morning on which Herbert stood with railway wrappers on his arm, to bid Lady Alston farewell. 'I think you may expect me back this evening, mamma,' he said, with a gloomy smile. 'I fear I shall not have nerve enough to immure myself in Wylie's monastic-like house.'

'Nay,' she returned with a light laugh, 'I will give you at least three months.'

With

With a significant whistle, Herbert slowly descended the staircase. In less than an hour he was whirling along the Great Western line to Gloucestershire. He had no travelling companion but a brandy-flask, which he made frequent use of; consequently, by the time he reached the terminus his spirits were exuberant, and his flask empty.

A drive of five or six miles was then before him, which he had to accomplish in not the most comfortable of conveyances. However, he forgot all inconveniences as the carriage moved slowly on through scenes of quiet beauty. His artist eye dwelt with intense pleasure on many a picturesque spot in passing on—charming bits of landscape which would not have attracted the notice of the casual observer. How grateful was the soothing silence of the country after the noise and bustle of the great city! Nought broke the stillness but the ringing notes of the busy birds, or the voice of some young urchin in the distance who was guarding a newly-sown wheat field from the depredations of a bevy of sooty crows. The words chanted in the most stentorian of voices, were wafted on the soft wind to Herbert's listening ear:—

‘ If ye don’t hear these clappers,
I’ll knock ye down back’ards,
Ahoy! ye birds!’

The ‘ahoy!’ being a prolonged quaver of some two minutes’ duration. Then came *such* a flourish of the wooden clappers. The crows, far from being intimidated by the awful threat, which they seemed to know was difficult of execution, strutted about the field in the part farthest from that where the rustic vocalist was perched on a stile, and when he descended in a fit of desperation, and gave chase, they slowly and solemnly wheeled above his head, and saucily ‘caw-cawed’ at the vindictive expression of his flushed and upturned face. On, on, rolled the carriage. At long intervals pretty white villas peeped through the tinted trees. Then came an orchard or two, and wavy meadows where sheep and cows were grazing. Over all was the radiant blue sky, flecked here and there with tiny white clouds. Herbert’s soul was filled with the exquisite loveliness of that early spring day.

Now he sighted the low square tower of the village church, and the wood rising beyond. After passing a solitary inn he found himself entering the village. The houses were mostly whitewashed, and evidenced scrupulous cleanliness. The strips of garden before them were bright and cheerful with common spring flowers. It is well for the poor cottager to have flowers around his dwelling. Flowers speak to all in most beautiful and unmistakeable language:

‘Teaching

‘Teaching us, by the most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.’

Warm was the welcome which Herbert met at the Grange. Mrs. Wylie perceived at once what was the cause of Herbert’s declining health, and her heart longed to influence him for good. Her delicate kindness of manner was not lost upon him. He was one who could fully appreciate the smallest act of love.

That day at dinner Mr. Wylie deemed it necessary to make an apology for the absence of intoxicants from his table. After remarking that he had seen such a fearful amount of misery directly and indirectly resulting from the social drinking customs of our day, he said: ‘I am of opinion that one of the worst things I could do to an enemy, would be to force upon him intoxicating drink, and so expose him to most cruel and insidious temptation. How then can I, as a reasonable and responsible being, perpetrate such an enormity on my dearest friends? Herbert, excuse me, but I cannot, dare not, offer you anything intoxicating at my table.’

He was almost startled by the quiet, yet thrilling tone of earnestness in which Herbert uttered the words, ‘Thank you, uncle.’

Had he known how many times the young fellow before him had resolved to shake off the fatal, clinging habit of intemperance, and as many times been overcome; how, in harrowing moments of reflection, he had wept, yes, even shed tears, as he thought of his powerlessness to combat with the fearful enemy, drink; had he been aware of the ardent desires to amend and live nobly which sometimes burned in Herbert’s bosom, he would no longer have wondered why the words were so thankfully spoken.

But as if the arch enemy of mankind were fearful of losing his prey, plausible temptations presented themselves to Herbert. He felt a depression consequent upon his indulgence in the morning; the travelling, too, had wearied him in his weak state. ‘Would not a glass of wine do him good?’ he asked himself; but how was he to get it? he thought of an expedient.

After dinner his cousin Amy said, ‘Is it too late for a walk do you think, mamma?’

‘Yes, dear; besides Herbert is tired. I advise rest this evening, so that you may take a long ramble to-morrow.’ For the next hour she entertained Herbert admirably. But for that craving within him he would have been perfectly comfortable.

As the evening shades deepened, Herbert grew restless. He rose from his seat and looked out on the quiet lawn, and up to the stars, which began to gleam forth one by one.

‘I think I’ll just take a stroll and a cigar,’ he said, suddenly turning round; and he left the room for his hat.

In about an hour he returned. He was marvellously chatty, and was loud in his praises of the beauty of the evening, and of the surrounding neighbourhood. Mrs. Wylie suspected nothing. She attributed his flow of spirits to the charming walk he had taken, and felt pleased in believing that the air of Rookby would prove beneficial to his health.

The days passed most pleasantly by. Even Herbert, fastidious and pleasure-seeking as he was considered to be, confessed himself satisfied with his novel position.

Amy, a young lady of fifteen, Mrs. Wylie’s only daughter, was to Herbert a most intelligent and cheerful companion. Many were the delightful rambles which they and Frank, a little fellow of eight years, took together. Herbert did not feel the want of the companionship of Walter Wylie, a youth two years Amy’s senior, who was pursuing his studies at Cheltenham College. Squire Barton was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the happiness and pleasure of Mr. Wylie’s visitor. His stables were placed at Herbert’s disposal; and the beautiful lake on his estate afforded boating exercise.

Herbert had a sort of gloomy fear as to how the first Sabbath would pass off. He anticipated abundance of ‘dolorous psalm-singing,’ catechizing and so forth. The sun had just risen over the purple hills, and the night-shadows were huddled together for flight in the dusky west, when his slumbers were disturbed by little Frank’s childish voice singing cheerfully the hymn beginning with—

‘Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise.’

Herbert turned on his pillow that he might better hear the sweet strain. ‘Not dolorous at any rate,’ was his mental comment, as he rose to dress.

After breakfast Amy said, ‘The morning is so lovely, Herbert; shall we go out at once, and take a walk before church-time?’

‘By all means,’ returned he, and in ten minutes they were on their way.

‘Is it not beautifully quiet here?’ said Amy with gentle enthusiasm. ‘I think the country looks more charming on Sunday than on any other day of the week. You are so deeply impressed with the fact that it is a day of rest. And on such a morning as this do you not seem to realize the truthfulness and beauty of Grahame’s poem on the Sabbath morning?’

‘I forget it, Amy. Can you repeat it?’

Amy began—

‘How still the morning of the hallowed day.’

Herbert listened attentively throughout. ‘It is a fine piece,’ he

he remarked ; ‘ but I suppose there are not many villages that can answer to that description of reverential quiet and peacefulness ? ’

‘ I can remember the time when this one could not,’ replied Amy. ‘ A few years ago our village green on Sabbath evenings was the scene of riotous mirth. You would almost have supposed that fairs were held there every Sunday. Papa grieved dreadfully about it, and strove unremittingly to bring about a better state of things. Our Scripture-reader used to go amongst the people endeavouring to persuade them to attend church ; papa visited them at their houses ; many promised him to amend and come to church, but as certain as the following Sabbath came, the majority of those who promised were found intoxicated, and incapable of listening to reason.’

‘ But how were they all supplied with the wherewithal ? ’ said Herbert smiling. ‘ I see no establishment for indulgence.’

‘ Neither will you see any unseemly disturbances about here to-day,’ returned Amy. ‘ A gratifying change has been effected. I will tell you how it was done. The squire was almost as grieved about the villagers as dear papa, for he is a warmhearted, though comparatively unknown, philanthropist. So one day he came to our house to consult with papa about making greater efforts to remedy matters. It was suggested that the squire should close all the public-houses on his estate. It was done, and with happier results than they expected. Our village speedily became a model of order and sobriety. The gratitude of many, especially of the women, to Mr. Barton for removing temptation from their midst, was something touching to witness. There were several, however, who rated finely about it ; but eventually they saw that he had their best interests at heart in depriving them of facilities for obtaining that which was ruining their bodies and souls. There are but a few, if any, in this place now who would not willingly lay down their lives for their benefactor.’

‘ Yes,’ said Herbert, musingly, ‘ that was a good work ; but if I mistake not, Amy, I saw a public-house at some distance down the village.’

‘ Standing just at the road side—the Full Moon you mean ? We do not consider it *in* the village. The squire has no control over that : it does not belong to him. He regrets that it does not ; for some of our young fellows find their way to it in evenings, to the sorrow of their parents. For his part, I am convinced he would let every house on his estate stand empty for five years rather than allow one of them to be tenanted by a publican.’

‘ Quite right, too,’ said Herbert warmly, his better judgment, not his propensity, prompting him so to speak.

The softly-sounding, silvery bells now began to chime for service. Amy turned in the direction of the church.

‘We are yet too early,’ she said; ‘let us walk round the church-yard.’ They did so, lingering a while

‘To muse and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter.’

Passing by mouldering stones beneath which the dead had slept for two or three hundred years, Amy led the way to two little mounds over which pure white snowdrops were wreathed among the fresh, green, springing grass.

‘Whose are these?’ asked Herbert, as he noticed the peculiar expression of her face.

‘Two little sisters,’ she replied, and pointed to the stone on which the dearly-loved names were engraved. ‘It is almost a pleasure to think of *them*,’ said Amy quietly. ‘It is positive pain to me to look at that grave yonder.’

‘Why so?’

‘A widow sorrows without hope for the one who lies there,’ returned Amy. ‘Mr. Lewis was as honest and hard-working a man as any in Rookby, yet he came to a sad and untimely end.’

‘Tell me about him, Amy.’

‘He was called to the neighbouring town on business one day. It was just before the squire prohibited the public-house keeping. Some of the worst men in the village, a publican or two among the number, hated poor Lewis for his sober and domestic habits. So as he was returning home they met him, and by stratagem succeeded in getting him to a public-house, where they made him fearfully intoxicated, and left him. His wife came to our house at midnight in a most excited state to tell papa her fears. Two or three kindhearted men went out in search of him, and in the early morning they found him lying under a hedge about five miles from his home, quite dead. A lighted pipe which he had put into his pocket had burnt through his clothes and a part of his poor body. It was awful.’

An indignant flush rose to the speaker’s forehead as she continued: ‘His murderers escaped unpunished. If they had poisoned him with arsenic or anything of that sort they would have been dragged to justice; but as it was *only* intoxicating drink, they were allowed to go free.’

‘Such injustice!’ muttered Herbert. And he added, after a pause, ‘I know such murderers at the present moment—men who call themselves gentlemen, who seem to live only to drag others down to death.’ Herbert sighed.

‘You

‘You must see a great deal of evil in London caused through drink,’ said Amy.

‘A great deal. I could count up a score or two of young fellows, well known to me, who are wasting talents and splendid fortunes, besides ruining health and character by their intemperance. I never thought seriously about it till now: really it seems frightful to contemplate.’

‘It does indeed,’ said Amy earnestly. ‘I wish something could be done to save them.’

By the changing chimes they were reminded that it was time to enter the church; and they forthwith turned to the porch, over which were the rudely-traced words, nearly obliterated by time:—

‘This is none other but y^e house of God,
And this is y^e gate of heaven.’

Herbert had not been inside of a church for many a long day till then. The prayer and praise did not prove so irksome to him as he had anticipated; the sermon was decidedly not ‘prosy.’ Mr. Wylie’s style of preaching was so purely natural and free from all affectation; his words so simple and well chosen as to be intelligible to the most illiterate of his hearers, as well as pleasing to the most educated and refined; his theme that which proves universally attractive when faithfully presented—‘Jesus Christ, and him crucified.’ It seemed to be the preacher’s determination to know nothing among them save that, and verily it was enough. The drooping and sad went down to their homes cheered and comforted; the weak ones strengthened; the repentant hopeful; the erring thoughtful.

That Sabbath evening, when alone in his chamber, Herbert sat and wrote to his mother. His heart guided his hand to say, ‘I am charmed with the Wylies. I had no idea that it was possible to live so near heaven as they do; yet there is no “cant” about them. They live as human beings should live—earnestly, and in a very atmosphere of love. They never seem restless or dissatisfied about anything; their minds are emphatically at rest. Such rest I have never known, and fear I never shall know. I can only wonder at and admire them. Perhaps your prediction of a three months’ sojourn here may prove true; I shall see. I feel an improvement in health from the change of air and scene. This is a charming spot.’

Four weeks glided peacefully by. Soft, balmy days of sunshine, and cold days when rain dripped monotonously down the window-panes, alternated.

One fine morning bluff Squire Barton unceremoniously presented himself at the Grange.

‘Horses will be round here immediately,’ he cried gaily.
‘Come,

‘Come, Amy, prepare! Mr. Alston do me the honour’ (and the farmer-looking gentleman bowed stiffly); ‘we have not had such a day for riding since your arrival,’ he continued: ‘you shall have an opportunity of judging of the excellence of the surrounding country. I suppose it is useless to request your company, sir?’ (turning to Mr. Wylie), ‘and you, Mrs. Wylie?’

‘I think I will never trust one of your horses again,’ said she, smiling.

‘Ah, I see you have not forgotten last summer’s exciting adventure. Certainly Diamond was intractable, but he is no longer in my possession. The steed for Miss Amy this morning is as quiet as a lamb. If you would venture to mount him, Amy would gladly take her favourite pony, I am sure.’

‘Yes, indeed, mamma,’ said Amy, quickly. ‘Do come.’

‘You must excuse me this morning,’ answered Mrs. Wylie. ‘Frank is not at liberty to leave home; he is just now studying a difficult subject. By remaining, I may be of service to him, besides receiving the benefit of his studies.’

‘Well, well,’ said the squire, ‘Miss Amy, Mr. Alston, and I must do the best we can together. Do not expect us home till late. We shall take an early dinner and rest our horses at Wain’s farm.’

In a few minutes the horses arrived. The trio mounted, and cantered off for a day of healthful exercise and pleasure. The sun had long set, and the moon and stars were shining brilliantly when they returned.

Herbert did not go out again for a stroll, as he had done every evening since his arrival at Rookby. Consequently that was the first whole day he had passed without partaking of intoxicating drink.

Nearly a week passed by and Herbert had not tasted of the forbidden draught. How thankful and how free he felt. Instead of making excuses to get out alone after sundown, he asked Mr. and Mrs. Wylie to take a twilight stroll with him; or, when weather was unfavourable, he cheerfully looked over Amy’s portfolio, and put finishing touches to her drawings; and helped her through difficult passages of music.

One morning, after he had been at the Grange about two months, he entered Mrs. Wylie’s sitting-room, saying, ‘I have been all over the house and garden, and cannot find my guide. We made arrangements for a drive this morning.’

‘She is gone up to the schools with a message for the master,’ replied Mrs. Wylie. ‘I fear she will not be back till noon.’

‘Then I will go for a ramble alone. Should I lose myself and return no more, do not be alarmed,’ said Herbert, laughingly.

‘There

'There is no fear of that,' returned Mrs. Wylie.

The luncheon hour came and he had not returned. The afternoon wore away. It was half an hour behind the time at which Herbert knew they dined. Mrs. Wylie grew uneasy. It was getting dusk. She stood at the window which opened on to the lawn, looking out, when she perceived Herbert coming towards it. But *how* was he coming? For a moment she seemed paralyzed with sorrow and astonishment; but recovering her presence of mind she turned quickly to Amy and said in a decided voice, 'Run upstairs to your room, Amy darling, and remain there till I come to you. I will not be long.'

Amy, always accustomed to 'unanswering obedience,' rose and left the room. Mr. Wylie looked up from his book for an explanation of the strange and sudden command.

'Here is Herbert,' began Mrs. Wylie, nervously; and at that moment he stepped through the open window. *He was intoxicated.* Mr. Wylie rose; his face flushed with surprise—not with anger. Herbert steadied himself by the back of a chair, and returned the good minister's fixed gaze. 'Well, old fellow,' he said at length.

Mrs. Wylie laid her hand on his arm. 'Herbert,' she said, kindly, 'where have you been, dear? What have you been doing?'

'I've been over to town,' he answered in a thick voice. 'Met purely by accident, a college chum that I've not seen since I was at Oxford. We had a world to talk about, so I dined with him at an hotel. He drove me more than half way back, or I shouldn't have been here till—till morning. It's a deuce of a distance.' Mrs. Wylie looked inexpressibly grieved.

'Herbert,' she said, 'shall I show you to your room? We can talk over this to-morrow.'

He regarded her with an air of offended dignity for several seconds, and then with a shout of haughtiness replied, 'As you please, Mrs. Wylie.' With unsteady steps he followed her out of the room, and upstairs. When she had closed his chamber door upon him, she called Amy and took her down stairs. She kept her daughter in ignorance of the unhappy circumstance.

The next morning, when Mrs. Wylie found herself alone with Herbert, she broached, in a most motherly and delicate manner, the sad subject of his exposure of the previous evening.

'Does Amy know of it?' was his first question.

'She does not.'

Herbert looked gratified. 'I shall leave you this week, aunt,' he said.

'No, do not, Herbert. I cannot bear the thought of your going again into the temptations of London society. That is, not unless

unless I were satisfied that you would ask God to keep you safely. I pray for you, Herbert, but that is not sufficient; you must pray for yourself. It is a personal matter.'

'I have fallen in the estimation of Mr. Wylie and yourself,' said Herbert, sadly. 'In such circumstances it is impossible for me to be happy in your presence. I must leave at once.'

'Herbert,' said his aunt, after a silence of a minute or two, 'why should you be so proud as to refuse to pray to God?' (She reverted to a communication he had once made to her that he never prayed.) She resumed: 'God sees that you are weak and helpless in yourself. He can read your heart. Why do you stand out against Him? You are dependent on Him for every breath you draw. He has appointed prayer as a means of gaining every blessing. Submit to Him, dear; love Him as a child should love its father. He will grant you a disposition to do so. Ask, and it shall be given you.'

'Don't talk so, aunt,' said Herbert, impatiently, 'it worries me.'

She sat close beside him and took one of his hands, while she spoke words of love, and sympathy, and earnest warning. Herbert was deeply moved, and Mrs. Wylie fondly hoped better things of him.

After dinner, in the evening of his last day at Rookby, he said to Amy, 'Get your hat, Amy, and let us go out. This is the last walk we shall have together.'

Alas! how prophetic were his words!

'I hope not,' returned Amy; 'have you not promised to visit us in the autumn?'

'Don't forget that promise, Herbert,' said Mrs. Wylie. 'Towards September we shall fully expect you. Rookby looks beautiful in autumn.'

'I will certainly come,' said Herbert, in an absent tone. And he followed Amy through the open window.

Very chary of conversation he seemed, as they walked on through a field or two, and over a little bridge, to a lane leading past the churchyard. Amy tried to talk cheerfully, but with little success, and Herbert's remarks were few and cursory.

Though Amy was ignorant of the reason why he had so suddenly announced his intention of leaving them, she felt convinced that something was amiss; that he had something on his mind.

The sun slowly sunk from sight, and a star or two appeared trembling in the incarnadined west. Overhead they were gleaming out by hundreds. The noisy cawing of the rooks, and the musical twittering of smaller birds had ceased. The far-off range of hills looked purple and dim in the evening light. The spirit

spirit of repose breathed all around. Every twig of the sleeping trees was clearly defined against the tinted sky.

‘What a lovely evening it is!’ remarked Herbert after a long silence. ‘I feel quite sorry to leave this place, Amy. When I first thought of visiting you I did not dream for a moment that I should ever experience an emotion of regret in bidding you farewell. I had a perfect horror of coming, I assure you.’

‘Why so?’ asked Amy, looking up in surprise.

‘I feared you were such gloomy, ascetic people—excuse me,’ replied Herbert. ‘But such is not the case; you all seem very happy here. I shall be inclined to think, despite what Pollok has said, that true happiness *has* localities.’

‘You will think wrongly then,’ said Amy. ‘“Where duty goes she goes.” I have frequently thought how happy persons might be in London. There are so many opportunities there of doing good. What do you do, Herbert?’

‘Nothing,’ replied Herbert, somewhat gloomily. ‘The fact is, I never have done any good, and I am at a loss how to begin.’

‘You have made a beginning,’ said Amy. ‘Do you not remember how kindly you spoke to widow Lewis the other day, and gave her enough to buy her eldest son a pair of boots? She will think of you with gratitude for months to come. Don’t you think it is doing a great deal to make a widow’s heart sing for joy?’

‘Perhaps so,’ replied Herbert. ‘But that kind of work would not do for me. If I did anything it must be something greater than that. I must be at the top of the tree.’

The following morning Squire Barton’s travelling-carriage was sent round to the Grange to convey Herbert to the railway station of the market town. With assumed cheerfulness the latter bade farewell to his affectionate relatives, who remained standing in the pillared doorway long after the carriage started on its way. As a turn in the road was about to hide them from his sight Herbert waved a last farewell. Many of the villagers, to whom he had unconsciously endeared himself by generous deeds of kindness, looked out of their doors, with something like regret, as the carriage swept past.

Herbert sat looking out on scenes with which he had become familiar. He had a sad presentiment that he was beholding them for the last time. To one of his peculiar temperament such a time and such a position could not but prove singularly painful.

In an hour Rookby, with its wealth of flowers and beauty, and bird-music, was left behind for ever.

If, on his journey, Herbert had been indulging in good reflections, and making new resolves, they were put to flight immediately on his arrival at Paddington Station; for as he stepped on to the platform

platform he perceived Winters at some little distance, engaged in conversation with an elderly man. Herbert turned his back that way, and hoped that he would be able to escape unnoticed to his carriage; but in a few seconds he found that he was recognized. Winters' low peculiar whistle sounded just behind him, and Herbert, muttering something very unlike a blessing, turned to confront his 'evil genius.'

'Alston, my dear fellow, to what kind power shall I render thanks for restoring you to London and me?'

'Steam, I suppose,' replied Herbert.

'I assure you I've been disconsolate in your absence. I say,' he continued, in a confidential tone, as he linked his arm within Herbert's, 'what is the centre of attraction in Paris? It is quite unpardonable of you to run off without note of warning, and stay in a place for two or three months at a stretch. I can tell you an explanation is necessary.'

'Pooh!' said Herbert, disengaging his arm. 'Here, I must see what those incorrigible porters are doing with my luggage.'

'Send it off, Alston,' said Winters; 'and don't be in a hurry to go yourself. I've five thousand things to say to you.'

He kept close to Herbert, and, as the portmanteaus were wheeled away, took his arm again, and commenced with great volubility to tell what had been doing in the circle in which Herbert had been so much talked of lately. Herbert only half-listened to him; he was impatient to get away. At last, when Winters ceased for a moment, Herbert said he must be gone—his mother would be expecting him.

'You are looking remarkably well, Alston, though slightly exhausted,' said Winters. 'A little refreshment is absolutely indispensable—come;' and he turned towards the refreshment room.

'Nay,' said Herbert. 'I need nothing, thank you. Besides, I have been flourishing under cold-water treatment for the last few weeks, and intend to do so still, as it agrees so admirably with me.'

'Paris and cold water!' ejaculated Winters, raising his eyebrows. 'You are paradoxical, Alston. Come, no parleying; I cannot let you make a fool of yourself. The utterance of another syllable in this strain I shall attribute to aberration of intellect; however, at present, you do *not* look as though you had taken a trip to the moon.'

For a moment Herbert feebly resisted the temptation, but eventually yielded.

Herbert Alston at Rookby in the morning, and Herbert Alston in London in the evening were two very different persons.

It would be a painful task to follow Herbert throughout the long summer. He was seen but very little by his now truly anxious parents. After attending the Epsom races, he spent a week with Sir Richard and Lady Alston at their country seat. The lady was startled by the appearance which he presented—so haggard, and almost old-looking. At all times a nervous, excitable woman, Lady Alston now grew more so; and, though she had merited the character which she bore for amiability, her temper was fast growing sharp and irritable.

In the latter end of August, Herbert wrote to his mother, from one of the Channel Islands, saying that he was out yachting with Winters, and expected it would be good for his health.

Later, he wrote from Cheltenham a few straggling sentences, which Lady Alston found a difficulty in deciphering. From them she learned that Winters had hurriedly wound up his affairs and departed for Australia, so that Herbert was enjoying rest from his ‘persecutions,’ and endeavouring to recruit his health by quiet and comparative seclusion.

One day, as Herbert was languidly taking a little exercise in the promenade, he was suddenly accosted by Mr. Wylie, who was visiting Cheltenham on business.

‘Herbert,’ said the gentleman, in a thrilling tone of sympathy, as he fixed his full grey eyes on the flushed and wasted face of the young fellow before him, ‘Herbert, I am glad to see you. But you are ill, very ill; I scarcely recognize you as being the same as left us a few months ago looking so well and bright. Return with me to-morrow,’ he continued, pressing his hand; ‘the air of Rookby will, doubtless, restore you.’

Herbert shook his head.

‘How long do you remain here?’ asked Mr. Wylie.

‘Perhaps a week, perhaps a month—I don’t know. I am full of uncertainty.’

‘Where are you staying?’

‘At the Queen’s.’

‘I will see you presently,’ said Mr. Wylie, kindly. ‘My time just now is limited. Farewell for the present.’

‘Will you see me?’ said Herbert, ironically, to himself; and he retraced his steps to his hotel.

‘Morris,’ said he to his valet, ‘make ready: I leave this place in an hour.’

Morris, who had grown accustomed to such fits and starts, made immediate preparations for leaving. Before Mr. Wylie made inquiries for Herbert, the latter had taken his departure on the Midland line.

Arrived at an insignificant little town, where he was wholly unknown, Herbert engaged private apartments. ‘Now, Morris,’

he said decisively, 'I will see no one. No matter who inquires for me, I'm never at home—*mind*.'

Herbert traced a few lines to his mother to tell her of his whereabouts, the last time he ever wrote a word. In reply, Lady Alston wrote from Scarborough. She said—

'I can see by your handwriting that you are ill, Herbert. I entreat you, come to Scarborough for a week or two, while I am here; there is so much to amuse and delight you; the season is not nearly over. If you knew, dearest, how I long for a sight of your dear face, which I have not seen for so many, many weeks, you would not deny me this simple request.'

Herbert groaned as he laid the letter aside; and as Morris entered the room he bade him go to the nearest hotel for a bottle of brandy. Morris looked surprised. He had been sent once before that morning on a similar errand. 'I shall not send you again,' said Herbert, in a tired voice, as he noticed the man's hesitating manner; so Morris reluctantly left the room to do his bidding, and, after a while, returned with the poisonous liquor.

Before noon Herbert had disposed of the whole of it.

'Order my dinner at three, instead of five,' said Herbert. This was that he might earlier indulge in the wine that succeeded the meal. Indeed, he had not eaten enough, for some days past, to keep a bird alive.

It was a golden afternoon. The sun threw his rich yellow beams into the apartment where Herbert was reclining on a couch. He lay there, with his large sunken eyes fixed on the wall-paper, for a time; then, making a great effort, he rose and touched the bell to summon Morris.

'Morris,' he said, as he stood leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, and his head on his hand; 'I feel downright ill. I think I'll go to bed now.'

Morris held the door open for his young master to pass out to his chamber, where he assisted him to undress.

'Morris,' he said, after lying passively in bed some time; 'that brandy that you fetched to day was very good. I must have some more; I may want it in the night.'

A shade of pain crossed the face of his worthy servant, as he replied, 'Please don't, sir; I'm afraid it's doing you harm. Excuse me, sir, but I earnestly beg of you not to send me for any more.'

'Don't trouble, my good fellow,' said Herbert; 'I'm all right.' Then seeing that the man still hesitated, he continued in a tone which he meant to be authoritative. 'You must do as I bid you, and remember your place, Morris. You are my servant. However, I shall not send you again after this time.'

In a few minutes the man brought the wretched purchase to Herbert's bedside.

'Pour

‘Pour some out in that tumbler,’ said Herbert.

The man did so, and turned to get water to mix with it.

‘No, no!’ cried Herbert; ‘I’ll have no water. I’ll have it just as it is. Put it full; and place it on the table here where I can reach it when I want it. So. Now leave me.’

The man proceeded to his own little room, and sat down to write a letter to Jane Hartley, Lady Alston’s maid, to whom he was engaged to be married. He wrote thus:

‘DEAR JANE,—I snatch a few moments to write you how ill Mr. Alston is. I’m quite afraid he will die. I cannot tell you how dreadfully he has been drinking lately, both at Cheltenham and this place. Now he is not able to go out, and I am obliged to fetch brandy for him I don’t know how many times a day. It breaks my heart to see him killing himself with the filthy poison. I am determined I will not get any more for him; I don’t care what comes of it, but I will refuse flatly next time he asks me. I think you had better tell Lady Alston, as carefully as you can, that he is so ill. Perhaps she might write again, or even come to him, which would very likely restrain him. Excuse haste.

‘Yours, very affectionately,

‘JOHN MORRIS.’

Having sent the letter off, Morris returned to Herbert’s bedroom. The glass which he left on the table was quite empty. With a sigh the man turned to draw the window-blind, as the warm, red rays of the setting sun were falling across Herbert’s face. The room seemed close, and Morris opened the window to allow the fragrant evening air to sweep in. A barrel-organ was playing somewhere, and the notes sounded strangely soft and sweet coming from a distance. Herbert opened his eyes as he caught the changed tune. It was that simple melody—dear to every English heart—‘Home, sweet home.’

Morris’s boots creaked as he crossed the apartment. ‘Hush!’ said Herbert, in a whisper, ‘’tis Amy singing.’ And he raised his head a little to listen.

When the strain had died away, he still lay looking up at the bed-hangings. His eyes, large and sunken as they were, glowed like coals of fire.

The sun went down, and twilight wrapped the earth in her grey mantle. Herbert’s room was quite dark. Morris proceeded to adjust and light the night-lamp.

‘Morris,’ said Herbert, in a mysterious manner, after a long silence; ‘do you know this house is haunted?’

Morris’s face flushed a little as he replied, ‘No, sir, I don’t think it is.’

‘I know it is, and I’ll get out of it to-morrow. I was out of bed all last night, keeping them off. My shoulder is in a pretty state with knocking about, and my hand won’t be well for a week.’ He held his hand out towards Morris. There was a bruise on the back of it, and the knuckles were slightly grazed and swollen.

‘I tell you what it is,’ he continued, in the same hissing whisper, ‘I’ll not be left alone to-night. It wants somebody as strong as Hercules to combat with them, and I’m regularly done up. You’ll stay here with me to-night, Morris.’

‘Very well, sir,’ said Morris, feeling a little alarmed. ‘Won’t you try to get to sleep now a bit?’

Herbert did not reply. Morris took a seat in an easy chair which he had brought in for the purpose of getting as much rest as possible through the night. He got a book, and tried to read, but the time passed very wearily. The clock of a neighbouring church struck, at what seemed to him terribly long intervals, the evening hours.

It was drawing towards midnight. Herbert had fallen asleep, and was breathing very heavily. Morris’s eyes grew stiff, and in spite of his efforts to keep awake, he gradually sank to sleep too.

What had transpired in that room during his two hours’ slumber mortal tongue may never tell.

One day had died, and a new one had been born. Ere he went, the dying day held his dusky finger to one and another of earth’s children, and they followed him silently, unresistingly into eternity. He gathered up one young and blighted life, and bore it away in his sable embrace. Many, many more such he might have taken, but we know he took that one.

Morris rose and yawned as he woke from his sleep. The room seemed miserably dim and cold, and the man shivered. He looked towards his young master, but the face was turned away. Morris felt thankful that he still slept. He crept quietly from the apartment to get a warmer coat from his own room. Wrapping himself in it, he returned to Herbert’s bedside, and resumed his seat and his book.

Such awful silence reigned that he could distinctly hear the ticking of Herbert’s watch, which hung at the bed-head. Not until many minutes had elapsed, did it strike him as being strange that he could not hear the sleeper’s breathing. A strange thrill of fear passed through him, and kept him to his seat, as a thought flashed across his mind.

‘Nonsense!’ he muttered, after a minute or two, and rising, he leaned over Herbert. The eyes were wide open—fixed on the wall with an unnatural, unearthly stare. The two white hands were clenched together; they were stiff and cold.

Morris’s face blanched. He felt like one in a nightmare. His limbs seemed bound and powerless. With difficulty he got out of the room, and the next minute he was at the door of the chamber occupied by the mistress of the house. She was startled from her slumbers by a man’s agonizing cry: ‘For the love of heaven come here, ma’am! my master’s dead!’

The following morning Morris's letter reached Jane Hartley. It cast a gloom over her naturally cheerful spirit, for she feared to tell Lady Alston of the serious state of her beloved son's health.

The lady sat at her dressing-table, looking out over the esplanade, and away at the quiet sea, whose tiny waves were sparkling in the morning sun. Jane had just finished arranging her heavy braids of hair under a jaunty little white lace cap. As the lady glanced for the hundredth time at the mirror before her, she noticed the sad expression of her maid's face.

'Hartley, you look unwell this morning,' said she, in a kindly manner, which she always manifested to the young girl.

'I am quite well, thank you, my lady,' she replied, with some hesitation; 'but I've received a letter from Morris, and he says——'

'Ah, I see,' said Lady Alston, with a smile, 'you want to be running away from me.'

'No, not that, my lady. He speaks of Mr. Alston.'

'Well?' demanded the lady in an anxious tone. And she fixed her eyes searchingly on the girl's face.

'He is very ill, my lady, and Morris thought perhaps your ladyship might like to write, or even——'

'Enough,' was the reply; 'he is ill, and I will be with him. Get me a travelling dress. I start by the next train. You need not accompany me, but directly Sir Richard arrives in Scarborough, you follow me. He expects to be here by noon to day.' These few sentences were uttered in a hurried, nervous manner, while the lady was throwing on her dress.

'Leave me, and make inquiries about the departure of the train,' she continued. 'You can start this afternoon. Bring with you such things as you think I may require. I shall take nothing.'

In the afternoon of that day, Morris was dismayed to see a cab drive up to the door of the house, where Herbert had been staying for some days past, and to see Lady Alston step from it in a trembling state of excitement. She might have known the whole truth ere then had Morris addressed the telegram to Scarborough; but, knowing that Sir Richard was detained in London, he sent the awful message to him instead. He expected the bereaved father's arrival every moment. Morris met the lady on the stairs. 'How is Mr. Alston?' was the anxious question with which she greeted him.

As she did not wait for a reply, but continued ascending, Morris made no answer. 'Show me his room,' she said, on reaching the landing. As the man did not at once comply, she reiterated, sharply, 'Show me his room!' adding, 'This house is enough to make any one ill—so gloomy and shrouded.'

'Your

‘Your ladyship must please not to insist on seeing Mr. Alston just now,’ began Morris.

‘This moment!’ said the lady, stamping her foot; and she passed quickly by Morris, and entered the chamber of death.

With her gloved hand she drew aside the bed-curtains, expecting to meet the glance of her son, but there was only the ghastly white gleaming of a sheet which concealed from her view the best-loved object on earth. She tore away the covering, and beheld for the last time the beautiful features, now stone-like, rigid in death.

With eyes almost starting from their sockets, she turned and clutched Morris’s arm, at the same time screaming in his ear some unintelligible words. The next minute she was forcibly removed from the room—a maniac!

A month subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were entertaining in their peaceful home the grief-stricken brother of the latter. His twofold sudden trial had broken his spirit, and literally bowed him: he walked with a stooping gait. It seemed as if the weight of many years had fallen upon him in that one short month.

One evening he said to his sister, ‘I shall at once resign my seat in the House, Augusta.’

‘Do you not think, dear brother, that you might, by remaining as long as possible, materially aid in agitating for the legislative suppression of—’

‘Ah! that cursed traffic, you mean. For *his* sake I should like to do so, Augusta, but I cannot: I am not equal to any such work now. I am broken down. I must leave it to those who are stronger in mind and body, and better able to wage honest war against such an evil. I will pray for their success: I can do no more.’

After more conversation, he said, ‘When your Walter comes home for the holidays in winter, I would like him to visit that—that grave with me. I have something to say to him.’

Accordingly one cold December day, Walter Wylie found himself with Sir Richard Alston in the little town where Herbert died. The youth gave his arm to the old gentleman as they descended from the cab outside the bleak churchyard. A thin covering of snow was spread over the stunted grass of the several mounds, and the cold wind mournfully swayed the dusky cypresses. The two walked slowly past the silent graves until they reached one over which a willow drooped; its long branches trailing on the grass with every gust of wind. It was a sad and lonely spot. No unseen angel hovered near to whisper to the weeping mourners the joy-inspiring words: ‘He is not here, but is risen.’ No motherly hand had helped to clear away the weeds, and strew the last

last resting-place of the beloved one with flowers. The white stone looked grim and ghastly, on which was graven the few simple words—

‘ In Memoriam
HERBERT RICHARD ALSTON,
Born May 18th, 183—,
Died Sept. 30th, 185—.’

And a moment’s reckoning told you that the sleeper beneath went down to a dishonoured grave at the early age of twenty-six.

‘ Frank,’ began the old gentleman, in trembling tones; ‘ you knew him?’

‘ Yes, sir,’ replied the young man.

‘ You know how he went down to death,—what it was that made me childless and lonely?’

‘ I do,’ said Frank, closing his lips tightly the moment he had uttered the words.

‘ I want you to promise me here, as in the sight of the Great God, that you will devote youth, health, talents, everything you possess, to the one work of blasting that which blasts hearts, and lives, and homes unceasingly.’

‘ The words were slowly and solemnly uttered, and the old man’s bosom heaved with a choking sob as he ceased.

As slowly and solemnly the words fell from the lips of the youth: ‘ God is my witness,—I will!’

Without trusting himself to say more, Walter gently drew the old gentleman’s arm within his own, and led him away from the grave.

The grass now waves above the last resting-place of Sir Richard Alston, whose gray hairs were prematurely brought down in sorrow to the tomb.

His wife is the inmate of a private asylum. Her weary days are spent in recounting again and again some thrilling, disconnected tale of imaginary sorrow; or in making passionate appeals to her keeper concerning the fate of a beloved son.

Mrs. Wylie—now a widow—and Amy have to rejoice in the success which attends Walter, in his noble endeavours to fulfil the promise so solemnly made over the grave of the Early Wrecked. We require no prophetic power to enable us to say that before this year is done hundreds will go down to death as Herbert Alston went. Week by week graves are filling with just such poor, yet beautiful wrecks of humanity. Who will lend a helping hand to save them? Men and women, with warm, loving hearts throbbing in your bosoms, the appeal is to you!

ART. VII.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

THE prevailing topic of newspaper writers and public speakers, during the past three months, has been the distress in the cotton districts of Lancashire. Parliament has discussed the question—its causes, and the prospects of its continuance; meetings have been held in London, Manchester, and other places; resolutions of commiseration have been adopted, and relief funds subscribed; the Poor Law Board has been appealed to, and much public sympathy expressed. But as yet no adequate measures of relief have been put into operation. The extent of the calamity is so frightful that the public mind seems to be appalled, and to shrink from any attempt to cope with it on any scale calculated to meet the exigencies of the case. The problem is full of difficulty, and surrounded with elements of uncertainty. One feature, however, has been recognized by all, and it is the only light in the melancholy picture. The poor distressed operatives, who have been cut off from their usual industrial means of livelihood, have borne the burden and pang of poverty and deprivation with a patience and fortitude of the most exemplary character. No riot or tumult, no breaking of machinery, burning of property, or robbing of provision-shops, has anywhere been heard of; but on every hand a calm, quiet, patient, and even hopeful spirit has been exemplified. Drunkenness, and, as a consequence, crime and vice of all kinds have actually diminished during the prevailing distress. May we not hope that from this great trial the masses of our manufacturing population may learn a great and wholesome lesson of self-restraint and self-respect; so that when trade again expands its prosperous wings, bringing employment and food for all, they may be wiser in the future than in the past, and may husband their surplus earnings instead of squandering them at the beer-shop and gin-shop? Well, also, might our rulers now learn a noble lesson, and cease to multiply the snares and seductions of the licensed drinking-houses of the land.

Passing from the Lancashire cotton districts, we cannot but fix our eye upon the frightful struggle now going on amongst our kindred and friends on the

American continent. Whilst we write, the telegraphic wires are bringing us a succession of intimations of the most interesting character. A million of men are now in arms, face to face, all burning with belligerent passions, and each party appealing to the god of battle for succour and success. We do not, in 'Meliora,' enter into this great question in any partisan spirit, but as lovers of mankind—the poor, down-trodden, manacled millions included—we cannot but deeply sympathize with the Federal government, and pray that its arms may be victorious over the mad and wicked rebellion waged in the interests of slavery. No right-minded Englishman could possibly wish success to the South in its atrocious designs against the deepest instincts and dearest rights of humanity. Already the action of Congress has made vast inroads upon the foul 'domestic institution,' and the doom of the accursed system has been pronounced. On the President's recommendation, Congress has passed an Act, by an overwhelming vote, that the Government will co-operate with any State, in which slavery exists, in the work of emancipation, to the extent of making compensation for losses accruing from such emancipation. Congress has abolished slavery in the district of Columbia, offering to pay 300 dols. (60%) to the proprietors for each of their slaves that is worth that sum, and providing 100,000 dols. (or 20,000%) to enable such of these emancipated people to emigrate to Liberia or Hayti as may be disposed to go. The Act has come into operation. Generally speaking, the slaves instantly stopped working for their former masters, and sought lodging and work of their own elsewhere; so that free blacks, of whom there are several thousands in the district, had to be found to fill their places. In most cases that was not difficult to do.

Congress has also voted to open diplomatic relations with the American colony or republic of Liberia, as well as with Hayti. This is an acknowledgment of the independence of both.

And last of all, but not the least in importance, Mr. Seward, Foreign Secretary, and Lord Lyons, British Ambassador, have made a treaty, which the Senate of the United States promptly ratified,

ratified, which will effectually put down the infamous African slave trade. By this treaty English and American cruisers have the right to search suspected vessels bearing the American or English flag, along a certain extent of the African coast, and within thirty leagues of the island of Cuba. The treaty provides for the establishment of mixed courts, composed of an equal number of Englishmen and Americans, on the coast of Africa, and in or near Cuba, that shall in all cases adjudicate upon arrested vessels.

Not one of the four great measures just enumerated could have been passed if it had not been for this war, which has broken effectually and, we trust, for ever, the spell of Southern influence by which the country has been held for eighty years.

We look forward with earnest hope for the time when the baptism of blood shall be at an end, when the demon of civil war shall have been exorcised, and the angels of peace, brotherhood, and goodwill once more visit to bless and unite our American brethren.

The sixth annual congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has just finished its sittings in London. Its world-renowned President, Lord Brougham, again presided and delivered the inaugural address. We need scarcely remark that his lordship, selecting many important topics, thoughtfully and eloquently discoursed upon them, in an address equally worthy of the occasion and of the noble and gifted speaker. As usual, his lordship gave pointed and most cordial recognition of the object and labours of the United Kingdom Alliance, of which association he has evinced his cordial and thorough approval by accepting the office of one of its Vice-presidents, and presiding over one of its meetings in Dublin, on the occasion of the Social Science Congress last year. At the recent meeting in London, Lord Brougham, when dilating upon the distress of the manufacturing districts, arising from the cutting off of the cotton supplies, said: 'It is most gratifying to find, in addition to all that has been said touching the excellent conduct of the working classes, that the distress of the times (*the male suada fames*) has been attended with no increase in the number of crimes. On the contrary, there has been a marked diminution in the num-

ber of commitments. The charge of Mr. Armstrong, Recorder of Manchester, and the accounts from Blackburn and other places, testify to this fact. Our revered friend, Mr. Clay, late chaplain of Preston gaol, used to account for this, when it happened in former times of distress, by the enforced temperance which it occasioned—a doctrine much disputed by others, and which will have full examination at this Congress, as it is to be devoutly hoped will have all measures and plans connected with that great subject, and tending to root out intemperance, the mother of distress and nurse of crime, with which our excellent and useful sister, the Grand Alliance, wages unceasing and successful war.'

The members of the Social Science Association and their friends held a magnificent gathering in Westminster Palace, courteously granted by the Lord Chamberlain, who handsomely went beyond the terms of the request, and added the House of Lords and the Presence Chamber, to the other grand suite of apartments, including the Octagon Hall, St. Stephen's Hall, and the lobbies of both Houses of Parliament, the whole of which were placed at the disposal of the Social Science Congress.

It is estimated that some five thousand guests were in attendance, who were received on their arrival by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Brougham, Mr. Kinnaird, M.P., and the Members of the Council, with Mr. G. W. Hastings, the Hon. Secretary. 'The visitors,' (says the 'Times' reporter) 'branched off, right and left, either into the House of Commons, or across the centre lobby towards the House of Lords. Having quitted the precincts of the House, and passed through the avenue of illustrious statesmen in St. Stephen's Hall, St. Stephen's porch was reached. Far down as the eye could reach it rested on a dense mass of flags, figures, flowers, and gay colours, the whole thrown into brilliant relief by pillars supporting crowns of flame. Overhead the lines in the noble roof stood out so clearly that the ribs appeared to cross each other like latticework. Never before, perhaps, were the proportions of the magnificent building seen to such advantage. The assembly was not unworthy of the site on which it was called together. The members of the Association and the distinguished visitors who responded in such numbers

to the invitations issued by the Council, little knew what difficulties attended the preliminary arrangements, or how nearly, at the last moment, the scheme was all but defeated. It is due to the First Commissioner of Works to say that, having once been satisfied of the propriety and feasibility of the plan, he did all in his power to insure its success, as did likewise the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, within whose special custody the hall was supposed to lie. The public have, perhaps, some shadow of a claim to the Octagon Hall, St. Stephen's Hall, and the lobbies of the Houses of Parliament. On this point no difficulty was raised. But a great advance was evidently made when a promise was obtained that the House of Commons itself should be thrown open to visitors. From this point everything would have gone on swimmingly, but for the sudden discovery that something like a breach of privilege had been committed. Nobody had consulted the Lord Chamberlain! And as everybody knows, or ought to know, that for 800 years the Lord Chamberlain for the time being has exercised arbitrary control over each and all of the royal palaces; as the pile of building at Westminster is the "Palace of Parliament," and as even the authority of the Sergeant-at-Arms, practically all-powerful within the House of Commons, is but an emanation from the superior dignity of the Lord High Chamberlain, it follows that a constitutional question was raised, requiring no little share of kindly feeling on all sides to surmount. The event, however, justified once more the ancient adage that "there is a silver lining to every cloud," for the Lord Chamberlain not only listened to reason and refrained from creating the general disappointment which must have followed an absolute inhibition at the eleventh hour, but positively added the House of Lords and the Prince's Chamber to the grand suite of apartments at the disposal of the Social Science Congress.

The sittings of the Congress were held at the Guildhall and at Burlington House, the latter being specially devoted to the Congrès International de Bienfaisance, this year held in connection with the Social Science Congress. A special correspondent of 'The Alliance News,' says: 'The great soirée in Westminster Hall has

had no equal in the history of the association. The newspaper estimates of the attendance vary from three to nine thousand. Perhaps the difference may be divided, and a more exact figure be obtained. The attendance in every respect was noble, both as to character and number, and this may be described as the greatest soirée ever held on temperance principles. Not a drop of alcohol was to be found on the premises. There were fruit essences, but no intoxicants. The supply was equally innocuous at the Hanover Square Rooms last night, where another brilliant assembly gathered to witness the products of the industry of the reformatories of the country. It was a bazaar as well as an exhibition, and scores of young outcasts reclaimed were proudly illustrating their various employments to the visitors.'

One whole day, in one of the departments (Punishment and Reformation) was devoted to the discussion of the Liquor Traffic, the License System, and the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance.

Papers were read by the Rev. Dawson Burns, of the London Alliance Auxiliary, Thomas Beggs, Esq., of the United Kingdom Alliance, Rev. G. W. McCree, Hon. Sec., Band of Hope Union, Mrs. Bayley, Notting Hill, Mr. Pankhurst, of the Manchester Athenæum, and Mr. Rathbone, of the Liverpool Social Science Committee. A long discussion was evoked, and Mr. Pope, the Hon. Secretary of the Alliance, made an able and impressive speech in support of the Permissive Bill, before a full section. He was ably supported by Mr. John Noble, jun., Mr. J. H. Raper, Rev. Mr. McCullum, and others. Mr. John Taylor, of the National Temperance League, and one or two others, spoke in opposition. We must, however, refer our readers to 'The Alliance News,' of the 14th, 21st, and 28th ult. for more ample details of the proceedings in connection with the Social Science Congress. On the evening of the same day whereon the Permissive Bill was discussed in the Social Science Congress, a large public meeting was held in Exeter Hall, presided over by Wilfred Lawson, Esq. M.P. for Carlisle, and addressed by the Chairman, also by Acton S. Ayrton, Esq., M.P. for the Tower Hamlets; Rev. Dr. Burns, Paddington; Professor Lee, M.D., of New York, United States, America;

America; Samuel Pece, Esq., Barrister at Law, Hon. Sec., United Kingdom Alliance; Washington Wilks, Esq., London; Harper Twelvetreces, Esq., Bromley-by-Bow, and other gentlemen. The following letter was read from Lord Brougham, who was unable to be present and take part:—

‘4, Grafton Street, Monday,
June 2, 1862.’

‘MY DEAR MR. POPE,

‘I have to say that my attendance at the meeting is quite impossible; but my continued adhesion to the great cause of the Grand Alliance cannot be doubted. I so expressed myself last week in the House of Lords when I presented a number of petitions on the subject, and I shall most distinctly, though concisely, state it in my opening address at the Social Science Congress.

‘Believe me most truly yours,

‘H. BROUGHAM.

‘P.S. I have just received Mr. Barker's letter, with the statement of numbers, for which pray thank him in my name, as I have not time to write.’

The proceedings were characterized by earnestness on the part of the speakers, and a wholesome enthusiasm on the part of the audience. Several suitable resolutions, and a petition to Parliament in favour of a Permissive Prohibitory Law, were unanimously adopted by the meeting.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, true to his official and financial instincts, has again made an inroad upon the present license system, giving greater facility for the sale of spirits, wine, and beer at fairs, races, and other social gatherings of the people. Through the vigilance and energy of the Alliance, amendments were carried, modifying the propositions of Mr. Gladstone very considerably, so that the occasional three days' license cannot be issued until two justices of the district have given their consents in writing, and no sales must be made under the licence before or after sunset.

The Scottish Public House Amendment Act has been passed, with increased powers to put down shebeen-houses, but not without some relaxation in the clauses regulating the licensed houses. An effort was made by Scottish temperance reformers, led on by the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, to obtain a veto power for two-thirds of the ratepayers, to prevent the issue of

licenses within their respective districts. Petitions bearing upwards of 45,000 signatures, including a number from public meetings and bodies, were presented in favour of the veto clause. The Scottish Temperance League supported the measure, and presented petitions in favour of a permissive veto clause to give the immediate ratepaying residents power to prevent the issue of additional licences. We regret that their effort was not successful, Mr. Finlay's motion being defeated in Committee by a vote of 37 to 19.

A ‘Sale of Spirits Bill’ has been carried through the House of Commons, repealing one of the clauses of the old ‘Tippling Act,’ so called. By this alteration the publican will now be able to recover debts contracted for spirits sold retail for non-consumption on the premises. Mr. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, made an effort to extend the provisions of the amended Act to wine, beer, cider, and perry sold on credit for consumption on the premises. The forms of the House did not admit of the extension clause in the advanced stage of the Bill, and Mr. Forster was therefore encouraged by influential supporters to bring in a new Bill to the effect of his proposed amendment: we sincerely trust it will be carried.

We hail with pleasure the formation of a ‘Working Man's Social Institutes Union,’ for the social, mental, and moral improvement of the industrial classes. The Right Honourable Lord Brougham is at its head; Mr. M. D. Hill, Q.C., Recorder of Birmingham, Mr. Sergeant Manning, Rev. Canon Robinson, and Rev. Canon Jenkins are amongst its vice-presidents. The scheme is a large one. ‘The truth is,’ say the promoters, ‘that education, temperance, and recreation must go hand in hand, if we would have real improvement and permanent reform.’ The union proposes to stimulate and assist local efforts, by means of a fund to be expended in public meetings, lectures, tracts, visitations, grants of books, apparatus, teachers, and lecturers, and in other ways. Ultimately, it is hoped, an Industrial College may be founded to which promising young men might be sent for two or three years for systematic education. We shall notice this effort more at length hereafter; at present its operations are in the provisional stage.

ART. VIII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *The Great Barrier*. By Thomas Hughes.

Adaptation; or, Mutual Fitness between the Order of Things and Man. By Thomas Hughes.

London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

2. *The Quiver*. Designed for the Defence and Promotion of Biblical Truth, and the Advancement of Religion in the Homes of the People. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill,

3. *Moral Wastes, and How to Reclaim Them*. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson. Second Edition.

The Wanderings of a Bible. By Clara Lucas Balfour.

Passages in the History of a Shilling. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

A Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer. By Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour.

The Gardener's Daughter; or, Mind whom you Marry. By the Rev. C. G. Rowe.

Never Give Up: a Christmas Story for Working Men and their Wives. By Nelsie Brook.

The late Prince Consort: Reminiscences of his Life and Character. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson.

London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

4. *A Treatise on Peace with God: Designed principally for the Use of Inquirers*. By the Rev. F. Ferguson, M.A., Glasgow. Fourth Edition. Glasgow: Christian News Office Trongate. Manchester: W. Bremner and Co.

London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

1. 'THE names of things,' says the author of 'The Great Barrier,' 'are their exterior drapery, presented to the external senses, which should be a correct symbol and index of their internal character and relations. But frequently the names of things, like those of human creatures, are inept and fanciful, given from simple or accidental circumstances, and never intended to convey the nature, condition, relation, and comprehension of things.' Accordingly, 'The Great Barrier' proves to be, not Alps, or Andes, not the sea, or the Great

Sahara, but, in fact, Prejudice, that 'dull, stupid barrier against all light and reason;' and in the treatise before us, Mr. Hughes lays an elaborate information against Prejudice; and brings up all the grievances and old scores with which that culprit stands undeniably chargeable. That the mind is influenced by external things, is elaborately set forth in the first chapter. The characteristic features and tendency of Prejudice are discoursed of in the second. Prejudice is defined to be 'prejudgment—the formation of the judgment, opinion, or decision, without the examination of all evidences, on all sides, and from all sources.' 'Prejudice is narrow where it should be catholic, bigoted where it should be liberal, mean where it should be generous, stupid where it should be willing, and blind where light is most needed and valued.' This narrow, bigoted, mean, stupid, and blind principle 'pervades' (we are told for our comfort), 'more or less, all times and all grades in society, the child and the sage, the *élite* and the vulgar, the profound and the artificial, the statesman and the shepherd, the *literati* and the *illiterati*, the pagan and the Christian, the religious and the irreligious—are all liable to the influence of prejudice; and, without a doubt, are all more or less governed by its power.' 'There is nothing that vegetates in human nature so soon, and nothing so hard to be destroyed.' The author, therefore, writing down prejudice, has before him a task indeed.

The features of prejudice being thus represented as in every way repulsive, and the tendency invariably and universally bad, (the author distinctly affirms that prejudice 'is beautiful nowhere, it is needful nowhere, it is good to nobody,') the insidious and latent influence of prejudice becomes the topic of the next chapter: the conclusion here is that 'prejudice not unfrequently exists where it is not seen, governs where it is denounced, leads where it is not acknowledged, and impresses its character where it is not read by its subjects, nor even thought of by spectators.' 'Its deep and secret place of operation is the inward life. Its actions are gradual, insidious, and invisible.'

invisible.' That it is 'incompatible with the need, the truth, and the relations of things' is the charge alleged in Chapter IV.; in considering which, however, we find ourselves tempted to insert queries at every point. This is, indeed, the most *questionable* chapter in the volume. In Chapter V., we are invited to inspect the 'diversified forms' of 'The Great Barrier;' 'The natural and necessary results of different temperaments in disposition, various modes of training, diversified influences, different degrees in mental power and education, and the many kinds of interests which sway men.' In this chapter we find eight sections; the first deals with the general tendency of things to diversification; the second, with religious prejudice; the third, with family prejudice; the fourth, with national and political prejudice; the fifth, with prejudice of rank; the sixth, with philosophical prejudice; the seventh, with the prejudice of art; with literary prejudice the eighth and last. In the sixth chapter, the different causes of the 'Great Barrier' are nominated. Of most of these 'causes' of prejudice, however, it would be quite as correct to say that they are its effects. Thus 'the cultivation of partial and one-sided sympathy is a productive root of prejudice;' but if we ask, *Why* is partial and one-sided sympathy cultivated? the answer may as well be, 'because of prejudice,' as any other; and so the root may be turned upside down, and will then figure as the flower. Having pursued prejudice thus far, the author still devotes a seventh chapter to an exposition of its evil results; in the course of which, by the way, he with his own hand effects the capsizing above indicated, for he declares that prejudice 'makes the mind one-sided in its emotions and judgments;' this one-sidedness being now assigned as the result of prejudice, of which before it was adduced as a cause. Hereby is indicated a defect in the power of analysis brought to bear; a defect, we must add, which makes itself felt not alone in this chapter. In the eighth chapter we find sundry additional illustrations of the power of prejudice; followed, in the ninth, by certain remedial suggestions. A true estimate of self is recommended; 'The first questions should be, What are my powers? What is my knowledge

What is the end of my life? What are my advantages? What is my true condition? How do I stand in relation to others?' Moreover, 'It is advantageous to have extensive knowledge of men and things; one's own view and opinion should be doubted and tested. The habit of independent thinking must be cultivated: nothing must be taken for granted. The mind must break through names, and external habits and circumstances. The mind must constantly watch and check all partiality and predilection. Before it is possible to rise above the baleful influence of prejudice, we must aim at being governed by high and truthful motives. Christianity destroys it at the root, by correcting the judgment, curing the heart, and elevating and governing the motives.' On the whole, the author belabours poor prejudice so severely, that we are almost tempted to take sides with a party so very much abused. The author's unwillingness to allow any use or beauty in prejudice, certainly gives ground for his impeachment of one-sidedness. After all, prejudice is a great barrier against evil innovations, as well as against the good. And what is to be done in the education of youth? At least until matured, the mind cannot possibly examine 'all evidence on all sides and from all sources.' It must take its principles on trust from its real instructors, be they preceptors, or exemplars, or both. Should the young mind be allowed to lie fallow until adult, as 'Citizen Coleridge,' in his raw, pantisocratic days ventured to recommend? It cannot be; the mind will produce; and if not carefully tilled and dressed as a garden, will cover itself with foul and hateful weeds. Happy therefore, say we, is the young mind that is well fortified against base allurements by stout prejudices in favour of all things good and true. We could desire nothing better for every one of our own children, if we had a hundred of them, than that they should be thus walled about provisionally with wholesome 'prejudices' for whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. To have completed his treatise, then, the author should have given us a chapter on the uses of prejudice; we might then bow to him as an impartial judge, and not view him as counsel for the prosecution only. The truth is, he is prejudiced

prejudiced against prejudice; and so we get only the argument upon one side.

On the other hand, let it be said for the book that it produces a decided impression in the author's favour. His is an earnest, thoughtful, and truth-loving mind; proof of this is given in every chapter of his essay. His aim has indeed been, in his own words, 'to show prejudice in some of its leading features, and lead men to see the evil of it, and attack and destroy it in themselves.' Deeply affected on review of the manifold mischiefs wrought by prejudice, he has here entered his hearty and conscientious protest against it, and has lifted up a voice of warning which deserves, for the world's sake, to be widely heard.

Of Mr. Hughes's other work, '*Adaptation*,' the theme is that venerable one, the correlation of microcosm and macrocosm; the position taken being that

'Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportion one limb to another,
And to all the world beside;'

or, in Mr. Hughes's own words, 'the face of man and that of the universe answer each other in all points. The palace is consummately furnished with all elements and agents, to meet the greatest and the minutest wants of its noble occupier. Though it has been in daily operation for these thousands of years, there is as much fitness as there was the first day of occupation,—and that in spite of the neglect and rebellion of man. So exact a correspondence in the two sides to each other shows, as clear as moral evidence can prove, that the same Architect formed the two, and that He is infallible in wisdom, and illimitable and unchangeable in benevolence.' This theme the author pursues in detail; through the sensational organs, and the intellectual and the emotional natures, in work and action, in need and provision, in social tendency, in diversity of powers, in the law of progress, and in Christian provision. The same good qualities indicated in his '*Great Barrier*' are additionally testified to in his '*Adaptation*,' which is a thoughtful and thought-stimulating essay. There is, however, in his argument a little difficulty that requires clearing up. We will put it in this shape: If it is not to be doubted that 'the face of man and that of the universe answer each other in

all points;' and that 'there is as much fitness as there was the first day of occupation, and that in spite of the neglect and rebellion of man,' how comes it that, nevertheless, 'the testimony of nature in all her revelations and utterances is true;' and that 'all her productions, laws, and sympathies are true and pure?' On the one hand, if man is fallen, and nature still answers at all points to man as much as at first, then nature is fallen too; and so we can account for the fact that 'red in beak, and claw with ravin,' she 'shrieks against' truths which we may yet believe. If scarred, blackened, defaced, the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain with fallen man, we can understand how it is that she should be found still as minutely and accurately responsive to man's own state as when first created; but if to-day 'all her revelations and utterances' are indeed 'true,' and 'all her productions, laws, and sympathies true and pure,' then Mr. Hughes would seem to fix himself in the dilemma either of affirming that man is unfallen, or of recalling his verdict that nature and man answer each other at all points.

2. Of their library of publications, the one by which Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin desire to be represented in our review this quarter is '*The Quiver*,' now advanced beyond the close of its first volume. '*The Quiver*' being its name, we must, of course, report it to be replete with arrows; and we can add that most of these appear to be sufficiently fledged with literary ability to secure a reasonably prolonged flight, and tipped with the true steel. '*The Quiver*' is designed for the defence and promotion of Biblical truth, and the advancement of religion in the homes of the people. Wherever received in such homes, it can scarcely fail to prove influential for good. As we turn over the pages of this very cheap weekly magazine, such titles meet the eye as '*The Half-Hour Bible-Class*,' '*Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events associated with the Christian Church*,' '*The Origin of Languages and of Man*,' '*Youth's Department*,' '*Italy of the Future*,' '*Sunday Talks with the Little Ones*,' '*The History of our English Bible*,' and '*Readings in Butler's Analogy*, by the Rt. Hon. F. Napier.' Reappearing in each number, portions of one long tale, '*The Channings*,' by the

the authoress of 'Danesbury House,' are given from week to week; and on the report of one whom we trust, who, unlike us, has read the tale, we feel warranted in recommending it as, for the most part, well conceived and always well told, while a truly Christian spirit pervades it. We know not to whose true heart 'The Quiver' is indebted for the following verses; but they are worth quoting, and should be welcome to all the readers of 'Meliora':—

LIFE AND DEATH.

For ever the sun is pouring his gold

On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night;

To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all;

Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,—
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:

To deny
Is to die.

The sea lends silvery rain to the land,

The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And ever and ever we yield our breath
Till the mirror is dry, and images death.

To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide

To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the life of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.

To deny
Is to die.

'Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;

Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure;
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again.

To give
Is to live.

'What is our life? Is it wealth or strength?'

If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it,
We shall find it a hundredfold at length,
While they shall for ever lose who refuse it.
To men who seek for welfare and peace
In forsaking the right woe shall increase.

They save
A grave.'

3. The publications of Mr. S. W. Partridge have a well-known idiosyncrasy. They are, as a rule, very well printed, on good paper, with clean and clear type, each page in a neat border, each volume charmingly illustrated with cuts, and attractively bound. As far as we have observed, their moral

tone is unexceptionable; and they almost invariably give a gentle and winning presentment of 'evangelical' religion. So numerous as they are, and so widely distributed, their influence must be of a very salutary character upon the young, to whom for the most part they are addressed.

'Our Moral Wastes,' by the Rev. J. H. Wilson, is fragrant all through of that now well-known school of religious philanthropy to which Miss Marsh, Mrs. Bayley, Mrs. Wightman, and other 'honourable women,' happily become now 'not a few,' pertain; and we are glad to see that it is in its second edition, and that there is, as the preface remarks, 'a daily-increasing demand for the work.' The moral waste treated of in this little volume is one that lately existed, and still to a great extent exists, at Aberdeen. The waste is described, the first efforts towards its reclamation are reported, and the great questions 'how to begin,' and 'how to go on,' are practically answered. The third chapter bears as its title, 'The Temperance Reformation,' as we are glad to see. A deeply-interesting summary of the results of ten years' work in reclaiming the waste is supplied. Motives and stimulants to enterprise of the like kind, so sorely and so widely needed, are abundantly added.

'The Wanderings of a Bible' is the title of one of the many pleasing tales which have run from the pen of Mrs. Balfour. The history is really not of a Bible, but of certain persons into whose hands a copy of the Scriptures fell. How the said persons were affected as to their lot in life by drink and other deteriorating causes; what trials they went through; what aids to elevation they laid hold of, and how all eventuated;—these things are told with Mrs. Balfour's usual skill. Another of her little tales, 'My Mother's Bible,' forms part of the same volume. The illustrations are admirable.

'Passages in the History of a Shilling,' another little work of Mrs. Balfour's, conveys, like the last, but in the guise of fable, an excellent lesson in temperance.

'The Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer' have been seized upon directly on arrival by a certain mother of our acquaintance, and her little ones; and have been much commended by these able experts in family

family literature. The 'Lessons' are printed in large type, and on a very large page; indeed, the book is nearly a foot wide, and more than a foot long. The illustrations, by Knight, with which it abounds, cover the full page, and give the book a charmingly captivating power. Each petition in the Lord's Prayer is the theme of a chapter, and its meaning is expounded, not doctrinally, but by means of interesting anecdotes. The preparation of this book for the press, on the part of Mr. Partridge, must have involved considerable outlay. We can cordially recommend the volume to families.

From the study of the Rev. C. G. Rowe, we have 'The Gardener's Daughter,' a picture with strong lights and shades, illustrative of the dangers of the public-house, and the importance to young women of the previous careful and prayerful study of the character of the men they marry. The tale told is a melancholy one; but its moral is all the more impressive on that account.

'Never Give Up' is the title of a Christmas story for working men and their wives, from the pen of Nelsie Brook, with illustrations by John Gilbert. The story is of Johnny Lane, a boy who by means of a saved-up threepence adorns the home with mistletoe and holly; and of his mother, who enters into the plot with Johnny to surprise the father, on his return, with these festive appearances; and of the father, Robert Lane, who has been for twelve months a teetotaler, to the exceeding advantage of himself and family; and of the drinking companions, who broke down for Robert the barrier of his pledge, and sent home a drunken man to the be-Christ-massed but dreadfully disappointed cottage; and of the happy recovery of the fallen one, through his wife's prayers and cares; and of the further happy recovery of the arch-tempter, Dick Slade, himself; and finally of the wisdom of 'never giving up.' A pleasing little story, with a capital moral, by an agreeable writer, and we beg that our readers will bear it in mind when next they shall be thinking of buying a Christmas story.

The Reminiscences of the Life and Character of the late Prince Consort are by one who had very favouring opportunities of garnering up facts and impressions connected with the late

deeply-lamented 'father of our kings to be;' and include several very pleasing anecdotes, affording new proof, if it were required, that in this great loss which we have suffered, not only an illustrious man, but a truly good man, has been taken away from the precincts of the throne of this country.

4. For the use, principally, of a class of persons technically called 'inquirers'—meaning, not querists in general, but only such as put a particular question for which a gaoler at one time on duty in Philippi has become famous—the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, M.A., has written a treatise on peace with God, of which we have here the *fourth* edition, subjected to 'subtractions and additions.' He opens by showing that, compared with the peace treated of, all other possessions sink into insignificance; and by various considerations, he urges how heavy must be the displeasure of God against sinners, and how important to be at peace with Him. In the progress of his treatise he shows certain alleged 'false methods by which sinners seek to obtain peace;' he exhibits what he takes to be 'the way revealed in the Scriptures whereby the sinner may obtain peace with God;' he considers 'several barriers which are found to stand between sinners and the immediate acceptance of peace in this Scriptural way;' lastly, he notices several characteristics of this peace when obtained. This is, in fact, a sort of sermon, drawn out like a telescope to pretty full length, in the hope that a great many people will look through it (as they appear already to have done), and see something for their advantage. The character of the author's mind is evidently intensely earnest; of its other features, one is displayed in his utter refusal to admit that 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' may not be logically inclosed and thoroughly understood by every possessor. He does not seem to allow that there can be states of soul too deep and full to be translated into thought. All, however, that can be clearly thought may be efficiently expressed; but where—in which page of inspiration—from what teacher, prophet, or apostle—have we a clear definition and adequate description of the peace ineffable? Whilst treating of the enemies of this peace, the author does not omit to allude to the sin of drunkenness.

Meliora.

ART. I. *The History of British Journalism.* By Alexander Andrews. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

SO much has been written lately respecting the progress of the Fourth Estate, that the magazine-reader cannot fail to be well acquainted with its history. Recently, moreover, two works have appeared which give abundant information upon this subject. Mr. Knight Hunt's well-known book had become out-dated so far as regards the present position of the newspaper press, when Mr. Alexander Andrews published his 'History of British Journalism,' which while it corrects Mr. Hunt's frequent blunders,* itself falling into some curious mistakes, brings down the narrative very nearly to the present time. Mr. Erskine May's 'Constitutional History of England, from 1760 to 1860,' which we have recently reviewed, contains also a most instructive chapter on the struggles the English journalist has undergone in establishing the newspaper upon its present broad and firm foundation. We know that the reporters' gallery is now as essential a part of the two Houses as the woolsack or the Speaker's chair. The M.P. can no longer hope to escape the vigilance of his constituents, nor betray the principles which he was elected to represent without his offence being known the day after it is committed. The increased accountability of the representative to his constituents, a good thing in itself, is to some extent counterbalanced by an evil of no slight magnitude. The publication of the debates has doubtless led to the increase of debating, and the decrease of legislation. The unready speaker would not inflict his stammering utterances upon some fifty wearied gentlemen if he did not know that they would be converted into smoothly-flowing paragraphs by

* Since this article was written the writer has been informed by a friend of the late Mr. Hunt that he was quite alive to the imperfections of his work, and was busily engaged in bringing out a new edition when he died. Three weeks before his death he told our informant that he had been working very hard at the revision of his book, and promised to send a copy of the new edition as soon as it was published. The next tidings our informant had of Mr. Hunt was, that he had departed this life, somewhat suddenly, and to the great regret of his many friends, especially of his colleagues of the 'Daily News.'

‘the gentlemen of the press.’ Yawns not suppressed, drowsiness openly paraded, would effectually check the oratorical efforts of the most self-satisfied speaker, were it not for the thought of his wisdom being recorded in 500,000 broad sheets the next morning. Thus the hours that should be given to the discussion of new bills are spent in declamation, and each session witnesses the repetition of that cruel tragedy ‘The Slaughter of the Innocents.’ Nevertheless, even this mischief has some alleviation. The M.P. who wishes to speak is careful not to make a fool of himself. Preparation will not cause him to be a fluent speaker, but it will prevent him from absurd mistakes. The newspaper which hides all defects of oratory makes known all errors of fact through the length and the breadth of the country. Publication often encourages the member to speak when he would better be silent; but publication also compels him to be accurate when he speaks.

Other objections have been raised against the spread of journalism. It has been urged, perhaps with some degree of truth, that newspapers are usurping the place of solid literature, and that we are in danger of becoming superficial. However true this may be, it is certain that the newspaper creates more readers than it degenerates. More persons are enticed by it out of ignorance into the mastery of the alphabet than are beguiled out of solid into ephemeral reading. Moreover, it must be remembered that a great deal of what now appears in our newspapers would fifty years ago have been published in octavos, and would have graced the library shelves instead of being condemned to the dust-heap. The ‘British Essayists’ are considered the best models of classic English for the student. But the ‘Tatler,’ the ‘Spectator,’ the ‘Idler,’ the ‘Rambler,’ are not purer wells of English undefiled than may be found any week in the ‘Times,’ the ‘Saturday Review,’ the ‘London Review,’ the ‘Spectator,’ and the ‘Examiner.’ The ‘Letters of Junius,’ which are now in every library, appeared first in the columns of a newspaper, and there is no reason why we should not collect twenty volumes of equal merit with these ‘Letters’ from the leading articles in our daily and weekly papers. The debates also, over long and wordy though they often are, do yet afford examples of oratory quite worthy of comparison with the greatest efforts of our greatest orators. Time will not perhaps preserve so carefully the speeches of Gladstone, Derby, Bright, and Disraeli, as it has preserved the speeches of Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan; but the failure will be due to the fact that eloquence now is not the rare thing that it used to be in the days when the parliamentary reporter was an ‘intelligent contraband.’ We must not overlook another feature of the modern newspaper. The letters from ‘Our own Correspondents,’ though they are published in a newspaper which (if printed on straw-paper)

paper) perishes in the using, are as much superior to the 'diaries of eminent persons' half a century ago, as the fast 'express' which runs from London to Exeter in four hours is to the old stage that took four days to do the journey. These letters are, indeed, history written concurrently with the events; narratives of campaigns written on the field; photographs, in fact, which if they do not take the place of the more finished painting to be completed hereafter, do very much assist the artist. Without going so far as to prefer with Mr. Cobden a file of the 'Times' to all the books of Thucydides, we may claim for the newspaper that it is very much more accurate than most of the classic histories. Nor can we see any reason why it should be thought a mark of superficialness to be as well acquainted with the history of our own time and country as with the history of Greece and Rome two thousand years ago. There is one more charge raised against the newspaper press by a few persons. The newspaper is said by such to be the organ of immorality and irreligion, and as such the objectors set their face against any further development of journalism. This charge, if it were ever true in times past, is, in the main, not true now. Forty years ago there was much ground for the accusation. The 'John Bull' and the 'Weekly Dispatch' of that time were a disgrace to the fourth estate; but as the power of the press increased, it seemed to take a higher view of its responsibilities, and in these days of penny newspapers a more strict regard than was ever before shown is now paid to good morals. In fact, the happy change that has been effected is due in great measure to the cheap press, which has shamed the high-priced journals into a more stringent supervision of objectionable reports and immoral advertisements. The unprejudiced newspaper reader during the last five years must admit that the old-established newspapers have frequently had a lesson taught them by their lower-priced, but higher-toned contemporaries. At the present time we fearlessly challenge comparison between the two classes. Whether it be the Tory 'Standard' or the Radical 'Star,' or any other of the penny dailies in London or in the provinces, few of them have any cause to shrink from the closest investigation. Nor had they before the repeal of the paper duty, and when their comparative unprofitableness to their proprietors offered a strong inducement to publish 'spicy' reports of the proceedings in that moral *cloaca* the Divorce Court, and to insert advertisements that were always well paid for.

The distribution of newspapers throughout the country does not at first sight seem to depend upon any rule. The writer has drawn up for his own use a table which shows the proportion of newspapers to the population, and which offers some curious statistics. Of course the actual number of distinct journals is larger in the

large counties than in the small. Yorkshire has 77, Lancashire has 75, and no other counties approach these figures; omitting, of course, Surrey and Middlesex, which, from the fact that they contain the Metropolis, must be treated separately. Kent stands next to Lancashire, but has only 39 papers. Somerset and Devon come next with 29 each. The counties lowest in the scale after Rutland, which has not a single paper, are Cambridge with four, and Huntingdon with two. But when we come to a comparative analysis, Lancashire and Yorkshire by no means stand high, having each but one paper to 26,300 inhabitants, while Bucks has one to 20,800, Devon one to 20,100, Wilts one to 20,000, Gloucester one to 19,400, Kent one to 18,800, Somerset one to 16,500, Derby one to 16,100, Cumberland one to 15,700. It seems remarkable that while Cumberland should have the largest number of papers in proportion to the inhabitants, the very similar county of Cornwall should have by very far the smallest, namely, one to 61,200 inhabitants, or only one-fourth the number of Cumberland. The two counties are not dissimilar in their physical features: Cumberland has its mountains, Cornwall its high granite tors; and the population in each county is to a great extent engaged in mining. Where there is any difference, it is in favour of Cornwall: the hills of this county are not so precipitous as those of Cumberland, consequently locomotion is not so difficult; in other words, the circulation of newspapers is more easy. Transit, moreover, is not hindered in Cornwall by the intervention of large expanses of water such as the Cumberland lakes; the climate of Cornwall is also milder, and the roads are rarely impeded by winter snows. But all these circumstances really tend the other way. Isolation involves the multiplication of distinct newspapers, though a diminished circulation for each. The hilly counties of Devon, Somerset, Gloucester, Derby, Westmoreland, and, as we have said, Cumberland, contain much above the average number of newspapers; while, on the other hand, the flat counties of Cambridge, Essex, and Norfolk contain only about half the number. Where towns are separated from each other by bad roads, or expanses of waste, each becomes a little capital to itself, and has its own organ, started by the one printer, who is a burning and shining light in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, and who is content with the small profit that is derived from a very limited circulation. It is not easy to deduct any rule from the figures before us; for it must be remembered that the number of newspapers is a quite distinct matter from the number of newspaper readers. Ten papers, with an average circulation of 500, is probably a fair computation for most of the journals published in all the agricultural county towns of an average-sized county. On the other hand, in a large manufacturing town one paper alone will have a circulation of from

50,000

50,000 to 100,000. Moreover, it sometimes happens that a county may obtain its supply of news almost exclusively from a town not within the limits of that county, but on the borders of it. This is remarkably seen in the case of Cornwall. This county, which, as we have said, stands lowest in the list of newspapers published within the county, derives its news chiefly from the large and thriving town of Plymouth, which is separated from Cornwall only by a river. A large weekly paper of eight pages, the same size as the 'Times,' and published at Plymouth, has a circulation in Cornwall exceeding that of all the six Cornish papers united. Similarly the counties of Worcester and Oxford are supplied by the Birmingham papers, Cheshire by the Liverpool and Manchester papers.

The increase of newspapers during the last ten years, both in number and in circulation, is marvellous. Ten years ago the number of broad sheets published daily, probably did not exceed 50,000. The 'Times' alone now prints that number, the 'Daily Telegraph' more than half as many again, and the total number of daily sheets issued from the London and the provincial daily press is estimated at 500,000. The increase in the weekly and bi-weekly press is far greater. Every district in London now has its own 'organ' which gives more fully than the old-established London papers can afford to do, reports of local meetings, vestries, and police cases. Thus we have the 'Bayswater Chronicle,' 'Bethnal Green Times,' 'City Press,' 'Clerkenwell Journal,' 'Clerkenwell News,' 'East End News,' 'East London Observer,' 'Eastern Times,' 'Hackney Independent,' 'Holborn News,' 'Independence' (published at Chelsea), 'Islington Gazette,' 'Islington Times,' 'Lambeth Observer,' 'Marylebone Mercury,' 'Middlesex Chronicle' (circulating in Hounslow, Brentford, &c.), 'News of the Week' (a local journal for Bloomsbury), 'Paddington Times,' 'Shoreditch Advertiser,' 'Shoreditch Observer,' 'South London Chronicle,' 'South London Journal,' 'South London News,' 'St. Pancras News,' 'St. Pancras Reporter,' 'Tower Hamlets Express,' 'West London Observer,' 'West Middlesex Advertiser' which circulates in the populous neighbourhood of Hanover Square, &c. It will thus be seen that if London be, as it is asserted to be, not really a capital but a collection of towns, each of its townships has its own organ and often more than one.

The increase in the cheap provincial papers also is very large. Every little town of 1,500 to 3,000 inhabitants now has its own journal which, though professedly published in the place, is really three parts printed in London; the fourth page being set in type at the nominal office of publication, and being reserved for local news and advertisements. The supply of provincial newspapers has now become quite an extensive London business. The news

is set up in London every day, and arranged so that the latest intelligence may be supplied to the provincial 'proprietor' no matter what day his journal is published. He may have one, two, three, or even all four sides printed in London; but as a rule, only two or three sides are printed there, the remaining space being reserved for local news and the dozen or score of advertisements which the local tradesmen have been prevailed upon to give, not for the sake of getting additional customers, for they are too well known in their own towns to expect any help from the publicity which a local newspaper can afford, but for the sake of seeing their own names in very large print indeed, surmounted by a device which is not 'a thing of beauty.' These news sheets are supplied to the provincial publishers at a rate sufficiently low to permit them to sell their journals at a penny; but where the 'spirited proprietor' is so fortunate as to have no rival, he enjoys the advantage of the monopoly by putting on an extra halfpenny. As these news sheets are supplied to so many different publishers, it is necessary that they should contain nothing which should offend the political prejudices of any. They are therefore simply news sheets, and quite devoid of politics. If this latter article is wanted, it is supplied by the local publisher, who, not attempting to deal with questions of imperial interest, confines himself to vestry squabbles; or if the town be a parliamentary borough, to the fulsome eulogy of our 'honourable and honoured representative,' or to the unsparing abuse of 'our unscrupulous mis-representative,' accordingly as the publisher is a supporter or opponent of the M.P. who takes in the paper, but probably never opens it. For such papers as these the Volunteer movement has been a real windfall. There never was such an opportunity before for propitiating local celebrities, and flattering non-celebrities by the insertion of their names in 'our local news columns.' Very few of the inhabitants of a small town are proof against the seduction of seeing their names in print. Private Jones's friends were aware before the '— Gazette' told them, that he had made 7 points at the last shooting match; nevertheless, Private Jones likes his friends to be assured of the fact in black and white. Moreover, Jones has friends in Australia and British Columbia, and so he purchases a few extra copies, underscores a certain name, and increases the revenues of her Majesty by consigning the said copies to the Post Office. The fondness of small towns for seeing their small doings recorded in print is a remarkable instance of human vanity. Never is the 'Auburn Chronicle' looked forward to with so much avidity as when it records the sayings and doings of the inhabitants of 'sweet Auburn.' No matter that these sayings and doings are perfectly known to everybody, no matter that they have been talked over and repeated until nothing more can possibly

possibly remain to be said, still the printed and published record is read with all the interest of a romance. The death of General M'Clellan and of General Beauregard, in a pitched battle would not excite a tithe of the interest which is felt in reading the report of a Volunteer bazaar, or of a fancy ball. Woe to the unhappy reporter if he have omitted the name of a single gallant defender of the country, or of a single fair *danseuse*! He has not only made an enemy for life, but he is accused of all kinds of sinister motives.

If the proprietors of small provincial papers have not a large advertising business, they do not forget to advertise their journals. It is amusing to skim the pages of such a work as 'Mitchell's Newspaper Directory,' and see how these little publications describe themselves. We find one published in one of the dullest towns of Somersetshire announcing with a great flourish of trumpets that its circulation exceeds 1,000 a week, and that it is delivered to many dozens of opulent, professional, and trading inhabitants in the neighbouring towns. Another paper published in Cheshire lays claim to the merit of being the only stamped paper published in the district. One paper professes to be the only penny paper in the district; another declares itself the only twopenny paper. But perhaps the most singular claim to the support of the public is put forth by a paper published in a large Yorkshire town, which assigns as its chief merit that it is the only paper published only once a week in that town. But in spite of all their trivialities, and in spite of much puffing, and especially that most delusive form of it, the parading of the stamp returns, which are no index whatever of the respective circulation of newspapers, inasmuch as many never use stamps at all, there is no doubt that the spread of the provincial press has been productive of much good. The penny weekly paper, three parts published in London, is really a very well-managed epitome of the world's news. By means of it the farm labourer, the miner, and the fisherman are made acquainted with the events of their own time. They never saw the high-priced London papers, and remained in utter ignorance of all that was passing except in their own neighbourhood until the cheap press found its way into the market towns. It has now, to a great extent, superseded the objectionable publications which were circulated by the hawker to the great detriment of morals and religion. The penny paper is also a happy substitute for the pointless rambling stories, or for the indecent and blasphemous tales which the frequenters of village inns used to repeat to each other. The penny weekly paper has proved a valuable assistant to the clergyman and the schoolmaster, and is worth a dozen sermons against drunkenness and vice, and a dozen birch rods. On this point Mr. Alexander Andrews makes a pertinent remark. He says: 'The difference between twopence and

and threepence is to the working man much greater than governments or mere club politicians can divine. He could read a newspaper through by spending twopence at a public-house; but now he can get it leisurely and quietly at home for the same money, which he could not do before because he grudged the extra penny.' This argument applies with tenfold force to the penny newspaper. So long as twopenny papers were the cheapest, the working man might still have preferred to read the paper at the public-house because he would have had his beer as well as his news for the money. But now he gets a paper of his own and saves a penny into the bargain. Strange it is that Mr. Andrews, after having made this just reflection, should have said on the very next page: 'In the provinces several new penny papers, some daily, sprang up on the repeal of the stamp duty, principally in the manufacturing towns; but only two or three of these, we believe, survive!' This remarkable misstatement is paralleled only by another error upon the very last page of his work, wherein the writer wishing God-speed to the British Press, looks forward to the time when the advertisement duty shall be repealed!

But to form an adequate idea of the progress of journalism we must study the history of the daily press, and especially of the cheap daily press. The high-priced papers for a long time affected to look down with contempt upon their cheap rivals, and the old-fashioned weekly papers even charged their daily competitors with stealing the news from themselves, a charge repeated by an eccentric M.P. in the House of Commons within the last year or two, although, as the daily papers were published in anticipation of the weekly, it was clear that the thefts must have been the other way. But such absurd abuse as this could have no effect upon the objects of it. The year 1855 saw the publication of the 'Daily Telegraph' in London, and of daily papers in Liverpool and Manchester, all sold for a penny. These were followed by other similar papers in the same places, and also in other towns, including Newcastle, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Plymouth, Nottingham, Leeds, Hull, and Sunderland. At the present time there are no less than 24 provincial daily papers published in England alone; there is 1 in Wales, there are 9 in Scotland, 16 in Ireland, and 2 in the Channel Islands—52 in all—which, with the 20 published in London, give a total of 72 daily papers. Thirty years ago there were but 18, or exactly one-fourth. This increase, however, does but very inadequately represent the progress of the press, inasmuch as the circulation of the daily newspapers has increased in a far greater proportion than the number of them. Until the end of 1857 the London penny dailies had consisted only of four pages. But at the beginning of 1858 the news-reading world was startled by the appearance of a double sheet published

lished at the same price. The 'Standard,' which, as the evening organ of conservatism, had fallen into a state of decay, was thus resuscitated to the no small disgust of the other London papers, but especially of the penny papers, which hitherto had really paid their way, but could not hope to do so in this enlarged form. Nevertheless they were obliged to follow suit, for the 'Standard' was cutting away the ground from under them. The 'Telegraph' first enlarged and then the 'Star;' and then ensued the reign of fragile paper, unreadable type, and ink that rendered it necessary for the reader to use soap and water as soon as he had conned the news of the day. For three years they continued, buoyed up by the hope of the repeal of the Paper Duty which seemed about to be realized in 1860, but was sorely disappointed by the unexpected and almost unprecedented conduct of the House of Lords in throwing out a money bill. It was at length realized on the first of October, 1861, a day long to be remembered for the removal of the last shackle from the press.

To conduct a cheap daily paper in London was simply a question of profit and loss. The 'Telegraph' had as great facilities for collecting news in the metropolis, for reporting the debates, and for obtaining commercial intelligence as the 'Times.' But with the provincial daily papers the case was far different. The value of these papers was in inverse ratio to their proximity to the capital; but their facilities for collecting metropolitan news were of course decreased by distance. Nevertheless, if the provincial journalist hoped to anticipate the London papers, he must contrive some method of obtaining tidings of events taking place perhaps three hundred miles away up to the hour of his going to press. To give the substance of the parliamentary debates and the divisions was a requisite for success. But those who conceived the bold idea of a daily paper out of London were not to be baffled by any difficulties. They were placed upon their mettle, moreover, by the proprietors of the old-fashioned high-priced weekly papers, who derided the new comers, prophesied failure, and afterwards, when success was certain, attempted to share it, and generally signally failed; for the public preferred to support the paper which had been the first to confer the advantage of an early and daily supply of news. The electric telegraph solved the difficulty. A summary of the debates from one to two columns long, brief notices of important events, quotations of the funds and leading stocks, abstracts of the leaders in the London papers, and the foreign and mail news from all parts of the world were transmitted by this agency; so that the readers in Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Plymouth were made acquainted with the latest news at the same time as the once exclusively favoured Londoner.

But

But the train is not altogether superseded by the telegraph. Where exclusive and speedy information is required, steam is often more serviceable than electricity; and by the agency of fast express trains important documents appear in papers published two hundred and fifty miles from London on the morning after they have been presented to Members of Parliament, and absolutely before they appear in the London papers. These competitions for early news, exciting enough to the competitors, though the readers know nothing of all the labour and cost that have been incurred, form a curious contrast to the difficulties of a provincial editor a hundred years ago. The chief trouble of the journalist of that day was to get news enough to fill his paper.

'In 1752,' says Mr. Andrews, 'the editor of the "Leicester Journal" was so embarrassed by want of matter, that he commenced reprinting the Bible *verbatim*, and got as far as the 10th chapter of Exodus before things temporal furnished him with sufficient matter to fill up his journal. Many of these papers were sent up to London to be printed, there being no press in the town which they represented, so that, considering the post took, for example, two days to travel from Leicester to London, and two days to return, and the printing must have occupied a day more, the news must have been nearly a week old when it came out.'

Now the country editor receives in his office telegrams from all parts of the world: he knows what is doing in Turin, Vienna, Paris the same day; he reads the first part of a parliamentary orator's speech before the orator has sat down; he prints his paper not only in his own town, but by his own machine, at the rate of two thousand to twenty thousand an hour. And whilst the provincial daily paper puts the reader, five hundred miles away from London, on an equality with the Londoner, as regards all important news, it does not neglect the news of its own district. The editor has a staff of correspondents who represent the different towns of the locality as much as the 'Times'; continental correspondents represent the countries in which they are stationed. Every night he receives his parcels from up and down the various railways in the neighbourhood; and, unlike the editor of the 'Leicester Journal,' he suffers not from a dearth, but an overwhelming embarrassment of 'copy.' Often he has enough material before him to fill two papers. This formidable pile he has to reduce to such dimensions that a little of everything may be got in, and the inhabitants of some town or village spared the indignity of being altogether overlooked. Nor is it a matter of small importance, as it might seem, to keep on friendly terms with his *clientele*: the provincial daily paper is to its district what the 'Times' is to the Londoner. For instance, in a county town in Cornwall, which returns two members to Parliament, and has its assizes holden twice a year, only one copy of the leading London journal has been taken daily for years. This solitary copy continues to find its way there, and in addition up-
wards

wards of a hundred copies of the daily Plymouth papers are sold by the news-agents of that town. The West of England, from the Land's End to Exeter, is perhaps an exceptional district, there being less traffic between that part of the country and London than there is between the metropolis and the midland, the eastern, or the northern districts.

It may be well supposed that, with such competition in all parts of England, the position of the London daily press has been much changed. In the first place, the authoritativeness which the old-established papers once possessed, and which made their utterances seem oracular to the reader, has been sorely shaken by the uprising of the press in all parts of England. The 'Times,' though perhaps in London still, to a great extent, the 'autocrat of the breakfast table,' no longer possesses 'sovereign sway and mastery' in the provinces. Before the 'Times' has reached the north and the west of England, other oracles have spoken, often quite differently, and perhaps more truthfully, and occupy the public mind, and influence the public conduct. Few persons will deny that this is an advantageous change. Absolute monarchy is bad for the ruler and for the ruled: it begets a race of tyrants and a nation of slaves. Slavery to the press was fast becoming a very undesirable characteristic of the free English nation, when the multiplication of masters diminished the power of each, and yet gave greater liberty to the captive. When opinions utterly adverse are supported by an equal weight of authority, the necessary inference is that one must be wrong, and thus the belief in the infallibility of print is undermined. The loss of influence is probably far more the source of lamentation among the old journalists than the loss of circulation. In reality, the circulation of the 'Times,' at all events, has increased of late years, though not nearly to that extent in which it would have increased if London had still been the only fountain-head of daily news. Circulation is without profit to the proprietors when eighteen pages are sold for threepence by the newsvendor. The cheap daily papers are much in the same condition; and it is stated that one of the leading northern papers involves a loss of many pounds upon its circulation on that one day in each week whereon it appears as a double sheet. But circulation is a comparatively unimportant source of revenue. The present keen competition among journalists has led them to make large sacrifices, in order to obtain larger returns in the really profitable portion of the paper—the advertisements. The art or business of advertising is becoming more extended every year. Of late the 'Times,' in spite of two or three raisings of its tariff, has been so overwhelmed by the influx of advertisements, that it has been compelled to issue an extra two pages thrice a week. On these occasions this journal will, on an average, contain 2,200 advertisements, occupying 66 or 67 columns

columns $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, or about 41 yards length of advertisements in each paper, which, reckoning the circulation at 50,000 copies, would cover 1,110 miles of paper about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad. The high price which the 'Times' demands for advertisements has been a good thing for the cheaper papers, which have a circulation as large or even larger. The 'Daily Telegraph,' for instance, now not unfrequently has four full pages of advertisements. But perhaps the most remarkable instances of the increase of this mode of making known the wants and the doings of the community are offered, in the first place, by those large advertising papers which contain actually no news, and which are given away by the proprietors. Every copy which they dispose of is so much out of their pocket; but as circulation brings advertisements, they do not scruple to give gratis a certain specified guaranteed number of copies; and they not only cover their loss, but make a large profit. The second instance is the cheap papers published in various districts of London, to which we have already referred. We have before us an average number of the 'Clerkenwell News,' which is a sheet of four pages much larger than four pages of the 'Times,' and which, instead of giving news, is nearly filled with advertisements to the number of about 1,300. Within the last few years a business that is not altogether new, that of the advertising agent, has been much developed. This agent is a broker between the advertiser and the newspapers. He has his clients who intrust him with their advertisements, and he sends these to whatever papers he may think desirable, deducting from the payment his own commission, which is usually 10 per cent. In this way nearly all the new speculations and companies are made known to the public, and through the same agency the proprietors of quack medicines puff their nostrums.

But, great as the increase in advertising has been of late years, there was one period which far exceeded the present. During the height of the railway mania the sums of money spent in this way were equalled only by those squandered on surveyors and engineers. All new railway schemes are required to be advertised three times during the month of November in the 'London Gazette;' and as the promoters are desirous of greater publicity than that official paper would give them, they usually select some two or three other London papers of large circulation for the insertion of their prospectuses. November, 1845, witnessed such a flood of schemes as we hope, for the prosperity of England, may never be seen again. Mr. Andrews has well described this wild time. He says—

'It was at first announced, that, in consequence of the pressure of advertisements, an extra "Gazette" would be published on Saturday, the 1st of November, but they might as well have put a beer barrel to catch the Falls of Niagara. The advertisements poured in; the "Gazette" was issued every day; yet the heaps went on accumulating;

accumulating; it was doubled in size, trebled, quadrupled, all was in vain: it had got by the 15th to nearly fifteen times its natural size, and yet there were bushels of advertisements awaiting insertion. The month wore on; projectors, on the verge of madness, demanded insertion; parliamentary agents offered fabulous amounts of money for a column or two of the quaint old paper now swollen to the dimensions of the "Post Office Directory." Saturday, the 29th, arrived at last. Oh! that the Government could be prevailed upon to put forth a "Gazette" on Sunday, for Monday would be the 1st of December, and—too late Monday came, and the "London Gazette," although it had to make room for a number of notices, and a quantity of matter put aside during the pressure, was 256 pages short of its Saturday number, 544 of what it had been once during that stormy month. No better sign of the times can be recorded than that marvellous epoch in the career of the "London Gazette." The largest "London Gazette" ever published appeared on the 15th November, 1845, when the number of pages it contained was 583. It was printed on 145 sheets, so that each copy required 145 separate stamps, costing, in that respect alone, 12s. 1d., instead of the odd penny only, but the price remained the same throughout (2s. 8d.), indeed, it could have been distributed in the street gratis at a handsome profit, for every morning the receipts for advertisements could be summed up by thousands of pounds. The receipts of the "Times" for advertisements during this period were enormous. For the week ending September 6th they amounted to 2,839*l.* 14*s.*; 15th, 3,783*l.* 12*s.*; 20th, 3,933*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; 27th, 4,692*l.* 7*s.*; October 4th, 6,318*l.* 14*s.*; 11th, 6,543*l.* 17*s.*; 18th, 6,687*l.* 4*s.*; 25th, 6,025*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; and with the week ending November 1st, they dropped to 3,230*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* Meanwhile, the paper itself, with a spirit of independence soaring far above mere selfish or money-making considerations, was daily warning its readers against the schemes which it was obliged to give publicity to, and ultimately, no doubt, was a main instrument of putting down that spirit of gambling which was pouring into its coffers some three thousand pounds a week. It was a noble instance of the sacrifice of interest to duty, and should be borne in mind by men who are always ready to talk about the time-serving, mercenary, or venal character of the paper.

While the 'Times' is yearly improving its position as a profitable property, even though it is losing influence as a political oracle, the other high-priced London papers have undoubtedly suffered pecuniarily as well as influentially from the competition of the cheap press. The dear journals at first affected to look down with contempt upon their penny rivals. They certainly had not the right to do so on the score of antiquity. The cheap press preceded the dear press by two centuries. The name *gazette*, which is now assumed by the official two-and-eightpenny organ, is a word of very humble origin. The first newspaper appeared in Venice about the year 1536, for the purpose of enlightening the Venetians on the progress of the war with Turkey. It was in manuscript, written in a legible hand, read aloud at particular stations, and appeared once a month. In the Magliabecchi Library at Florence thirty volumes of this journal in M.S. are still preserved; and it was not until the close of the sixteenth century that the printing-press superseded the pen. The price of these papers, or the fee for reading them, was a Venetian coin called *gazetta*, and scarcely worth a farthing; so that the present penny paper is really a high-priced journal compared with the original sheets of news. The high-priced journals of the present day have no more right to despise their penny competitors on the score of literary merit than on that of underselling. The articles in the provincial

provincial as well as the London penny papers are often equal, not seldom superior, to those in the old-established London dailies. Any one who compared the accounts of the great Volunteer Review in Hyde Park two years ago, must acknowledge that the report contained in the 'Manchester Guardian' was very much more graphic than that in the 'Times.' Similarly the narrative of the Queen's visit to Killarney, which appeared in the 'Star,' and the description of the opening of the International Exhibition last May, which appeared in the 'Daily Telegraph,' were immeasurably superior to those of all the other London papers. The strong point of the old journals is their foreign correspondence, and in this they generally take the lead. In two memorable instances the 'Times' has done good service by means of its foreign correspondence. Twenty-one years ago Mr. O'Reilly, the Paris correspondent of that journal, announced that a great forgery company had been established on the Continent, consisting of persons of the highest rank and repute, whose object was to plunder the continental banks by means of forged letters of credit purporting to have been issued by the London bankers Glyn and Co. They fixed the limit of their spoil at a million sterling, and agreed, when that amount should be reached, to dissolve the partnership, and retire under various disguises to America, India, and elsewhere. On a given day, the partners in this speculation were let loose all over the Continent, presented their letters of credit, and succeeded in bagging nearly 10,000*l*. All these facts were announced in the 'Times,' and the conspirators proclaimed by name. Trusting to the immense difficulty of obtaining proofs of their guilt, and hoping to continue their game a little longer, one of the conspirators, Bogle, an Englishman, who had set up a bank at Florence, brought an action against the 'Times' for libel, and did all he could to hasten the trial. The 'Times,' however, succeeded in having the proceedings delayed while evidence was being procured. This was done without regard to trouble or expense. The solicitor for the 'Times' visited nearly all the chief continental cities to collect the necessary information, and when the trial came on a verdict was virtually given for the defendants. This case excited the utmost interest throughout England, and public meetings were holden not in this country only, but also abroad, to raise a testimonial in acknowledgment of the services rendered by the 'Times' to the commercial world. A sum of more than 2,700*l*. was quickly raised and offered to the proprietors of the leading journal. They declined to receive it for themselves, and suggested that it should be devoted to some object of general good. Two scholarships were thereupon established, and called the 'Times Scholarships,' the one for Christ's Hospital at Oxford, the other for the City of London School at Cambridge.

Tablets

Tablets commemorating these circumstances were erected in these schools, in the 'Times' office, and on the Royal Exchange. The other case to which we have referred was the correspondence of Mr. Russell from the Crimea. There is no doubt that this gentleman's vivid descriptions of the miserable condition in which our troops were placed did more than anything else to effect a change in the management of our army, and in bringing it to its present effective condition.

We have dwelt at some length upon the progress that has been made by the press. That progress is shown to some extent by the following figures ;—to some extent only, because they do not represent the enormous increase in the circulation of those papers which were in existence at the earliest period mentioned.

In 1821	there were published in the United Kingdom	.	267	journals.
In 1831	"	"	295	"
In 1841	"	"	472	"
In 1851	"	"	563	"
In 1861	"	"	1,102	"
In 1862	"	"	1,165	"

So that during the last eleven years the increase in the number of newspapers is nearly four times that of the previous thirty years ; in other words, the yearly increase between 1851 and 1862 is about forty times as rapid as that between 1821 and 1851. This of course is out of all proportion to the increase of population, and its cause must be sought elsewhere. What, then, is the cause ?

It is fourfold. First and chief is the removal of legal restrictions and fiscal burdens : second, the improvement of machinery : third, the extension of the railway system : fourth, the extension of the electric telegraph. We have not space to narrate the details of the long struggle between the press and the powers that be. The desperate efforts made by both Houses of Parliament, and continued even to so late a period as 1849, to prevent the publication of the parliamentary debates, would alone make a longer story than could be told in one of our articles. It is painful in reading Mr. Andrews' work, which we have several times mentioned, to find how often the so-called friends of liberty have been opposed to the liberty of the press. The long disputes between O'Connell and the 'Times' exhibit that demagogue in a most unamiable light. Even Mr. Roebuck in 1841 threatened in the House of Commons to horsewhip Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the 'Times.' As a rule, indeed, the loudest professors of civil and religious liberty have shown most opposition to the increasing power of the fourth estate. The long struggle in behalf of the removal of the fiscal burdens by which the newspaper was hampered, though not extending over centuries, as the battle of the parliamentary reporters did, was yet very arduous. Within our own days we have seen one by one the 'taxes upon knowledge' repealed

repealed—the stamp duty, the advertisement duty, and only last year the paper duty. Quite recently, too, the law of libel has been altered, and made more in accordance with the law of common sense.

The improvement in machinery is at the same time a cause and a consequence of the development of the newspaper press. Had there not been the demand for more rapid machinery, the old hand-presses would have still been in use. But steam having been substituted, it has been possible to increase the demand by an increase in the supply attended by a reduction in the price. As usual, the workmen under the old system were as violently opposed to any change as the most conservative of landowners were to the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1814 John Walter the second, who had for some years been at work with some ingenious mechanics upon a design for printing the ‘Times’ by steam, gave an opportunity to two Saxon printers to mature a scheme which they had in their heads.

‘The machinery was set up in secrecy and silence,’ says Mr. Andrews; ‘a whisper that something was going on had got among the printers, and they had not scrupled openly to declare that death to the inventor and destruction to his machine awaited any attempts to introduce mechanism into their trade. At last, all was ready for the experiment. The pressmen were ordered to await the arrival of the foreign news. About six o’clock in the morning, Walter entered the room and announced to them that the “Times” was already printed—by steam! He then firmly declared that if they attempted violence he had sufficient force at hand to repress it; but that if they behaved quietly, their wages should be continued to them until they got employment. The men wisely saw that resistance would only lead to their ruin, and gave in to the power of steam. On that morning, November 29, 1814, the readers of the “Times” were informed that the “journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hand one of the many thousand impressions of the ‘Times’ newspaper, which was taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery almost organic has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch.”’

Since November 29, 1814, the changes that have been effected in the printing-press, especially during the last twenty years, are almost incredible. Previous to the introduction of the circular printing machines, about twelve years since, the greatest number of copies that could be printed in an hour was 5,000. The ‘Times’ was compelled to keep a double staff of compositors, and to set up all its type twice, so as to keep two machines in operation. From this costly arrangement they were delivered by the introduction of Applegath’s printing machine, which was exhibited at the great Exhibition of 1851. In this machine the type was attached to a large cylinder, and was brought into contact with the paper at eight or ten places as the cylinder made one revolution. The production of copies was thus increased to 12,000 an hour. But this machine was soon superseded by an American invention

invention known as the Hoe machine, which is similar in principle to that just described, but has the cylinder placed in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular position. With one of these machines from 15,000 to 20,000 copies an hour may be printed. But the power of the press has been still further developed, and has become practically unlimited by the improvements which have been effected in the art of stereotyping. It is now possible to make in a few minutes a metal fac-simile of the page of type, which can be used at the press as well as the type. These fac-similes might be increased to any extent; and if it were required, a hundred machines could be kept going at once, each turning out 20,000 copies an hour. In the 'Times' office two stereotype casts are used rather than the type, so that the wear and tear of the latter may be saved. These two casts are then taken to two Hoe machines, which will together turn out 30,000 to 40,000 copies an hour. Stereotyped news is now regularly supplied to those of the London daily papers whose proprietors have agreed that it is a needless expense to employ two sets of reporters and two sets of compositors upon the same news. A comparison between the parliamentary debates of the 'Morning Post' and the 'Daily News' will show that they are the same, for they are printed from stereotyped castings of the same type.

The extension of the railway system has proved greatly beneficial to the provincial daily press. There is many a town not large enough of itself to support a daily paper, which is, from its complete railway communication with the surrounding district, an admirable centre from which to diffuse the light of the press. As a rule, the railway companies make liberal terms with the newspaper proprietors; for they know that unless these are granted there is small chance of their receiving any income from this source. But the telegraph has done more even than the locomotive for provincial journalism. The provincial daily press may be said to owe its origin to the electric telegraph. A paper which gave only the news in its own district would have small chance of success against the London papers with their parliamentary debates, commercial news, and foreign correspondence. The telegraph has placed town and country upon a level. The German Jew, Reuter, has proved a thorough democrat, and has brought down the aristocrats of the metropolis to an equality with the parvenus of the provinces. The history of Julius Reuter is a remarkable instance of difficulties and discouragements overcome, which mark every period in the history of the press. In this case, however, the journalists were their own opponents. Mr. Reuter, for a long time, could not induce the London journals to accept his telegrams. They still trusted to the private telegrams of their special correspondents. The 'Times' still continued to incur the expense of a daily steamer

from Calais to convey the continental news. Reuter was not to be disheartened; he still sent his telegrams to the London papers, and found that they were at last frequently used. It was on the 9th February, 1859, that he made his great hit. 'On that day,' says a recent writer in 'Once a Week,' 'the Emperor made his famous speech, in which he threatened Austria through her ambassador. His ominous words were uttered at 1 P.M. in the Tuileries, and at 2 P.M. the speech was published in a third edition of the "Times," and had shaken the Stock Exchange to its foundation.' From that day Mr. Reuter's position was established. He became by degrees the purveyor of news to all the capitals of Europe. He now gets the American news telegraphed to the steamers as they touch the most eastern point of America, and from the steamers as they reach the most western point of Ireland. During that eventful time last Christmas, when we waited to know whether there was to be peace or war, he put on a special train from Queens-town to Dublin, a special steamer from Dublin to Holyhead, and another special train from Holyhead to London with the American papers; and 'Reuter's Express' was a recognized medium of news conveyed with greater speed than news ever was conveyed before. Reuter treats all the papers alike. He knows no difference between the fivepenny and penny papers; between London papers and country papers. He is as careful as he is impartial. He will not communicate his foreign news to commercial men for the purposes of stock-jobbing. He gives to the press the priority of all news; and, in order to keep his commercial business distinct from his news business, he has two separate offices in different parts of London. It may be thought that the London papers have suffered by this innovation. In *prestige* they have undoubtedly suffered. There is no longer an opportunity for the leading journals to vie with each other in the speed and earliness of their intelligence. But to compensate for this loss there has been a great pecuniary saving. The expenses which the 'Times' incurred in its endeavours to distance its rivals were enormous. When the overland route to India was opened, the 'Times,' with its usual energy, determined to have the first supply of news from our eastern empire. To resolve was to fulfil; and the 'Times' anticipated the government despatches by sending a courier to Marseilles, who brought the paper's own despatches from thence. The French government, jealous of this priority on the part of a private firm, threw obstacles in the way of this courier's passage through France, by raising questions as to the correctness of his passport and other means, till the government mail from India had passed on for London. What was to be done? Mr. Andrews tells, in his second volume, what was done. He says:

'John Walter determined to open a new route to India. The experiment was tried in October, 1845, the "Times" express was sent in the regular mail steamer which arrived at Suez on the 19th October. Here a man on a dromedary awaited it, and dashed across the desert with it, stopping nowhere till he reached Alexandria, where he appeared the very next day. Waghorn, Walter's coadjutor, himself was ready on board an Austrian steamer with the steam up and was off at eleven o'clock. His projected route lay through Trieste, but he landed at Divino, twelve miles nearer London; and hurried through Austria, Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria, with passports already prepared and viséd; reached Mannheim in eighty-four hours, took special steamer to Cologne, and special train, all prepared and waiting for him, to Ostend; was on board a fast special steamer and off for Dover in a few minutes, and, taking the train there, arrived in London at half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 31st, thus performing the distance from Suez to London in ten days and a few hours. Meanwhile, the regular mail, helped onward by all the resources of the two greatest nations of the world, who were alive to the rivalry and exerted their utmost efforts to defeat it, came toiling on, making its way painfully and laboriously for Marseilles. It did not reach Alexandria even—the end of its first stage, as it were—till half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the 21st, and did not leave till ten o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, or forty-seven hours after Waghorn—unencumbered by the machinery of government—had been off and away. And, before the mail had got to Paris on its way to London, the "Times" had made its appearance from London, with a full summary thus expressed, of the news which that mail was bringing, and which did not get to London till eleven o'clock on Sunday night. This put the French government on its mettle: and, placing fleet steamers and special trains at the service of the courier of the "Morning Herald," it enabled that journal to publish its news, expressed through Marseilles, forty-eight hours before the "Times" could give its express brought through Trieste. This was a sad blow to the "Times," after all the expense it had gone to, but there was nothing for it but to quote the news from the "Herald," and make a dash for the next or December mail. Another government was now looking on at the struggle with interest; Austria could not but see at once the great advantage to be derived by turning the stream of the traffic from the East through its territory, and accordingly gave its support to the "Times" scheme, and placed a special and powerful steamer at its service to express its despatches from Alexandria to Trieste. The result was favourable to the "Times" to a remarkable but accidental extent. Fearful storms swept the Mediterranean, and the mail steamer, exposed to their influence, could not make Marseilles, whilst the Austrian steamer, with the "Times" express went, snugly sheltered, up the Adriatic, and thus the "Times" was enabled to publish its news an entire fortnight before the mail arrived! But this did not settle the question of the relative merits of the two routes; and, after a fair trial and a sharp struggle, the Trieste line was found expensive and not at all times practicable, and was abandoned; but we never heard of the "Times" despatches being trifled with afterwards.'

Such is a specimen of the energy displayed by the journalists of the last generation. There is no longer room for, nor need of, such tremendous exertions and profuse outlay. The collection of news has now become a system, and, thanks to the electric telegraph, we may now have news from the east of India in eighteen days.

We had intended to say a few words about that most important staff connected with the newspaper press, the newsvendors. Our space is so limited that we must be very brief. The newsvendors, if they have not so high a position as newspaper proprietors, have often a more lucrative one. The ragged urchin who sells the penny daily papers in the London streets gets a profit of 30 per cent. upon every copy that he sells. The proprietor, before the repeal of the paper duty, lost by every copy. We have known, even in a town of some 120,000 inhabitants, a man, who but a few

months before was a pauper in the receipt of parish relief, earn seven shillings in some four or five hours by the sale of papers. Boys of ten years old will earn ninepence in the morning early enough to permit them to go to school afterwards. The establishment of the penny papers has been of immense advantage to those wild, untutored, uncared-for children who are called the Arabs of the streets. They have now an occupation which suits their wandering habits and their love of independence. They are their own masters; they can work when they please, take a holiday when they please. Their business requires no capital but two or three 'coppers;' they make no bad debts; their returns are immediate, and their profits large. The newsboys are not viewed with much favour by the old-established newsvendors who keep large shops, and have heavy accounts with all the London papers. But these have not unfrequently risen from the ranks. The head of one of the largest firms of news-agents in London, and which takes 30,000 copies of the 'Times' every morning, was himself, when a boy, in the same scale of society as the sharp-witted lads who salute the business men in the omnibus which takes them into the City. This firm, which supplies the Emperor Napoleon with his English papers, had the very humblest origin, and is now, we suppose, at the very highest summit attainable. Poor Herbert Ingram, who met with his death on one of the American lakes not long since, was once but a hardworking newsvendor, who would run five miles with a newspaper to oblige a customer. At his death he was proprietor of the 'Illustrated London News,' in itself a fortune, the owner of a large fortune besides, and a member of the British House of Commons. His career was one of the many changes wrought by the progress of British journalism.

ART. II.—MILTON ON TEMPERANCE.*

MILTON'S literary career may be divided into three periods. The first, ending with the year 1640, a time of blooming youth and early manhood, produced his minor poems; the second, 1640-1660, was spent in political strife, and gave birth to his great prose works; the concluding period, 1660-1674, a season of worldly disappointment and affliction, witnessed the production of his noblest compositions.

Æschylus says that Zeus has annexed learning to suffering; and history tells us that some of the greatest works have been achieved in the hours of deepest sorrow. This is certainly true in the case of Milton. At the Restoration, all his political aspira-

* Compare No. 11, October, 1860, and No. 15, October, 1861.

tions were crushed ; his friends were proscribed ; he himself took refuge in obscurity. He was oppressed by penury, afflicted by gout, and to these were added the severe trial of blindness.

Yet he could feed on thoughts which moved harmonious numbers ; and though he wrote '*Paradise Lost*' at a time of life when images of beauty begin to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by disappointment, he adorned his poem with all that is most lovely in the physical and in the moral world.

He could not hope for a sympathizing public. The strictness of the Commonwealth was followed by the revelry of the Restoration. In order to escape the charge of Puritanism, men affected to be deep drinkers, loud swearers, and daring rakes. There was not only the practice, but the profession of profligacy ; and the theatres, which had been closed by the Puritans, became the open flood-gates of licentiousness.

Well says Lord Macaulay, that venal and licentious writers with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and of the public. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton ; but his strength of mind overcame every calamity.

By a discerning few, and by friends attached to the Puritan party, the work of Milton was greatly admired ; but a generation had passed away before justice was done to his majestic genius. About forty years after his death Addison published in the '*Spectator*' (1711-12), a series of critical papers upon '*Paradise Lost*,' in which he attempted to prove that the work not only fulfilled all the conditions of an epic poem, according to the rules of Aristotle, but contained passages superior to the highest efforts of Homer and Virgil. Whatever moderns may think of Addison's criticism, it is quite certain that these papers in the '*Spectator*' introduced Milton to the literary world both at home and upon the Continent. In Germany especially, ardent sympathizers were found, and one of them, Klopstock, wrote an epic poem, '*The Messiah*,' in direct imitation of Milton.

The '*Paradise Lost*' will never, perhaps, be popular in the ordinary sense ; certainly not among those who read poetry for the sake of mere amusement. As in many other valuable things, the wealth does not lie upon the surface ; but those who would earn the reward must work for it. The reader must exert considerable powers of mind in order to keep pace with the poet ; and there are few who are willing to incur the necessary trouble. But apart from those who take delight in works of the imagination, another class of readers might be expected to feel an interest in Milton's divine poem. All who sympathize with the moral and social

social questions which affect the welfare of mankind must rejoice to find such questions handled by a poet who lived two hundred years before the establishment of our numerous associations, and who nevertheless anticipated the advanced principles which characterize the present age.

In considering Milton's great work, we should distinguish between the end or aim of the poem, and the illustration employed. The aim of 'Paradise Lost' is to assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man. The subject is, the evil consequence of uncontrolled appetite. On this subject the poet dwells with a minuteness which has offended some of his critics; but if in any cases he has forgotten the outward forms of poetry, it is only because he was earnestly occupied with the main argument, which he distinctly propounds in the opening lines of his work—

‘Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse.’

To this subject he constantly adheres, and never loses an opportunity of illustrating it, either by allusion or by direct reference. We shall endeavour to prove this, from a consideration of the principal circumstances and events which are described in the poem.

I. *The state of innocence.*—In order to give us an idea of the happiness from which our first parents fell, it was necessary to bring before our eyes the place where they dwelt, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded. The picture is represented as it appeared to Satan, who, after leaving Hell-gate had worked his toilsome way through chaos and black night, until he arrived upon the outer side of the new world, created since his fall from heaven. He sees a gleam of dawning light, and turning his steps in that direction, looks down with wonder upon all the universe—the glorious constellations, and the innumerable stars, which nigh at hand seemed other worlds. He wends his way to earth, the residence of man, and to Eden, in the east of which Paradise itself is placed, adorned with blossoms and fruits of golden hue, cheered by the purest air, and fanned by gales which dispense perfumes and odours. As Addison remarks, Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence.

Satan further beheld all kinds of living creatures, new and strange, but two of far nobler shape, in whom the image of their Maker was expressed; ‘the loveliest pair that ever since in love's embraces met;’ and so enchanting was the sight, that the devil turned

turned aside for envy. But in recounting their complete happiness, Milton does not forget to speak of their wholesome diet, (iv. 325-336):

‘ Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.’

We are further informed (v. 1-8), that untroubled sleep resulted as a natural consequence:

‘ Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom’d: for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora’s fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough.’

The subject is pursued at greater length on the occasion of Raphael’s visit. The sociable angel, sent down to warn our first parents of their danger, and of the enemy who was plotting their destruction, is discerned by Adam who was sitting at the entrance of his cool bower:

‘ And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst,
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape.’—(v. 303-307.)

Adam requests Eve to bring forth abundant store fit to receive the heavenly stranger; and she, ‘on hospitable thoughts intent,’ chooses her best delicacies, not so as to confound the various tastes, but to combine them with kindest change. She takes fruits of all kinds, and heaps them on the board with unsparing hand:

‘ For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must,* and meaths†
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed,
She tempers dulcet creams.’—(v. 344-347.)

Adam meets the angel and invites him to partake with them, although he fears that the food may be unsavoury to spiritual natures. In reply, Raphael explains at some length (and rather tediously, as some critics surmise), that the purest spirits can take

* The Latin, *mustum*, ‘new or unfermented wine.’

† *Meath*, ‘a sweet drink;’ compare our *mead*, German, *meth*, and Greek, μέθυ.

food; that though in heaven the trees of life bear ambrosial fruitage, and the vines yield nectar, he will not be 'nice' to taste the bounty which God has provided. Accordingly he sits down and eats with the keen despatch of real hunger. When with meats and drinks they had sufficed, not burdened, nature, Adam questions the angel about the heavenly world; and Raphael gives his wonderful account of the battle among the angels, with the fall of the evil spirits. Adam is transported with reverent joy, and in thanking his instructor does not disdain to use a comparison borrowed from bodily appetite. He says (viii. 210-216):

'For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven:
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear,
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst,
And hunger both, from labour at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'

Of course, had Milton thought proper, he might have drawn a comparison from some other source of delight. According to some commentators, Milton remembered that Adam's sensations as yet were few; but perhaps also he sought illustrations which were in keeping with his argument.

Other critics have censured Milton for occupying so much of his poem with these details. Addison admits that the housewifery of Eve is set off with so many pleasing images, as to make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work; while the natural majesty of Adam, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being who had vouchsafed to be his guest, are circumstances which deserve to be admired. But since, he says, it often happens that phrases which are used in ordinary conversation become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. Among other instances, he quotes a phrase from the passage to which we have referred (v. 396):

'Awhile discourse they hold
No fear lest dinner cool.

Although the expression may be deemed rather prosaic, yet Milton's intention was to contrast the simplicity of Paradise with the sumptuous apparatus of civilized life; and still more to show that godlike discourse is more captivating to higher natures than mere eating and drinking.

The remarks upon the question of the angel's eating have been censured as a digression; though Addison says there is such a beauty in this and other digressions that he could not wish them out of the poem. To some minds a discussion of this kind may appear tedious; but we think there is a purpose in it, and certainly
the

the fault, if fault it be, is repeated more than once. Take, for example, Raphael's description of the angelic feast in heaven, with his reflection upon it (v. 630-641):

'Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.'

In this representation we observe a richness of supply, accompanied with every variety that can charm a refined taste, or allure a delicate eye; yet care is taken to show that no surfeit reigns, while the utmost elegance prevails, and reason rules supreme over appetite. On certain theories of poetry, these digressions may be censured; but if we consider that Milton is building up his argument, we shall be disposed to justify, rather than to condemn them.

So again, when Adam recounts to Raphael the creation of Eve, and her first appearance,

'Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye;'

then, with a noble mixture of rapture and innocence, narrates the earthly bliss which he enjoyed, he confesses that he finds

'In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire: these delicacies,
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange!'—(viii. 524-531.)

On this occasion Raphael seems apprehensive of the evils which might result from excess of passion, and gives timely admonition, to love Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep his great command lest passion too much sway the judgment. The weal or woe of all mankind depends upon Adam, and all the blest will rejoice in his perseverance; the chief thing is to stand fast:

'To stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.'—(viii. 641.)

This was the tenor of Raphael's commission. Heaven's high King had commanded him to advise Adam of his happy state:

'Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware,
He swerve not, too secure.'—(v. 235-238.)

And

And so far did Adam learn the lesson, that afterwards when Eve wished to go forth alone, he urges similar arguments: that the danger lies within man himself, yet lies within his power, and against his will he can receive no harm :

‘ But God left free the will ; for what obeys
Reason, is free ; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware,
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,
She dictate false ; and mis-inform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.’—(ix. 351-356.)

II. *The Temptation.*—The persons introduced into this poem always discover such sentiments as are in conformity with their respective characters ; and as among the archangels we find marked distinctions,—the valour of Michael, the affability of Raphael,—so we may discriminate the temper of the evil spirits. Moloch, furious king, is described as delighting in bloodshed : immediately after the fall of the angels, he gives his ‘ sentence for open war,’ and is ready to dare heaven anew. Mammon, even in the regions of bliss, was more charmed with the golden pavement than with any spiritual vision. But the demon of sensuality was Belial, the lewdest spirit that fell from heaven, and gross enough to love vice for its own sake : found in courts, and palaces, and in luxurious cities :

‘ And when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial flown with insolence and wine.’—(i. 500-502.)

In ‘ Paradise Regained ’ (ii. 150-152) he is mentioned as ‘ the dissolutest spirit that fell, the sensuallest, and, after Asmodai, the fleshliest incubus ;’ and yet when he rises in the infernal council to reply to Moloch’s war-speech, we find him adorned with remarkable grace (‘ Paradise Lost,’ ii. 108-117) :

‘ On the other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane :
A fairer person lost not heaven ; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit ;
But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful.’

He is filled with apprehensions of a second battle ; he dreads annihilation, and though full of anguish, would still retain this intellectual being, these ‘ thoughts that wander through eternity ;’ hence he counsels ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth, not peace.

A strange mixture of sensual indulgence, external grace, logical acuteness, and inward baseness ! Milton might have drawn the picture from life ; no doubt from close observation of the sons, he was able to imagine the likeness of the father. The politicians of the

the time asserted that Charles II. sat for Belial, and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., for Moloch.

However, Belial was not the fiend destined to effect the fall of man. Great resolution was needed to explore the unknown way, amid a new creation; and even when the earth was found, deep subtlety was requisite to mould the temptation, and adapt means to ends. Satan alone undertook the enterprise, and determined that none should partake it with him; for proud of his 'imperial sovereignty,' he could not refuse to accept as great a share of hazard as of honour.

The temptation was conducted with wonderful skill. Satan had assumed the form of different animals, and in this guise, closely observing our first parents, had overheard from their own lips that the fatal tree of knowledge was forbidden to their taste. On this foundation he tried to work their ruin, and first operated by the agency of a dream. When lying toad-like at Eve's ear, he essayed by devilish art to work upon her fancy; and his influence was so powerful, that in the morning Eve's discomposure and glowing cheek aroused the anxiety of her husband. She had dreamed that a voice allured her to walk out by moonlight amid the warbling of the nightingale, and that she had wandered alone to the forbidden tree. There one in heavenly form gazed with admiration, and wondered that none would taste the sweets, or seek for knowledge, fit to make gods of men. He boldly plucked and tasted; then flattering Eve, he offered part to her:

'The savoury smell
So quickened appetite that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide
And various; wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation: suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down
And fell asleep; but O! how glad I waked
To find this but a dream.'—(v. 84-93.)

Adam instinctively felt the impropriety of dreams like these, and uttered grave moral cautions, arguing that fancy must be subject to reason. We may remark that this vision portrays the leading features in the actual temptation—ambition, flattery, and appetite.

The intervening time is spent in conversation between Raphael and Adam; the former narrates the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world; Adam, in return, states his own experiences and his first meeting with Eve. After repeated admonitions, the angelic visitor departs, and the hour of trial comes on. Satan, who had decided upon using the serpent as his agent, passed the night in searching for the animal. It sore grieved the former rival of the gods to unite himself with a beast, but revenge urged him forward; he entered in, and waited for the approach of morn.
When

When day dawned, Adam and Eve joined their vocal worship to the choir of creatures wanting voice, and made arrangements for the occupations of the day. Eve observing that the work grew upon them, proposed a division of labour and separate employments. Adam dissuaded her from going alone, and warned her of the common enemy ; but Eve resented his doubts of her firmness, and the debate was prolonged for some time. At length Adam gives way, and bids her go in her native innocence : she, however, expects that so proud a foe will hardly seek the weaker of the two ; for then, if he is repulsed, the more shameful will be his defeat.

The fiend, a mere serpent in appearance, was on the watch ; he sought them both, but his great desire was to find Eve separate. Now, ‘to his wish, beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies ;’ and after a while, with head crested aloft, with sparkling eyes, and burnished neck of verdant gold, he sidelong worked his way towards her ; and having gained her attention, poured forth a strain of high-flown flattery.

Eve was surprised to find the serpent gifted with speech, and asked how this marvel came to pass. To whom the guileful tempter replied, that while, like other beasts, he grazed upon the trodden herb, his thoughts were as low as the food upon which he pastured. But one day he chanced to behold a goodly tree laden with fruit of ruddy and golden colour. As he drew near to gaze, a savoury odour grateful to appetite attracted his sense :

‘To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer ; hunger and thirst at once
Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.’—(ix. 584-588.)

Accordingly, he wound himself about the trunk, climbed to the fruit, and spared not to eat his fill ; for such pleasure at feed or fountain he had never enjoyed. He soon perceived a strange alteration in his powers ; the gift of speech was added, and he turned his speculations to consider all things in heaven and earth.

Eve was yet more amazed, and wished to see for herself. The wily adder blithely led her forward to the prohibited tree, root of all our woe. She told him that they might have spared their coming, for the fruit of this tree must not be touched on pain of death. The serpent, assuming great show of zeal for man, expounded the virtues of the wisdom-giving plant. He advised her to disregard those rigid threats of death ; he had tasted, and not only lived, but enjoyed more perfect life. What could be more laudable than to seek the knowledge of good and evil ? Of good, how just ? evil, if known, would be easier shunned :

‘God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just ;
Not just, not God.’—(ix. 700.)

But why had God forbidden them to eat ? Why, but to keep them

them low and ignorant? For in the day they eat thereof, they would be as gods, knowing both good and evil. And the proportion was meet: for if a brute, by tasting, had become human, they should die, perhaps, by putting off humanity to put on gods, participating godlike food.

Thus flattery and ambitious suggestions won too easy entrance into the heart of Eve; the sting of appetite achieved the work:

‘Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which, with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye.’—(ix. 739-743.)

For awhile she paused, reasoning with temptation; but at length she dashed onward:

‘Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?’—(ix. 776-779.)

In an evil hour she plucked and ate: Earth felt the wound, and Nature gave signs of woe; but Eve, heightened as with wine, jocund and boon, engorged greedily without restraint, and ‘knew not eating death.’

With distemper flushing in her cheek she joined her husband, and blithely told her story. Adam was stricken with horror that she had so dared:

‘Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.’—(ix. 923-925.)

But, to spare the character of Adam, Milton represents his love for Eve as so great that he cannot bear to be severed from her: he fixes his lot with hers, though certain to undergo like doom. Hence we are told that he scrupled not to eat against his better knowledge; not deceived, but fondly overcome with female charm. At this Nature gave a second groan, muttering thunder, and weeping some sad drops at the completion of mortal sin. But the guilty pair were lost to all reflection:

‘Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass feared, the more to sooth
Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel.
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth.’—(ix. 1004-1011.)

But instead of experiencing divine inspiration they were filled with concupiscence. And when at last sleep oppressed them it was no longer ‘aery-light of pure digestion bred,’ but a ‘grosser sleep, bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams encumbered;’ so that they rose as from ‘unrest.’ If their eyes were opened their
minds

minds were darkened, their innocence was gone, and their native righteousness gave place to guilty shame. Mutual recrimination followed; anger, mistrust, and discord disturbed their peace of mind.

‘For Understanding ruled not, and the Will
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran reason, claimed
Superior sway.’—ix. 1127-1131.)

Thus they spent the fruitless hours, accusing one another, but neither self-condemning. In this first temptation we see a type of all. There is a mixture of vanity, false hope, and appetite; and Milton has shown his knowledge of human nature in giving due proportion to these motives. He has dwelt minutely upon the appeal which certain temptations make to the senses—to sight, smell, and taste; but he has not omitted those allurements which are addressed to the mind. Few men, except among the very basest, are the slaves of material gratifications apart from all illusion. Most people like to throw a halo of some kind around their pleasures, and are much obliged to any artist who will employ his gifts for that purpose. While, however, charms of this kind serve as a relish, the solid allurement lies in the gratification itself; and to combine the two is the triumph of art. Satan knew this, and shaped his devices accordingly.

III. *The Consequences of the Fall.*—The sentence of condemnation followed the act of disobedience. Yet, though judgment was tempered with mercy, immediate changes affected not man alone, but the whole creation. Sin and Death, inseparable companions, issued from Hell-gate into Chaos, and with gigantic effort constructed a bridge from the mouth of Hell to the confines of the universe:

‘Following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world.’—(x. 314-318.)

Milton conceived the ‘world’ or universe as a hollow globe which had been marked out by the golden compasses, and which comprised the sun, the stars, and all created things. The outside of this globe was bounded by chaos, beyond which were the infernal regions. But now Sin and Death had erected a permanent ‘causeway’ to facilitate the transit of evil spirits to the world, at the same time furnishing a smooth and easy passage down to Hell. The two monsters, spreading their baneful influence, held their course among the constellations: ‘the blasted stars looked wan.’ Too soon these ‘dogs of Hell’ arrived in Paradise to waste and havoc the fair creation—one to infect, the other to destroy. Meanwhile, by divine command, changes of climate commenced on earth; perpetual spring was not to be the law, but variations of
hot

hot and cold, with storms and tempest. Discord, the daughter of Sin, stirred up war among the animals: they stood no longer in awe of man, but some, with countenance grim, glared on him as they passed.

The soul of Adam was distracted. Was this the end of the new glorious world? Well indeed if this were the end; but now all that he ate or drank or should beget was 'propagated curse;' and latest generations would detest their impure ancestor. And if he must return to dust, why not die at once? Yet the doubt pursued him lest he could not *all* die; that the Spirit might not perish with the corporeal clod, but linger in the grave or some dismal place, dying a living death:

'Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night; not now as ere man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied; with damps, and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror; on the ground
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground; and oft
Cursed his creation.—(x. 845-852.)

Eve attempted to console his grief, but was repulsed with 'Out of my sight, thou serpent!' and overwhelmed with denunciations of herself and her sex. But for her he had persisted happy: why did God, who had peopled Heaven with spirits masculine, create this fair defect on earth, destined to result in numberless disturbances through female snares? The supplication of Eve is deeply pathetic:

'Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heaven,
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees: bereave me not
(Whereon I live! thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay; forlorn of thee
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace.'—(x. 914-924.)

Adam could not resist the appeal; and Eve in her despair proposed that they should resolve to live childless, or seek death by their own hands. Adam disapproved these rash counsels, and showed that the resolution of dying to end our miseries is not so magnanimous as a determination to bear them in submission to the decrees of Providence. They repaired to the very place where God had judged them, and fell prostrate, humbly confessing their faults and begging pardon, while they watered the ground with their tears in sign of unfeigned sorrow. Thus we see them, from the time of their first disobedience, passing through changing conditions of mind. After a short-lived triumph in their guilt they experienced remorse, shame, and despair, until contrition and prayer led them to true repentance.

Still

Still the unholy might no longer dwell on hallowed ground. The archangel Michael received orders to take a chosen band of flaming cherubim, and to drive without remorse the sinful pair from the Paradise of God; but to hide all terror in executing the sentence, lest their contrite hearts should faint under extreme rigour. Soon after dawn of day the sun was eclipsed, and Adam observed other signs of troubled nature: an eagle was chasing two birds of gayest plumage, and a lion pursued a gentle pair of deer. Amid these gloomy portents a glorious apparition was displayed in the west, had not doubt and carnal fear dimmed Adam's eye. The princely hierarch left his powers to take possession of the garden, and advanced to tell Adam that, though his day of grace was prolonged, he must not dwell in Paradise, but go forth to till the ground whence he was taken, 'fitter soil.' The unexpected stroke seemed worse than death to Eve, who poured forth that plaintive lamentation, 'Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?' one of the most tender farewells that ever were uttered. She had thought that they might live in those happy abodes, content though fallen; but this final decree brought the punishment home. Adam, too, felt that he could have frequented the places where he had enjoyed the divine presence, and could have pointed them out to his sons,—this mount on which He appeared, that tree where He was seen, those pines under which His voice was heard. Michael reminded them both that God's omnipresence fills all things; that down in the valley or the plain he is as here; and he proceeded to fulfil the remainder of his commission by showing to Adam a vision of events which should occur among his sons until the time of the promised seed destined to bruise the serpent's head.

Adam followed his heavenly guide to the top of a high hill in Paradise, which commanded an extensive view both east and west. There the archangel caused to pass before his enlightened eye some of the effects resulting from the original crime. First he showed the cruel murder of an innocent man by his brother, both to come from Adam's loins; and when Adam shuddered at the sight of death, horrid to think and horrid to feel, Michael rejoined:

'Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal.
Some, as thou sawest, by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayest know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men.'—(xi. 466-477.)

Immediately he opened up to his view a kind of lazaret-house, wherein were persons afflicted with various diseases, and racked
with

with fearful tortures : others were crushed by the still more terrible disorders of the mind, melancholy or madness :

‘ Dire was the tossing, deep the groans : Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows as their chief good, and final hope.’—(xi. 489-493.)

Adam was unmanned at the sight, and when he had recovered himself, asked whether it would not be better to end here unborn. Why should life be thus obtruded on us, when if we knew the nature of the gift we would either not receive it, or soon beg to lay it down ? Can the image of God be so debased ? If man retains his Maker’s image, should he not be free from such deformities ?

‘ Their Maker’s image (answered Michael) then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
To serve ungoverned appetite ; and took
His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God’s likeness, but their own ;
Or if his likeness by themselves defaced :
While they pervert pure Nature’s healthful rules
To loathsome sickness ; worthily, since they
God’s image did not reverence in themselves.’—(xi. 515-525.)

Here the bodily and mental diseases of men are directly referred to uncontrolled appetite, the sin of Eve. Throughout the whole poem, as we have tried to show, Milton keeps close to his argument, by illustration or allusion, by precept or example. He has, moreover, a strong sense of the dignity of man, as created in the image of his Maker ; hence he regarded the debasement of God’s likeness by intemperance as a vile dishonour, justly meriting an abject punishment. The man who does not reverence God’s image in himself is unfurnished with one of the surest safeguards against vice ; he may be ‘ no man’s enemy but his own,’ but that is his greatest condemnation ; he has never learnt to reverence himself.

Adam acknowledged the justice of the sentence, but inquired whether there was no other way besides these painful passages, of mingling with our native dust :

‘ There is (said Michael) if thou well observe
The rule of “not too much,” by temperance taught,
In what thou eat’st and drink’st ; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return :
So mayest thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked.’—(xi. 530-537.)

The remainder of the eleventh book gives a vision of the antediluvian world, and the Deluge : in the twelfth, the archangel

narrates the leading events in the history of the Israelites, until the time of the promised Messiah, who shall bruise the head of Satan, defeat Sin and Death, and grant to his redeemed a death-like sleep, 'a gentle wafting to immortal life.' The poem concludes with a gorgeous description of the heavenly host occupying Paradise, while the angel urges on our lingering parents towards the eastern gate, and then leads them down the cliff to the plain below. As they look back, they see the eastern side of Paradise waved over by the flaming sword of God, and the gate thronged with fiery warriors :

'Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'—(xii. 645-647.)

Addison thinks that 'the moral which reigns in Milton is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined : it is, in short, this—that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed.'

No doubt this moral may be deduced from the poem : Milton begins by speaking of man's first disobedience, and frequently dwells upon the duty of strict compliance with the will of God, whom to love is to obey. But we have seen that he lays especial stress upon one particular form of disobedience—the sin of yielding to sensual appetite in defiance of divine prohibition. This idea he repeats in numerous ways ; to this he constantly recurs ; and in tracing the consequences of the fall, he shows that the very same weakness is the fruitful source of the greatest evils which afflict humanity. Consistently with this, in the 'Paradise Regained' he exhibits our Saviour triumphant in the very instances wherein our first parents fell. We shall attempt to prove this in considering,

IV. *The Triumph of the Second Adam.*—Dr. Johnson tells us that we are indebted for Milton's 'Paradise Regained' to a remark of Ellwood, a member of the Society of Friends, who, in addition to many other acts of kindness, took a house for Milton at Chalfont, Bucks, during the time of the plague in London (1665). There Ellwood first saw a complete copy of 'Paradise Lost ;' and having perused it, said to him, 'Thou hast said a great deal upon Paradise lost, what hast thou to say upon Paradise found?' Afterwards, when Milton showed 'Paradise Regained' to Ellwood, 'This,' said he, 'is owing to you ; for you put it in my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of.' This fact should not be omitted in forming a judgment on the work.

Not only has great diversity of opinion existed with regard to the poem itself, but many severe remarks have been made on the supposed want of judgment displayed by Milton in estimating his own compositions. 'His last poetical offspring,' says Dr. Johnson, was his favourite; he could not, as Ellwood relates, endure to have "*Paradise Lost*" preferred to "*Paradise Regained*." 'In this brief passage,' rejoins Hayley (*'Life of Milton'*), 'there is more than one misrepresentation. It is not Ellwood, but Phillips, who speaks of Milton's esteem for his latter poem; and instead of saying that the author preferred it to his greater work, he merely intimates that Milton was offended with the general censure, which condemned the "*Paradise Regained*" as infinitely inferior to the other.'

There can be little doubt that the work labours under the disadvantage of being too long for an episode, and too short for an independent poem. Milton did not profess to write an epic on the Messiah; for in that case, it would have been necessary to describe the death, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour. But he wrote a sequel to '*Paradise Lost*;' and, as he confessed to Ellwood, the poem was an after-thought. What circumstance then, in the life of the Second Adam, would form the strongest contrast to the weakness of our first parents? They, placed in a garden of delight, surrounded by a 'wilderness of sweets,' could not resist one feeble temptation; they hankered after the fruit of a single tree. But Jesus, after his baptism, was led by the Spirit into a dreary desert; and while he suffered the pangs of extreme hunger, Satan tempted him with all the allurements of appetite, with all the glories of the world, with all the charms of literature and science. The contrast is perfect. The first Adam gave Satan an easy victory; the second, by humiliation and strong sufferance, overcame satanic strength, and learnt the rudiments of that warfare by which he was eventually to conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes. Thus, the temptation in the wilderness forms the subject of '*Paradise Regained*;' and special emphasis is laid upon the stings of appetite.

Satan having been foiled in his first assault, went to take counsel with his infernal peers, upon the best course to follow. 'Set woman in his eye,' said Belial, quoting the instance of Solomon's fall. But Satan argued that beauty stands in the admiration only of weak minds:

'Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy; with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftst wrecked:
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;

And now I know he hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness :
The rest commit to me.'—(*Par. Reg.*, ii. 225-233.)

Meanwhile the Son of God, after long fasting, began to feel hunger ; when night came on he lay down under the hospitable covert of trees :

‘ There he slept
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature’s refreshment sweet.’—(ii. 263-265.)

He thought that he saw the ravens bringing food to Elijah ; sometimes he seemed to partake with the prophet ; anon he shared the pulse with Daniel. But when the morn approached, he found it all a dream :

‘ Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.’—(ii. 284.)

Towards noon the tempter visited him, and raised before his eyes a table richly spread, piled with meats of noblest sort, with fowl, and game, and choicest fish :

‘ Alas, how simple, to these eates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !’—(ii. 348, 349.)

At a stately sideboard, where the wine diffused a fragrant smell, tall youths stood ready for service ; more in the distance, nymphs of Diana’s train were prepared with fruits and flowers ; and all the air resounded with harmonious strains. ‘ What doubts the Son of God to eat ?’ asked Satan. To whom Jesus temperately replied :

‘ Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command ?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant
Arrayed in glory on my cup to attend :
Why should’st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts, no gifts, but guiles.’—(ii. 380-391.)

Satan dissembled his vexation, and confessed that his great antagonist was not to be moved by hunger :

‘ By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved ;
Thy temperance invincible besides
For no allurement yields to appetite.’—(ii. 406-409.)

But if the heart of Jesus were set on high designs, he should remember that *money* brings honour, conquest, realms. Gold raised Antipater the Edomite, and placed his son Herod on the throne of Judah. Therefore the first thing is to get riches, and to heap up treasure, without which virtue, valour, wisdom may sit in want.

Yet wealth without these three, said Jesus, is impotent to gain dominion or to keep it. The ancient empires of the earth fell to ruin,

ruin, with all their wealth ; while poor men endued with these noble qualities have often attained to the highest deeds. Riches are the toil of fools, the wise man's cumbrance, if not his snare. The crown, golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns :

‘ Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king.’—(ii. 466, 467.)

This patient self-control shines throughout the trial. When Satan endeavoured to awaken a passion for glory and military conquest, our Saviour replied that the empty praise of the crowd was no true glory. It was an error to extol the great conquerors who fought battles or won cities by assault : those worthies did nothing else than rob, spoil, and slaughter, enslaving peaceable nations more deserving of freedom than their conquerors. If there were any good in glory, it might be obtained by far different means—without war or violence, but by deeds of peace, by wisdom, patience, temperance :

‘ They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault : What do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe’er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy :
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers ;
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence ;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.’—(iii. 71-92.)

It is very possible that in this passage Milton may have borrowed a hint from Friend Ellwood.

After this the tempter led him to the top of a high mountain, and showed the kingdoms of the world, with the Parthian power in the east, and imperial Rome in the west ; arguing how easy it would be to expel the emperor and take his place. But it was necessary to aim at the highest, at no less than all the world ; otherwise there could be no sitting on David’s throne. To whom the Son of God replied :

‘ Nor doth this grandeur, and majestie show
Of luxury, though called magnificence,
More than of arms before allure mine eye,
Much less my mind ; though thou should’st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorguous feasts

On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems
 And studs of pearl ; to me should'st tell, who thirst
 And hunger still.—(iv. 110-121.)

The Messiah declared that he was not sent to free that people, once victorious, but now basely degenerate : once just, frugal, and temperate, but afterwards given over to ambition, cruelty, and luxury. What wise man would seek to free those who were by themselves enslaved ?

‘ Or could of inward slaves make outward free ? ’—(iv. 145.)

What a comment upon those words, ‘ The kingdom of God is *within* you ! ’

The tempter then showed Athens, ‘ the eye of Greece,’ with all the charms of her poets, philosophers, and orators. Our Saviour rejoined that even Socrates, the first and wisest of them all, professed

‘ To know this only, that he nothing knew.’—(iv. 294.)

No true knowledge could be conveyed by those who were ignorant of themselves, much more of God. A man may weary himself in reading many books ; but unless he bring to his reading an equal or superior judgment, he remains unsettled,

‘ Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.’—(iv. 327.)

Then as for poetry, where could nobler strains be found than in the songs of Zion, in which God is praised aright ? Where are the rules of civil government more truly laid down than in the prophets, men divinely inspired ?

‘ In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so.’—(iv. 361, 362.)

So, after many foils, the proud tempter fell, struck with dread and anguish ; while a band of angels conveyed away the Son of God :

‘ Then in a flowery valley, set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine
 Ambrosial fruits, fetched from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink
 That soon refreshed him wearied.
 And, as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heavenly anthem of his victory
 Over temptation, and the tempter proud.’—(iv., 586-595.)

The victory was complete. The Second Adam triumphed over all that the world holds glorious—over money, fame, warlike and imperial power, literary and philosophic reputation. But during the whole time he was constantly triumphant over appetite. As in a grand chorus, amid the roll of the organ, the swelling of the instruments, and the sound of many voices, some fundamental melody is heard, which seems to be the key-note of the whole movement,

movement, so throughout this temptation, self-control shines forth, shedding a light over each effort in the struggle, and lending a radiance to each step in the victory. We are warranted in asserting that 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' constitute one great Temperance Poem.

In our own country Milton has always been a great favourite with poets of the didactic school, and his influence upon our literature may be traced through Young, Cowper, and Wordsworth. Still, among the public generally, he is more talked about than read. Many persons are acquainted with the glowing passages where he describes the delights of Adam and Eve in Paradise, but few have studied his great poem as a whole. To read poetry by snatches may be suitable in the case of songs or lyrical pieces, but an epic must be studied as an entire work. The reader cannot form an adequate judgment until he has so far mastered the poem that he can trace the end from the beginning. It is an old story that a mathematician, who was advised to peruse the 'Paradise Lost,' with a view of strengthening his imagination, sat down resolutely to the task, and when he had finished it, exclaimed, 'He proves nothing.' Certainly Milton proves nothing in a mathematical sense; but in a moral sense he proves much, as we have attempted to show.

ART. III.—BREAD AND THE BAKERS.

Report addressed to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department relative to the Grievances complained of by the Journeymen Bakers; with Appendix of Evidence. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1862.

THE report recently prepared by Mr. Tremenheere, under a commission from the Home Secretary, fully justifies us in affirming that if bread be the staff of life, it is too frequently a crooked one. There is some foundation for the popular impression that wheaten flour and water, with yeast, are the constituents of bakers' bread, but it is certain that other elements must very often be adopted into the account. For example, Dr. Normandy, who was examined by the Committee of the House of Commons on the adulteration of food six years ago, found carbonate of magnesia, chalk, and clay, in flour prepared for the baker; and Mr. Mitchell, an analytical chemist, informed the same Committee that he had ascertained the bulk of certain flour to be augmented by sulphate of lime and chalk. These particular sophistications, however, are thought to be rare. But it is undeniable that a great quantity of bread is sold in London at a price which must involve a loss to the maker

maker if the flour were unadulterated. The process commences, perhaps, with the miller, who, on his own account, practises arts of admixture in the mill; and the bread of upright tradesmen is sometimes thus sophisticated without their privity or desire. But not unfrequently the bakers' demand for low-priced flour is made, full in face of the fact that a genuine article cannot be supplied at the money; and the guilt is thus shared between the grinder of the grist and the fabricator of the loaf. A third participator in the iniquity frequently appears in the chandler or small miscellaneous shopkeeper, who, according to Mr. W. Purvis, a baker, one of Mr. Tremenhoe's witnesses, frequently becomes an accessory, if not a principal, in dealing in adulterated bread. This arises thus: the chandler sells bread not so much on account of the direct profit on it, as because it attracts customers who buy other things. The bread is often sold thus at a loss, on the same principle as sugar is almost 'given away' by the grocers. As the chandler's object is to sell his bread at the lowest possible rate, the baker supplies him at the lowest possible cost, and, to do so, uses materials so mixed as to be cheaper than wheat, but made to look attractive by being 'doctored' with alum, and whitened by over-fermentation, which injures the nutritive qualities of the bread. There are many country millers who compound flour for sale at a reduced price, expressly for the supply of bread to these shops; and thus suffer the poor, who are the chief customers of the chandler. Rice is extensively used, and where this is the case, more alum is rendered necessary to bind the dough. Amongst the cheapening admixtures familiar to the unconscientious baker, we may further name the article called 'cones,' or coarsely ground Revet wheat, often in its turn deteriorated by rice, horse-bean meal, or other foreign material, and introduced into the bakery on the pretext of its sole use in dusting the boards and tins to prevent the dough from adhering. Having it on his premises, the baker 'of easy virtue' is tempted to mix it in increasing proportions with the more expensive flour; buying 'cones' at 15s. to 20s. per sack under the price of the best wheaten, he uses sometimes as much as one part of the pretended to three parts of the real. And many other things are used to add to the wheaten flour, as bean-meal, barley, rye, maize, and potato flour; the result being, in every case, a lowering of the nutrient quality, even where no baneful ingredient is found.

It is true, mixture, *per se*, may be looked on with indulgence where people cannot afford to buy pure wheaten bread, and must have an article at a low price; and there is even a law (3 Geo. IV. c. 106) which allows certain meals to be mixed with wheaten flour, provided that all bread so mingled bear upon it the letter M. But with this old regulation, in our days, no baker remembers

to comply. Indeed, the prescribed hieroglyphic upon a loaf of bread, if noticed by the purchaser, would not be understood; would be passed over as a private mark, of no interest because of no significance to the consumer. One witness has suggested that this obsolete regulation might be usefully revived, if improved by the addition to the M. of the remaining letters of the word for which that initial stands. Recent legislation upon coffee and chicory has insisted on a still further degree of explicitness; but if the precedent were adopted in the bread trade, it might sometimes result in the alarming stamp upon the loaf, that 'This is sold as a mixture of wheaten flour, rice, barley, and alum!'

Alum, in particular, is an especial besetment of the baker. No more seductive article exists for the man of the oven who desires to drive a lucrative trade. For first, he buys flour too cheap, or, by compounding meals, makes it so; and then he is driven, by the inexorable logic of the devil, to chemical devices for the concealment of his fraud. Now nothing avails him so much as alum to make the worse appear the better article. Scarcely, therefore, has a baker taken one step in depravity, than by the help of alum he takes another. A second lie is always needed to hide the first; and alum, with fatal certainty, finds its way ere long through the baker's oven to his shop-shelf, and thence to the viscera of his customers. Now the virtue of alum,—the vicious virtue,—is chiefly that it increases the whiteness and firmness of the bread; but it further commends itself to the baker by facilitating the severance of loaf from loaf in the batch. Its chemical operation upon the gluten, which is the most nutritious portion of the flour, is to convert it into a tenacious, wash-leathery substance, dismaying to the stomach and a vexation to the gastric juice. Is flour so wretchedly inferior that it will not 'rise?' No matter; alum exists. And what is to prevent the baker from using it? What, indeed, but regard for the health of the public; a vague and un-affecting consideration, too apt, alas! to prove impotent where pecuniary gain opposes.

Now, if we guide ourselves by some of the witnesses examined by Mr. Tremenheere, this use of alum, once very common, is at the present time rare, and becoming rarer. But unfortunately the preponderance of the evidence is quite the other way. The chairman of the London Operative Bakers' Association admits that alum was, undoubtedly, much used to whiten inferior flour prior to the passing of the recent Act causing scientific persons to be appointed public analysts for the detection of adulterations. This Act, he thinks, has done something to check the practice. But the utter inefficiency of the Act is affirmed by numerous testimony. For example, the '*Lancet*' pronounces the Act to be inoperative. Dr. Ballard, M.D., medical officer of health for the

the parish of St. Mary, Islington, declares that the Act must be admitted to have failed in its object, throwing the initiative, as it does, on private individuals, who almost invariably shrink from exhibiting themselves as 'informers.' Dr. Hassall, M.D., analyst of the 'Lancet Sanitary Commission,' observes that on one occasion, of twenty-eight samples of bread tested for alum, every one proved guilty; and alum was found in every one of twenty-five other samples tested at a subsequent time. These samples were all culled in the poorer parts of the metropolis. On a recent examination, the results of which were published, with the names of the bakers, in the 'Lancet,' in February of the present year, of thirty-two samples of bread purchased partly from low, but partly from high-priced bakers, more than half proved to be guilty of alum. 'Mixing up myself as I do with the trade,' said a baker examined by Mr. Tremenhare, 'I know that some master bakers have had as much as a hundredweight of alum in their houses at a time. Adulteration with this and other things is particularly common in poor neighbourhoods.' Now if alum were the innoxious substance which many bakers fondly persuade themselves that it is, there would still be ample room to object to this use of it, seeing that it gives plausibility and vogue to unworthy flour, of which otherwise bread would not be made. The old Act of Parliament, called the Bread Act, forbids the adoption of alum in bread, and rightly so, if only on this ground. But it cannot be denied with justice that the public health suffers by this admixture. 'That the addition of a powerful substance like alum, and in the large quantities detected in the above analyses' (says the 'Lancet,' in remarking on the result of its investigations), 'is prejudicial to health, and is productive of dyspepsia and other derangements of the digestive organs, is well ascertained.'

Dr. Daughlish, M.D., remarks that doubtless respectable bakers who prepare their bread from good and sound flour abstain altogether from the use of alum. But not so with those who deal in bread made of weak or unsound or mixed flour. Alum 'cannot be said,' he adds, 'to be ever altogether harmless, and will be injurious in proportion to the quantity used. It has a prejudicial effect upon the mucous secretions, preventing the action of solvents in the process of digestion; also by its astringent qualities on the surface of the alimentary canal, materially deranging the process of absorption. The very purpose for which it is used by the baker is the prevention of those early stages of solution which spoil the colour and lightness of the bread while it is being prepared, and which it does most effectually; but it does more than this, for while it prevents solution at a time when it is not desirable, it also continues its effect when taken into the stomach, and the consequence is that a large portion of the gluten and

and other valuable constituents of the flour are never properly dissolved, but pass away without affording any nourishment whatever. Experiments of the action of alum upon gluten have fully established these conclusions.' And Dr. S. Gibbon, medical officer of health for the Holborn Board of Works, in a report to that Board, states that the well-known medicinal effect of alum is to confine the bowels; that small doses of alum repeated for a considerable time will produce at first costiveness, afterwards great irregularity of the bowels, that is to say, alternations of costiveness and looseness, and at length continued looseness with ulceration; that the quantity of alum he has generally met with in bread has been in the proportion of from half a drachm to one drachm in the 4lb. loaf, so that the unfortunate who consumes half a loaf a day, swallows, every twenty-four hours, from 15 to 30 grains of this sophisticating dry salt; which, however, is less active when in bread than when taken alone; that even twelve grains per diem, taken alone, will produce constipation in an adult; and that the effect on children must be greater than on adults, sooner producing diarrhœa and dysentery. To this impurity in the bread he has little hesitation in assigning as to their chief cause, the frequent constipation, headaches, liver derangements, and other disorders of those who are dependent for their bread on the bakers; and the fatal diarrhœa of infants under three years of age may also have arisen from or have been aggravated by this cause.

So much for the material of which bread may be made. A few words in addition will describe the usual process, as carried on in the metropolis. A mixture of yeast and mashed potatoes is prepared, and a little flour being added to it, is allowed to stand until fermented throughout. From eleven to two o'clock in the day is usually devoted to this preliminary. At five or six o'clock in the afternoon 'the ferment' is ready to be mixed with the remainder of the flour, which mixture is effected with the arms of the bakers, and in the course of it sufficient water is added to make what is called 'the sponge.' About fifteen minutes per sack is the time usually required for this operation, which is called 'putting in the sponge,' and is very severe labour. From the time of its completion till eleven or twelve at night, the sponge is working; and during the interval the workmen are supposed to be in bed, but as soon as the sponge is ready, they are required to be on the alert, ready to commence the kneading, or making of the dough. To this process, one man with a sack of five bushels of flour must devote about three quarters of an hour; but two men, in nearly the same time, will turn three sacks into dough, because they can work in furtherance of each other. After being thus made, the dough stands during a time varying from half an hour

hour to two hours; and meanwhile the journeymen take what they call their breakfast, and then they lie down in their clothes to snatch a little sleep. They do not go far for the bed. A sack or two is spread upon the boards used for weighing off the dough and moulding it into loaves, and upon this extemporized couch, with a bread-tin, bare, or folded in a sack to soften it, for a pillow, they lie, and close their eyes, and sleep if they can. The boards, it should be added, are scraped and brushed every time they are used, and in some establishments they are washed hebdomadally; but as the moisture has, in the opinion of some masters, a tendency to make bread sour, the washing in their bakeries is dispensed with.

About two o'clock in the morning, the men start up from the boards, remove the sacks, and upon the wood, which is none the cooler for their pressure in sleep, proceed to weigh off pieces of dough, to be presently moulded into loaves and thrust into the oven. This process may consume about two hours. At four o'clock the journeymen in London begin to prepare to make the fancy bread and rolls,—another hour's hard work; by the end whereof, the loaf bread is ready to come forth of the oven. When the foreman has effected this, the journeymen carry the hot loaves into the shop; unless, as happens in many places, the men are locked in, and cannot take the bread up to the shop until the master comes down in the morning and releases them. It sometimes occurs that the men will be detained thus for an hour and a half. Then, the oven being cleared, half an hour is spent in preparing it for the fancy bread and rolls, and in another half-hour these are baked, and will be in the shop by eight o'clock, and in some places still earlier. It might be fancied that the men would now be at liberty, their day's work done; but in fact, until four, five, or six P.M., they are usually still kept employed, either in carrying out to the houses of the customers, or in making more batches as public demand requires.

We shall return to the question of the hours of labour presently; meanwhile, with all due apologies for the ungratifying exposure, it is really necessary, in behalf of the public, to allude in some detail to certain disagreeable conditions under which bakers' bread is not unfrequently made. For the 'staff of life' is not only, as we have shown, sadly apt to be crooked and unsound; it is also prone to be a dirty staff, if Mr. Tremenheere's witnesses say true. And before we commence the task of exhibiting the filth which has come up so profusely in the bucket let down by Mr. Tremenheere into a well which professes to have only Truth at the bottom of it, let the plain confession be made that never, since this report yielded up its contents to our examination, have we, for our own part, been fully able to regard bakers' bread as

a substance really adapted to be eaten. After giving this friendly hint by way of caution to readers who may be so circumstanced as to be unable to dispense with the article, we proceed to complete an exposure which, in the interest of health and cleanliness, we feel it incumbent upon us to make.

‘The kneading,’ says one witness, ‘is done by hand in the troughs. The places of work being so hot, of course the men are always in a state of perspiration. As a rule, I think the journey-men bakers pay great attention to cleanliness, and being so constantly in great heat they are so much reduced, that they do not perspire as men would who were unaccustomed to the work.’ This means, at best, that the bread of the present is somewhat more free from perspiration, because of the greater defilement of the bread of the past. ‘Nevertheless,’ he continues, ‘it must be confessed that many men do perspire very much, and that, considering that their hands are covered with the dough in making it, they cannot wipe it from the face, and it must often get into the dough, especially in hot weather, but’ (kind modicum of consolation!) ‘not from the body, as men generally wear some shirt or other. It has been said that in some bakerhouses men knead with their feet. This, I believe, is very rarely done, though I must confess that I have occasionally, in former times, unknown to my master, done it myself. If it is done, it is done in making fancy bread, the dough for which requires to be very stiff, and is consequently hard to work. The fancy bread includes cottage loaves, bricks, twists, &c. As far as I know the trade, I believe it to be a rare thing for the feet to be used even for this kind of bread, at least in London.’ ‘As to cleanliness,’ says the master of the Marylebone workhouse, ‘I need only say that, in hand-kneading, the men get into a violent perspiration, and if you watch them you will find that profuse perspiration continues to drop into the dough all the time the men are engaged in kneading it.’ The master baker in the Lambeth workhouse adds: ‘It is impossible to avoid a great deal of dirty impurity getting into the bread by the hand-kneading. No hand-kneading bread is ever made without a certain amount of perspiration getting into it, and sometimes, in hot weather, a great deal. The position in which the men are when at work, the heat, with the hard labour, speak for themselves as to that matter.’ On the other hand, one witness, Mr. Gilrush, master baker, says: ‘I have had twenty-eight years’ experience in all sorts of places of work, and I think that what the men say generally as to the perspiration falling into the dough is exaggerated. Where men are skilled and know their trade, and work to each other’s hands, they need not be more than thirty minutes making a batch of two sacks of flour; they can do this without being in a profuse perspiration. But there are hundreds
of

of men in the trade who know little or nothing about it, inferior hands, and if there is any truth in regard to the perspiration dropping into the dough, it must be in regard to these hands, men who make it labour to themselves.' But the master of the Shore-ditch Union workhouse says: 'I state confidently that I may say hundreds of times I have seen the perspiration dropping off men's foreheads into the dough, and their arms all covered with perspiration; the very cleanliest of them cannot help this, their exertion being so great and their movements so quick.' And the master baker of the Hackney Union declares: 'You cannot avoid the perspiration getting into the trough when you are hanging over it, kneading with your arms.' 'In hot weather there is a great quantity of perspiration dropping into every batch, especially in the small bakehouses.' Nay, a master baker of long standing, who now uses machinery in kneading, candidly confesses: 'Many a time I have taken a dislike to eat a batch of bread which I have seen made in my own bakehouse, and I have even got my wife to make me a loaf or two for my own eating; she has done it times upon times for me. Some men do not perspire at all; but in close places there is not one out of a hundred who will not have perspiration dropping from him in making dough.' Not to protract the case at this point, as we easily might, to much greater length, Mr. Tremenheere himself shall be the last witness whom we will call into the box. He narrates that on the 16th of November, 1861, he visited a large, well-ventilated bakehouse in a court-yard, by invitation of the owner, to see a batch of dough made. The hour was eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The place contained two ovens, was lighted with large windows, and had ample provision for admitting air. The trough was described to him as being more favourable for the men to work in than is usual, being narrow and shallow, so that they could get nearer to their work. This, then, was quite a model bakehouse; for conditions so favourable as these exist only in a minority of the metropolitan establishments. The temperature of the bakehouse was lower than usual—about 70 degrees—as a sharp frost was in the air without. Mr. Tremenheere saw two men, said to be very skilful, set to work to convert into dough somewhat less than three sacks of flour. This they accomplished in about twenty-five minutes, their usual time. 'At the end of fifteen minutes they were visibly heated, and I saw' (says the commissioner) 'perspiration dropping from the nose of the man who was doing his work within four feet of one of the doors, which stood open the whole time. He brushed the perspiration from his nose with his hand, and replunged his hand immediately into the dough. The work requires the exertion of a man's whole force, especially as the dough becomes stiff; and it is performed with great rapidity,

one

one man working to the other. Neither, therefore, has the inclination to stop, even for a moment, as by so doing he would delay the other.'

After all this testimony in opposition, Mr. Gilrush must confess himself completely nonplussed; unless, indeed, he should proffer the stoical consideration fallen back upon by another witness, Mr. John C. Dwarber. 'Much is said,' observes this philosopher, 'about the perspiration falling into the trough while the men are making the dough. It cannot be denied that in the nature of things this must often be so; *but are there not things that are done in preparing other articles of food that it is as well not to inquire into?*'

No doubt, it might redound more to present comfort could we adopt Mr. Dwarber's strong-minded hint; but 'Meliora' always intends better things, and evil must be exposed to the light in order to a cure. It is not right that such things should be and the public not be made aware of them. Ignorance can never, in such a case, be really bliss, in spite of Gray's aphorism to the contrary; the ignoring way may be inviting, but leads to no amendment. Let us, therefore, complete at once and so rejoice in getting done with this very ungrateful exposure.

With regard to the men, then, one who has been a master baker for thirty years, says that their exhausting labour prevents many of them from being as careful as they ought to be of bodily cleanliness; and another testifies that he knows many journeymen whose arms are 'so full of humour' ['bakers' itch'] 'that they are ashamed to turn their sleeves up.' 'A great many journeymen,' says the master baker of the Lambeth workhouse, 'have skin diseases, for which they must use external applications.' And another old master baker says: 'Numbers of journeymen have diseases of various kinds, skin diseases, and many the itch, and their habits are often very dirty, and they must all come into contact with the dough.' There can be no mistake with regard to the thoroughness of the contact. One witness, who had been a master baker for six years, bears witness that after the dough is made it is usual for the men first to 'rub their arms out,' that is, to get off the dough as well as they can by rubbing and using dry flour to facilitate the removal of what adheres; finally, the rest is washed off the arms into a pail. 'If they are not looked after,' continues the witness, 'they will throw this away, but a careful master keeps it, and compels them to use it with the next batch with the rest of the water used in making the dough. As much as from two or three ounces to a pound of flour will thus be washed off, amounting to from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per man per batch.' 'If a baker does twenty batches per week, there will be forty washings with two men to each batch; this at 2*d.* to each washing, will come to

6s. 8d. per man per week, an important saving to the baker.' Corroborating this testimony, another witness, now a journeyman, but for two years a master baker, says: 'In all the *small* shops in which I have worked it is the universal custom for the man who stirs the sponge to wash his arms in a pail of water, and leave it standing until the next dough is made; it is then thrown in among the dough.' 'No careful master, in a small way, will allow this to be thrown away.' 'In the small undersellers' shops, where they make the batches fast one after the other, and the master is particular as to saving, there would be washings also after the dough was made; and if three men are employed, that would be twelve halfpence, or 6d. per day, besides the washings after the sponge; in all 8d. a day, or 4s. a week. There are plenty of small bakers who would think a saving of 4s. a week a matter of importance. When I was a master baker I would not allow any of this to be wasted.' It is the testimony of Mr. Hart, of the Lambeth workhouse, that the men are often so hard-worked that they have not energy left to keep themselves clean. He has known many to have lice about them, and in one case to such a disgusting extent that it was a marvel the victim could sleep at all. Nothing but the great fatigue of his labour enabled him to do so. 'I have read many statements,' says another witness, the master baker of the Surrey House of Correction, 'of the dirty and disgusting circumstances so often attending the making of bread in the ordinary way, and they are not in the least exaggerated. I have worked as a journeyman both in the country and in London, and I have witnessed things that take place in the making of bread that would disgust any one, and I am sure that people even at the west end of London little know what goes on in some places while their bread is being made.' 'I have often seen men with the itch working at the dough; and with the long hours they are so wearied that scores neglect to keep themselves clean in their persons, and the places they work and sleep in are so hot and close that they have no fair opportunity of doing so.'

So much for the men. Let us now survey some of the places wherein they work and sleep. These are large, lofty, scrupulously clean, and well ventilated in some instances; in others, they are in all these points just the reverse. Usually bread, in the metropolis, is made in those parts of the house which, if not thus used, would be called the coalhole and the front kitchen. Then in the back kitchen a small store of flour is deposited, with other things in daily use. The oven or ovens are commonly protruded in excavations under the street; but in many cases this arrangement is reversed, the ovens being behind, and the space under the street occupied as storehouse or place to work in. Given, then, the size of the house at large, and you have usually the character of the
bakehouse

bakehouse in particular. 'The smaller the house,' says Mr. Tremeneere, 'the less and more confined will be the little front kitchen, which has been converted into the place where the various processes of bread-making are gone through. In favourable instances the back yard has been excavated and made into a flour store, and the back kitchen added to the bakehouse. But this implies a larger business, and a greater command of capital, as well as the means and opportunity of effecting this enlargement, which are not always to be obtained, especially in the more crowded parts of the metropolis, where space is of so much value.'

It happens, thus, that much bread is made in places which it would be highly impolitic to lay open to the inspection of the consumer. The secretary of the London Operative Bakers' Association testifies that there are many bakehouses in London in a shockingly filthy state, owing to imperfect sewerage, bad ventilation, and neglect; that the bread must, during the process of fermentation, become impregnated with noxious gases; that many journey-men bakers sleep under the pavement in the bakehouses; that the sleeping places, especially in the east end of London, and some at the west end also, are of the worst description, frequently being in the basement and under the stairs; and that many of the bakeries have no beds except in the bakehouse itself. In another operative baker's experience, the places of work have almost always been arches under the ground, with no means of ventilation except through the doors: they are generally fearfully hot, and many of them are infested with vermin. There are, he adds, very few bakehouses that are not overrun with blackbeetles in great numbers, and it is almost impossible to keep these out of the bread. 'You could gather a quart pot full in ten minutes.' The bakehouses, too, are often so close to the drains that very bad smells pervade them. A third witness declares that in one bakehouse where he had to sleep there were no beds except the flour sacks; and the place of work was very dirty, close, and full of vermin. A master baker of much experience, says: 'I have known many bakehouses in a shocking state as places of work, and most injurious to the men; and so infested with rats, beetles, cockroaches, &c., and so full of noxious smells, that it must infect the bread. No doubt, many have been improved of late years, but a large number are still very bad.' 'I have worked in a great number of bakehouses in London,' says the master baker of the Hackney Union, 'and some very small, and always at night work. Small and large are many times very dirty. Some masters are very particular, and will have their places kept clean, but many others neglect it very much, and the places of work are very dirty.' 'The bottom of a bakehouse often gets clogged up with sweepings and all sorts of dirt, and some are not washed from year's end to

year's end, which must be very unhealthy for the men ; there is a smell arising which shows it must be.'

Now that this state of affairs is universal is not by any means to be supposed. One master baker, knowing eight or ten bakehouses in the west end, affirms that all are properly drained and ventilated and kept clean, and whitewashed once a year, and that there is no difficulty whatever in keeping down all vermin and dirt of every kind. Another remarks that his bakehouse is particularly clean and well ventilated ; that he sees no reason why all bakehouses should not be kept clean and free from vermin, and that he has no vermin of any kind, either blackbeetles, ants, or anything else in his ; although he has known many bakehouses which were exceedingly dirty. Again, Dr. C. J. B. Aldis, M.D., one of the medical officers of health for the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, visited fifty-three bakehouses in Belgravia, and reported them on the whole to be in a much better state than he had been led to suppose ; ' Many were perfectly clean and well ventilated, and in some instances the sleeping accommodation testified to great care for the comfort and welfare of the men.' But on the other hand, Mr. Costiff, a master baker, deposes that in the course of his experience in London as journeyman and as master, he has seen a good number of the bakehouses, and is sorry to say that a large proportion of them are in a very disgraceful state, both as places of work and as dormitories. ' In nearly all places, whether the bedroom is partitioned off from the bakehouse, or is over it, they are very ill ventilated and filthy, and many have no window or other communication with the external air.' ' I should say that fifteen out of twenty sleeping places are such as I have described ; the east end of London and the south are the worst, but there are many even in the west end which are very bad.' Lastly, Mr. Tremenheere, in his Report to the Home Secretary, whilst bearing witness to the fact that nearly all the bakehouses of the principal persons in the trade visited by himself, more particularly in the full-priced branch, were found to be perfectly clean, and that there was seldom to be seen any deficiency in the amount of the ventilation, although frequently the mode appeared to be improveable, is compelled to add that in about half the total number of bakehouses visited by him he found not only the ventilation very defective, but the state of dirt even beyond what he had been led to expect. In reference to ten places which he describes in detail, as fair types of their class, and representing ' to a greater or less degree probably one half of the total number of bakehouses in London,' he states that the principal fact, for which he certainly was not prepared, was their extreme dirt, and in many cases, the almost total covering of the entire space between the rafters with masses of cobwebs, weighed down with the flour-dust that had accumulated
upon

upon them, and hanging in strips just above the head. A heavy tread or a blow upon the floor above brought down, he says, large fragments of them, as he witnessed on more than one occasion; and as the rafters immediately over the troughs in which the dough is made, were as thickly hung as any other part of the bakehouse, masses of those webs must be frequently falling into the dough. Other bakehouses of this description he found less thickly festooned with cobwebs, but these were in most cases numerous enough to afford a great probability of their being frequently incorporated with the dough. The rafters were usually so black with the sulphurous exhalations from the oven, that it needed not the admission of the proprietor that the bakehouse was very seldom whitewashed. What the commissioner vaguely terms 'animals,' in considerable numbers crawled in and out upon the troughs where the bread was made, and upon the adjoining walls. The dust had accumulated upon the broken and uneven floors. The smells from the drains, &c., were very offensive, the draft of the oven continually drawing the effluvia through the bakehouse. The ventilation was generally so injudiciously contrived as to produce a strong current of cold air upon the men while at work: as the men are always heated by their work, and very susceptible of cold, they rarely avail themselves of both the openings for the passage of air. The result is, he says, that the air of those bakehouses is generally overloaded with foul gases from the drains, from the ovens, and from the fermentation of the bread, as well as the emanations from the workmen's bodies. The air thus contaminated is necessarily incorporated with the dough in the process of kneading.

We have been thus remorseless in dwelling on the subject of bakehouse dirt, because it were a shame that the public should not be informed fully on the subject, now that modern invention has rendered the whole of this pollution perfectly unnecessary. Had no remedy been attainable, it might have been wise to have subsided into Mr. Dwarber's state of mind, remembering the 'peck of dirt' which the proverb says everybody has to eat, and concluding that 'it is as well not to inquire' too curiously into food manufacture in general, and bread-making in particular. But upon the evidence of a whole host of witnesses, and after personal examination of nearly every machine used in London for making dough, Mr. Tremenheere builds the conclusion that every point is established in favour of the use of Mr. Stevens's bread-making machine in preference to hand kneading, and by testimony very various, perfectly independent, and entirely practical. Using these machines, the men expend, upon the whole, much less strength than in manual kneading; there is no possibility of any perspiration falling into the dough, or of any dust worth mentioning escaping, as the dough is made in a closed trough. Then the

men do their work at a great mechanical advantage, standing up and turning a handle, instead of at great mechanical disadvantage, bending down over a low trough with their hands and arms lower than their bodies, enveloped in a cloud of flour-dust, and taking that and a portion of carbonic-acid gas into their lungs. There is also a saving of time in the process; and more bread is produced from the same materials than by hand-kneading. The statements and calculations furnished to Mr. Tremenhoe by many witnesses, master bakers, and masters of large public establishments where the machine is used, supported by extracts from the books, proved distinctly that the gain amounts to an average of about three 4 lb. loaves more per sack than are obtained by hand-labour. And this is not a mere increment by virtue of additional water absorbed without addition of real nutritive power. Part of it is accounted for by the saving of loss in the non-dispersion of the finest parts of the flour as floating dust about the bake-house, and the rest is attributable to the thorough mixing of the water and flour; for if the water is imperfectly brought into contact with the whole mass of the flour, some of the flour will be not saturated but only damped, and the resulting bulk of dough will be smaller because part of the flour has not had its fair distention by water. In fine, 'Nothing can be more complete or effectual than the mixing power of Mr. Stevens's machine.'

But another process, invented by Dr. Daughlish, seems to have still greater claims to universal adoption. By *aërating* instead of fermenting, Dr. Daughlish, in machinery of his own invention, produces bread into which no sort of defilement can be intruded in the process, because from first to last nothing comes in contact with the baker's hand. We have no space to detail the many advantages of this method, which receives the highest commendation from the commissioner.

There are about three thousand master bakers in the metropolis. Three-fourths of these are called 'undersellers,' through not obtaining for their bread so high a price as is realized by the remaining fourth. They are enabled to undersell by declining to give credit, by buying good flour in large quantities, by using cheaper yeast and inferior or adulterated flour, by extorting a greater amount of labour from their journeymen, or by selling bread deficient in weight. To such of these means as are illegitimate, they profess to be driven by the severe competition which prevails in their trade; and the competition is of this character, on account of the facilities for becoming masters which offer themselves to the journeymen. The supply of journeymen (about 14,000 in number) is excessive, because the trade is quickly learned, all the tools are furnished by the masters, and the earnings, not interruptible by changes in weather or great fluctuations of

of demand, are steady and uniform all the year round, and perhaps larger than could be obtained by a similar grade of men in other employments. Hence it is that, notwithstanding the hardships that must be undergone, a large class of young men are attracted to the trade. It is not only London that supplies these recruits; Scotland and Germany are constantly pouring in large numbers. Englishmen are in the majority, but Scotchmen abound, and Germans come next to these in point of numbers. These last have the reputation generally of being the steadiest men in the trade. Most of them save money; and by a system which they have of helping each other, soon become masters. They are driven hither by the conscription, or attracted by the success of their compatriots; and being (at the expense of the State) better educated than Englishmen of the same social rank, have more self-respect, and prove more reliable. The possibility of rising to the position of master baker is rendered easy by the interposition of the millers and flour-factors, exactly in the same way as entrance upon the public-house line of business is promoted by the larger brewers. These capitalists, owning retail establishments, put into them steady men of small means, to whom they lend stock and money, and whom they thus tie up to purchase only from themselves. And so the market is overstocked with bakers, and the result is an amount of competition which drives masters of defective conscientiousness to resort to the base arts of under-weighting and adulteration, and to the deplorable custom of grinding the noses of their workmen.

Of the extent to which this grinding is carried, ample evidence is given in Mr. Tremenheere's report. The difference in the mode in which the full-priced and the underselling bakers conduct their business, causes great diversity with regard to the hours of work. The full-priced masters employ their men part of their time in serving their customers, to whom they are sent round delivering bread. The men thus obtain more fresh air, but the labour of transporting bread in large baskets or trucks for several hours of the day after a night's hard work is by no means light. During 'the London season' the operatives of the full-priced west end bakers generally begin work just as Paterfamilias in steady-going circles is inspecting the house-fastenings, seeing all safe before retiring to rest. From eleven o'clock at night, with one or two short, and sometimes very short, intervals of repose on the sacks and the trough-boards, the men are at their heavy and hot work until seven or eight o'clock the next morning; and still they are engaged for the rest of the day, as late as four, five, six, or even seven o'clock in the evening, in carrying out bread, or making fresh batches. Then between the cessation of their day's work and its recommencement, only five or six hours at the most, frequently not
more

more than four or five hours, intervene. On Fridays the work always commences earlier, by an hour or so, and is continued perhaps up to eight o'clock on Saturday night, but more generally up to four or five. On Sundays the men are required to be in the bakehouse for an hour or two, to make preparations for Monday's work, by putting in the ferment or the sponge. In some full-priced shops Sunday dinners are also baked for the thoughtless public, and this alone will occupy four or five hours. It is pleasing to learn that this Sunday baking trade is diminishing.

So far the full-priced trade. The men employed by the undersellers have not only to work more hours on the average, but their work is almost entirely confined to one place. The undersellers usually sell their bread over the counter; in the rare cases wherein they send it out, they for the most part employ other hands for that purpose. It is the most ordinary practice for the workmen of the underseller to begin work on Thursday night at ten o'clock, and continue labouring, with but slight intermissions, until late on Saturday evening. And Sunday, alas! brings no rest to these. Nearly all the undersellers bake on Sunday; and the men are in some cases kept at work, weighing flour for shop sale into small bags, besides preparing for the next day's bread.

Of the bad effects of this over-work, and of the unhealthy circumstances whereby the employment of the baker is too often environed, we have many glimpses in the Report before us. The journeyman has often no home except in his master's house, and his sleeping-place, especially in the east of London, and also too often in the west, is in the basement of the building and under the stairs. Many have no bed except in the bakehouse itself, and no bedding except sacks laid upon the trough-boards. Some who have bedding prefer to lie on the boards, as the bedding is bad, and the sleeping-place damp and cold. Married men are not readily brought to consent to sleep thus upon the premises; and most of the journeymen employed, therefore, are unmarried. 'Men are hundreds of times refused situations because they are married,' says one witness. Great immoralities naturally result from this circumstance. The effect of the trade upon the morals of the journeymen, compelled, as they too often are, to witness the frauds of their masters and to take part in them, and deprived, as they must be, of almost all opportunity of self-culture, cannot on the whole be otherwise than bad. Accordingly, one witness observes, that he has no doubt of the bad effect of night-work and long hours upon the morals of the young men in the trade. Another speaks of the frequency of cases of drinking and other vicious habits amongst the youths. Drinking, as we go through the evidence, we find frequently alluded to. 'The public-house, in London,' says Mr. John Bennett, 'is, in most cases, the baker's home.'

home. It is so for all the young men. When a young man comes to London he goes to one of the houses of call, which are always public-houses, for the purpose of getting employment. The owner of the public-house keeps a certain number of beds at the disposal of the journeymen bakers who frequent his house, enough to provide with beds the average number who are out of employ. They pay 2s. to 2s. 6d. per week. Also, as the places where many of the journeymen sleep, who are at work, are so bad that they cannot keep their clothes there, they keep their boxes at one of these public-houses; and therefore if he dresses there, he is expected to spend money. Then all the sick clubs hold their meetings at public-houses; they meet every Saturday night for the purposes of the club, or of amusement. They meet at about nine o'clock at night; they cannot usually get there before. This naturally leads to much drinking and dissipation.' The same witness alludes to the effect of the long hours of labour in leading to a desire for stimulants, and for exciting amusements often of a vicious kind. Mr. W. M'Cash, a master baker, affirms that when he was a journeyman he was many a time so exhausted by the long hours that he could not walk upstairs to bed, but was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees; and after only three hours in bed he had been obliged to get up again. He considers that he owes the preservation of his health to temperate habits and a strong constitution. Unfortunately (he adds), many of the men betake themselves to stimulants; by which, of course, we are to understand alcoholic drinks. Mr. Thomas W. Claridge, another master baker, speaks of the usual Saturday night bed at the public-house; and he remarks, that the condition of the baker is bad in every particular; that he has none of the comforts which lighten the toils of the commonest of labourers; that he cannot look forward with any hope of a good night's rest, or a meal properly prepared after his labour; that if he has an hour to spare in which to seek a little change from the bakehouse, he has no place but the public-house to repair to; that 'in fact, his condition is so bad that he loses all self-respect, all hope, and feels that he has but little to live for.' Mr. Heiser, a master baker, declares that 'the long hours and the night-work drive them to drink and to all sorts of immoralities.' But he remarks that of the Germans very few are addicted to drinking habits. On this point he is corroborated by Mr. Mackness, who in nine journeymen whom he employs, counts six Germans; and adds: 'The Germans are fast superseding the English workmen in the baking trade; the English workmen are so unsteady, and so given to drink.' 'Many in the trade,' says Mr. Joseph Ball, a foreman, 'ruin their health by a bad course of living and by drunkenness.' Amongst the obstacles to the adoption of a system of day labour, which has been tried in some places,

places, but was generally soon abandoned, Mrs. Bruce, of Albany Street, mentions that whereas the men, on the day plan, must come to work punctually at four o'clock in the morning, when she is asleep and not able to watch them, or they will run the risk of spoiling ten or fifteen pounds' worth of goods; 'it is not all men who can be depended on for sobriety.' 'When they come in at eleven to twelve, P.M. [on the night plan], I am up to see them in, and the house is safe; but I have had to refuse men admittance at that hour on seeing that they had been drinking.' And Mr. Hue, who tried the day plan, and found it so inconvenient that he gave it up, names, as one reason, that 'frequently one of the four men who should have come at four o'clock in the morning, did not come at all, and had to be sought for in a cab, he having probably been drinking, and overslept himself.' Here, as everywhere else, plans of amelioration are defeated, because the liquor traffic 'starts up and stops the way.'

It is true that, notwithstanding the serious disadvantages that attend on the lot of the baker, there are to be found in the trade, and not only amongst the masters, many intelligent and estimable people. 'In the course of the inquiry,'—we quote Mr. Tremenhoe—'I have come into contact with a considerable number both of masters and men. I have the greatest pleasure in recording the impression they made upon me. I believe it would be difficult to find in any trade in the kingdom men of greater intelligence and uprightness of mind than the great majority of those with whom the various purposes and accidents of the inquiry brought me into communication.' This is one side of the case; and the Chairman of the City Master Bakers' Association in 1859, declares that the master bakers in London have every wish to promote the welfare of their journeymen in everything that is reasonable and practicable; and that there is the greatest desire among all the respectable masters in the trade to consult the comforts and interests of the men, to give them the best sleeping-places in their houses, to study the means of ventilating the places of work, to arrange the hours of work, and so forth. He adds: 'I do not see, myself, that the baking trade needs be an injurious one to a man's health or morals.' But on the other side, when we see how much adulteration is proved against many of the bakers, and what the state of their workplaces is, we must not allow our spectacles to be too strongly tinged with *couleur de rose*. The baking trade, truly, needs not be detrimental to health or morals, but over a large surface it unquestionably *is*. We could fill several pages with quotations from the evidence before us, corroborating the testimony of Mr. John Bennett, that in many instances he has known the health of youths employed in the trade materially affected by the long hours, and has seen many sink under it; of Mr. George Painter, that

that journeymen bakers are even more liable to affections of the lungs than millers; of Mr. G. Knight, that many lads have their health ruined by nightwork, by the 'sulphur' from the furnace, and the 'spirit' from the bread; ('It has injured me, I know,' says Mr. K; 'I am suffering from it now;') of Mr. W. Purvis, that carrying out the bread to the chandlers' shops is a frequent cause of bad health, the hot bakehouse being suddenly exchanged for the cold open air, and causing a chill which often brings on rheumatism or inflammation of the lungs; and of Dr. W. A. Guy, physician to King's College Hospital, who says that the heat in which the men work, by exhausting them, renders them liable to inflammatory affections, colds, and rheumatism; that the flour dust and the gusts from the oven, consisting of carbonic acid, alcohol, and sulphurous acid gas, irritate their lungs, and predispose to consumption; that the severe exertion leads to palpitation, disease of the heart, ruptures of blood-vessels, and apoplectic seizures; that the expectation of life among the journeymen bakers is lower than that of most other trades; that no class of men, excepting perhaps the grinders of Sheffield, are so liable to severe and fatal diseases of the chest; that they are four times as liable to those diseases as the compositors, who are not a long-lived race by any means; and that their average age at death presents the low figure of forty-two years. Then, with regard to morals, we need only allude to the deplorable educational effect of the frauds of which they are too often compelled to be not only witnesses but agents. Mr. W. Purvis says that an immense number of the working classes who buy their bread at the chandlers' shops, are cheated both in the weight and in the quality of the bread; that many bakers, knowing that they can get off adulterated bread and bread under-weight at these shops without fear of detection, manufacture with that view, and 'the consequence is that a vast system of fraud is carried on against the working classes through the instrumentality of these shops.' And Dr. Daughlish bears witness that the dishonesty most prevalent in the bakers' trade consists in supplying bread deficient both in quality and weight; and that the amount of fraud upon the public on the purchase of bread deficient in weight is 'very considerable.' Even where bread of full weight is supplied, this is often effected by under-baking. What but a bad moral result can the knowledge of such practices on the part of the baker exert upon the men? They, in their turn, learning the lesson too well, sometimes repay the master for his noxious schooling in his own base kind of coin. 'Unfortunately,' says Mr. W. Spiking, 'there is, I believe, too much truth in what has often been imputed to them, that in many cases they make more by the delivery of bread than the masters are aware of, or than they would like to confess.' The nefarious method used consists in entering in their books more bread

bread to customers than they have delivered ; and it is stated that 'of the heads of the smallest families not one in ten escapes paying for a half-quartern loaf per week above his household consumption, and that with regard to the heads of large families that amount is very greatly exceeded. Men whose wages are 18s. a week make their places 'worth' 30s. by this mode of dishonesty, which is a great source of anxiety and annoyance to the master, because bills are frequently returned for alteration, and customers lost in consequence of the detection or suspicion of these impositions. Then the prevalence of Sunday baking tends to sink the poor baker lower and lower in moral rank, depriving him of opportunities of improving his mind and cultivating his spiritual nature. 'I don't know a journeyman baker, nor have I, during all my experience, who ever goes to a place of worship,' is the testimony of Mr. Heiser. It is true, another witness, Mr. Dwarber, knows a great many journeymen who go to church, but he appears to be unusually favoured in this respect. One of the journeymen, Henry Webb, says : 'As a class, I believe that the journeymen bakers are the most ignorant of any class of labouring men ; it cannot be otherwise as long as they work as they do at present ; on Saturday night they are like wild animals let loose, and on Sunday they lie about, mostly without cleaning themselves, and very seldom enter a place of worship. In point of morality there can be no doubt that they are very low indeed. Many of them have to go on with Sunday bakings as well, and I can say that they are so tired, that they have no heart to improve themselves in any way.'

In suggesting legislative remedies for the grievances of the journeymen bakers, Mr. Tremenheere names the following as the only propositions which he is prepared to recommend for the consideration of the legislature :—

1. That no youth under eighteen years of age should be allowed to be employed in a bakehouse later than the hour of nine P.M., or earlier than five A.M.—This we consider to be an excellent suggestion.
2. That bakehouses should be placed under inspection, and subjected to certain regulations in regard to ventilation, cleanliness, &c.—This, too, would no doubt be useful.
3. That the provisions of the Act 'for preventing the adulteration of articles of food,' &c. (23 & 24 Vict. c. 84) should be made more effectual.—And to this recommendation, also, we add our endorsement.

Mr. Tremenheere further suggests the adoption of Stevens's Patent Dough-making Machine, or Dr. Daughlish's aërated bread machinery, as involving not only great prospective benefits to the journeymen, but certain economical and other advantages, of no small value to the community.

Lastly,

Lastly, although it would be impossible for Parliament to interfere with the night work and the long hours of day work of the adult labourers in the baking trade, he thinks it is to be hoped, and in this hope we devoutly share, that the renewed discussion of the subject may have some effect in leading to such mutual concessions of a simple nature between the men and their masters as may place those questions upon a footing satisfactory to both parties.

ART. IV.—WORKMEN'S HALLS *versus* PUBLIC-HOUSES.

[This interesting article, which, through the kindness of Mrs. Bayly, author of 'Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them,' we are enabled to place before our readers, was prepared by that lady and read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association in London.]

IF the number and influential character of any existing institutions be admitted as criteria of importance, then no apology can be necessary for bringing the subject of public-houses before an assembly, convened to discuss topics affecting the social interests of the community.

In London, Liverpool, and many other places, one house in every thirty-five is some kind of public-house; and when we consider that there are comparatively few persons in this country who do not either frequent these places themselves, or are in some way or other affected by those who do, it will not be deemed unreasonable that the attention of this intelligent audience should be requested to a subject which may truly be said to be of national importance.

For many years we have been walking up and down our streets, contemplating the existence of these establishments, and noting their influence upon those who keep them, and upon those who use them. Constituted and conducted as they usually are, they can only be regarded as the masterpiece of Satan's cruelty to the unhappy race for whose destruction he never seems weary of inventing and contriving. At the corners of most of our streets, in all our public thoroughfares, as well as back streets, these houses are to be seen, standing as snares and pitfalls, ready to entrap and ruin the bodies and souls of unwary men. But with all our detestation of these abominable places, we have not been able to shut our eyes to the fact, that as society is at present constituted, it is impossible for us to do without some kind of public-house life.

Besides the melancholy fact, with which we are all too familiar, that, owing to the general neglect in the education of girls, very few of the wives of working men have the necessary qualifications
for

for making a home comfortable, there must always be a great number of men without homes at all, and of others following their work from place to place, only returning to their homes at long intervals. Those who know what is meant by 'lodgings for single men,' are well aware that it usually means a place where no man will spend more of his waking hours than he can help. The instinct which craves for companionship is stronger in the uneducated than the educated man. Five working men out of six will tell you that it is the company which first draws them to the public-house, and not the drink. Taking all these things into consideration, we are compelled to come to the conclusion, not that public-houses must be swept from the face of the earth, but that we must put good ones in the place of bad ones. Besides the common sense of such a plan, it is in unison with the Scripture injunction to 'Overcome evil with good.'*

In the neighbourhood of Notting Hill an attempt has been made to supply this want. On the 1st of April, 1861, a house was opened there called the Workmen's Hall. The money necessary for its construction and preparation was lent by Mr. Samuel Gurney, at 5 per cent. interest. On the basement floor are hot and cold baths at 2*d.* and 4*d.* each. On the ground floor is a coffee room, library, and bar, where tea and coffee, bread and butter, ginger beer, cake, &c., are always on sale. On the first floor are the lecture room and committee room, and on the second floor the Bible Mission room, and three bedrooms for the use of the governor of the house and his family. The total cost of this building (including 50*l.* for the lawyer's bill) was under 1,120*l.*

The founders of this Workmen's Hall were little encouraged in its erection. They were repeatedly assured that such was the low and degraded state of feeling among the working classes, that they would not care to frequent any place which did not administer to every animal indulgence. They were cautioned to be wary in the construction of the building, and not spoil it for a dwelling-house, as it would have to be re-converted to that purpose whenever the property was sold, as of course it would be before long. A twelvemonth's experience has, however, proved that all these cautions and precautions were needless. The men of this neighbourhood have shown, that when they have a chance offered them, they know how to choose the good and refuse the evil.

The whole amount of the expense of keeping up this institution for one year has been 183*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* The sources of income are—

* The proposal to 'sweep public-houses from the face of the earth' has never been made by any organization. The United Kingdom Alliance proposes to improve them by freeing them from connection with that liquor-traffic which chiefly makes them dangerous. Laws that contribute to the overthrow of evil are good.—[Eds. *Meliora.*]

the payment of 2*d.* per week by each member resorting to the hall; the profit arising from the sale of tea, coffee, and other refreshments; rent of bath rooms on basement 20*l.* per annum; Bible Missionary room at the top of the house, 10*l.* per annum; and an occasional letting of the lecture room.

The establishment was opened for business on the 1st of April, and up to Christmas the expenditure exceeded the receipts. Since that time there has been a large accession to the number of members, which has, of course, increased the custom at the bar, and the average receipts of the quarter ending the 25th of March show that the institution is now self-supporting.

The object of landlords of public-houses is generally to get as much as possible out of their customers. Knowing the truth of the proverb, that 'a fool and his money are soon parted,' it is of course to their interest to study how to turn men into fools as expeditiously as possible. By the aid of the brewer and the distiller, coupled with contrivances we need not stay to mention, the process is by no means a difficult one. Custom, companionship, and appetite, being all on the side of the landlord, it is no wonder he succeeds in muddling the brains of his unfortunate customers to his heart's content.

The object of the founders of this hall is diametrically opposite to that of the publican. Instead of wishing to keep men ignorant and foolish, that so they may become an easy prey, they desire in every way to increase their self-respect, and make them as wise and self-reliant as possible.

With this end in view, various classes have been established. Ladies and gentlemen have left their homes evening after evening, and not in a patronizing spirit, but with the truest sympathy of heart, have sought to share their superior advantages of education with those who are less highly favoured.

There is nothing in the history of this institution to which we refer with so much pleasure as to the exertions of those members who have formed themselves into a District Visiting Society. To them we are very greatly indebted for much of our success. They have most unselfishly given up a large amount of time, and have worked with a unity of purpose and design, which would have done credit to men in any station of life. Their plan has been to divide the neighbourhood into districts, each one being in the hands of two or three committee-men. The secretary examines the pledge-book once every week, copies the names and addresses of all who have recently signed it, and sends the list to those visitors upon whose district the new members are resident. On the following Sunday the visitor calls, invites the new friend to join the Hall, to attend their meetings, and, if he should prove to be suited for some kind of work, he is soon brought more prominently forward.

forward. These visitors are supplied with tracts, both temperance and religious, which are enclosed in Workmen's Hall Temperance Society covers; on the outside of which are printed the terms and advantages of attendance at the Hall, the time of all meetings, &c. In this way these devoted men have literally gone out into the highways and hedges, and compelled men to come in who never would have been brought under our influence by any other method. How many erring brothers they have been the means of rescuing, how many wives and children have been restored through them to comfort and respectability, how many souls may have been rescued from death, and what multitudes of sins they may have prevented, will not be known until that great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

On the first Wednesday in the month the trustees meet, and take tea with the members of the committee, most of whom are district visitors. The evening is spent in conversation on different subjects relating to the affairs of the Institution. Although at the present day we witness more kindness and consideration from the rich towards the poor than has been recorded of any preceding age, yet many are still sceptical as to the possibility of establishing entirely *friendly relations* between the two classes. We have much pleasure in bearing our testimony to the fact, that nothing has ever occurred at these social gatherings which could have offended the most fastidious taste. Every idea may not certainly have been expressed in the purest English, and sometimes Lindley Murray's feelings might have been sorely tried, and we must, perhaps, plead guilty to having been somewhat original in our sayings and doings; but beyond this we believe that those who are accustomed even to the politeness of the west-end drawing-room would have found little occasion for expressions of dissatisfaction. The vase of flowers has never been absent from the tea-table, though in every case provided and placed there by the hard hands of the sons of toil.

We do not reckon these amongst the facts of *small* importance in our history. The great social reform we are striving to bring about will only be accomplished, we believe, by this union of effort. If the working out of such institutions as this is left entirely in the hands of working men, the plans will be deficient in power, method, and stability, and for want of the conservative element will be ever in danger of falling to pieces. On the other hand, if educated and wealthy men alone are concerned in the direction, they will probably spend a vast amount of time, thought, and money, almost uselessly, for want of the right idea of practical application. Before quitting this subject we will just say, that the drinking habits of the working people generally are doing more than anything else to keep up the separation between the
two

two classes. We sit side by side at our tea-table with men who, in time past, have been expelled even from the public-house, and who, in fact, were at that time unfit associates for any class of society. It is only since the introduction of our Temperance Society that we have been able to establish those friendly relations with our poorer neighbours which we have long desired to do; and we bless God for an institution in our midst which has brought many to our side without compelling us to take a lower seat.

The question of interest which follows, is, what has been the effect of the presence of this institution upon the surrounding neighbourhood? We might fill many pages in describing its moral and religious results. We could tell of policemen who speak with wonder of the diminution of crime, and say, if things are to go on in this way, and public-houses are to be put down by workmen's halls, then they must be put down also, for there will be little left for them to do. We could tell of churches and chapels well attended, and of schoolrooms where the preacher previously on a Sunday evening seldom secured a congregation of more than 30, now crowded with nearly 300 persons: but the space allotted to us is so short, that we must be content for the present to confine our remarks principally to the effect this movement has had upon our trade and commerce.

Since the first formation of our Temperance Society in January, 1860, between 1,300 and 1,400 have signed the pledge. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to ascertain with any degree of correctness, how many have continued faithful to their pledge: but general observation alone will be sufficient to convince any one that we cannot have less than 800 or 900 staunch teetotallers amongst us. Many of the men now members of the Workmen's Hall have confessed to having for years been in the habit of spending from 1*l.* to 3*l.* per week in drink, some having even exceeded this. To spend only six or seven shillings a week in this luxury is spoken of as so moderate a thing, that such a one need hardly join the society at all. Taking the number of total abstainers as low as 600, and that the average saving effected by each amounts to ten shillings per week; this (without reckoning anything for time saved and property not destroyed) will show the actual money rescued from drink by this one society, in one year, to amount to 15,600*l.*

As very little, if any, of this large sum has been put aside in leathern bags, or secret drawers, it has of course been expended in some way or other. Instead of any general surmises or probable calculations, we think it will answer our present purpose better if we simply state what has come under our own observation. In conversation with a tailor some weeks ago, he said—

' Since the Workmen's Hall has been opened, I have made for the men there forty-four

four pairs of trousers, besides two suits at four guineas, and three at 3*l.* 10*s.* Fifty-five of the men have expended with me during the past year 70*l.*, and for making heavy garments I have received 50*l.*; besides this I have made about twenty suits of clothes for the teetotal band. That Hall has been the making of me, and the cloth people now are very glad to have me for a customer, for when I take my work home to the men at the Hall on Saturday evening, I'm sure of my money, and I haven't to stand treat for any beer either, and so I can pay ready money for my cloth, which is good for me, and good for the people I buy it of, also.'

The governor of the Hall, who has the best of opportunities of making observations, says—

'I know that twenty of our men, whom I have just taken at random, have within the last three months spent 130*l.* upon articles of use and comfort for their homes. All this money formerly, as I know well, would have gone straight into three public-houses. No one scarcely is more than a few weeks amongst us without taking home something fresh with him of a Saturday night. The money that, for so many years, all went one way, now seems to go in fifty ways. Instead of being sunk in a well like—as it did when it went to the public-houses—it now goes circulating about and seems to come round to us all in turn. The shoemaker, instead of having all the money for a pair of boots he made for a carpenter, employed him to make his windows open at the top, for he said he couldn't stand breathing nasty air all day, since he had become a teetotaler. There are some of the men who come here who are now getting a good living, out of just the work they do for their comrades. I was thinking one day if all the districts in London during the past year, had wanted as much more than usual of leather, and cloth, and crockery, and calico, and furniture as we have wanted here, whether the manufacturers would have been able to have supplied it all.'

The City Missionary writes—

'I have been fourteen years upon this district. Many of the houses where I have never been used to see a decent article of furniture, have, since the commencement of our Temperance Society, been respectably and comfortably furnished; some have gone on even to articles of luxury, and the looking-glass, ornaments on the mantel-shelf, and the plant-stand in the window, may be seen, where, for many long years, no member of the family knew what it was to sleep upon a bed. The number of beds which have come amongst us, might, I think, be counted by hundreds, and this one article alone must have called for no small amount of labour. All this change has not come in any extraordinary manner—no rich man has died and left all his money to be distributed amongst our poor. Charity of any kind has had nothing to do with it. I have myself, in years gone by, lost many precious days in going about to beg for one and another, who appeared to be dying of destitution; now, such cases are rare amongst us, and I can quietly pursue my true missionary work. The men whose houses now present so changed an aspect have not worked harder than usual, indeed not so hard, neither have they earned higher wages; the only difference has been (and this has made *all* the difference) that the money has been expended at the counter, instead of at the bar.'

The doctor who attends many of our poor people says—

'I see a great change in the houses I visit connected with your temperance people. I find there both comfort and cleanliness; suitable food can be obtained for the patient, for the want of which all the efforts we can make, are often almost useless. *I can also get paid*, which is a thing of rare occurrence amongst the drunken poor. They often spend in drink the price of the bread for three children, and then carry the emaciated and shrivelled forms in their arms to our hospitals to ask for medicine. None know so well as those in my profession, how many drunkards' children die simply from want of food.'

There would be no difficulty in multiplying such evidence as the foregoing, did time permit. We will now select cases which have come under our own notice, showing that though we have money in abundance, circulating amongst us, for the supply of every
want,

want, we have not enough for the wants and for the public-house also.

A man whom we have known many years married a woman possessing property amounting to 350*l*. This money was all spent in five months from the day of his marriage. The man knew well how to earn money, and usually earned between 2*l*. and 3*l*. per week. They were, however, so desperately poor and distressed, that the children had to be left in the streets, while the mother also went out to earn money. There has scarcely been a charity amongst us for years past in which this family have not participated; but coal tickets, soup tickets, and an abundance of private charity have not prevented six out of nine children dying the common death of the drunkards'. We went in one morning and found the mother washing her child—for a basin she had substituted a jam-pot—for a towel, a dirty rag. Those who were acquainted with the daily habits of this family, told me that the jam-pot was alternately used as a washing-basin, a tea-cup, to fetch beer in, and to hold the baby's milk. We ourselves, in looking round, could not discern any other article of crockery excepting a few broken plates.

Many reports have reached our ears of late of the distress of the Staffordshire potteries. We hear they have large stocks in hand for which they have no demand, and people tell us that new markets require to be opened up;—truly they do;—but, believe us, we shall effect more good by opening up the home market than by the introduction of foreign customers. There are very few of our well-paid artisans whose homes would not be rendered much more comfortable by fresh supplies of cups and saucers, plates and mugs. They *want* them very much indeed, and have plenty of money to pay for them, but still the order is not sent. Hundreds of workmen must continue unemployed—the much-needed articles remain locked up in warehouses, and the jam-pot continue servant of all work, because the shillings, crowns, and pounds so plentifully earned must be spent at the nearest public-house.

The man to whose history we have just referred, has to our certain knowledge come into possession of, and earned enough money to have enabled him to purchase a freehold house, with garden attached—to furnish it with articles both for comfort and luxury—to feed, clothe, and educate all his nine children, and apprentice them to useful trades; as well as to put something by for old age. In doing this he would have become a good customer to most of the useful shops in the neighbourhood, and thus have materially assisted other steady men to get their living, and all this might have been done, if the man could have reached his home on the Saturday evening, without having to pass six or eight houses on his way, offering just the one temptation to him, which

from long habit, and perhaps, too,—unhappy man,—from hereditary tendency, he had no power to withstand.

We believe that there is nothing which would give such an impetus to trade, as abolishing, or even lessening the number of public-houses. We meet with few who wish to hoard money; the natural tendency is rather to lavish expenditure. The many millions earned by the working people of this country, will be spent somewhere, and upon something. The question is simply this: Shall Bethnal Green, Southwark, and St. Giles's be customers to Leeds and Manchester, or to Barclay and Perkins?

We speak what we know, when we say, that owing to the large proportion of the earnings of the poor, which are expended upon the brewer and distiller, few of their homes are supplied with the commonest necessities of life. A very moderate demand for the much-needed articles of domestic utility, would give such an impetus to trade, that, with our limited knowledge of the laws of demand and supply, we cannot imagine how it could be met.

When speaking upon this subject, people sometimes beg us to be just, and tell them what the brewers and distillers are to do with their property and their premises. Such reasoners speak as if the millions now expended upon this trade would suddenly become extinct. Instead of this, we believe that every pound of capital and every available workman would be required.

A mighty river, dammed back into some unnatural position, revenges itself by destructive overflows; but let proper channels be dug for it, and it will take its joyous course, irrigating the hitherto parched lands, and spreading freshness, fertility, and beauty on every side. So would it be with the mighty capital now employed upon the destructive trades to which we are alluding. Instead of a history written in blood, and groans, and tears—instead of keeping manufactories for an article, the use of which results in rags, vice, crime, disease, and insanity, let these men of capital, men of power—many of them, strange as it may seem, kind-hearted Christian men—let them use the gifts with which God has so abundantly endowed them, in promoting the *real* interests of their country and their countrymen. Then, instead of the curses and execrations wrung out of the intolerable anguish of the millions who are smitten down, even to death, through the influences of the drink manufactured for them, and to the use of which they are tempted in every conceivable way,—instead of this, the blessings of those ready to perish would come upon those, whose skill and capital should be directed to opening up wider fields for industry, and for the promotion of legitimate trade. Morality and religion, now languishing under the upas tree of intoxicating drinks, would revive; and 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree.'

ART.

ART. V.—THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

‘DO you call that a haunted house, Uncle?’
 ‘Certainly I do, and doesn’t it look like one?’

‘It seems lonely and neglected enough. It has been a fine old house, too, some day, with those huge chimneys and that gateway and garden. Draw up a moment, please! I want once more to look into that garden. Thank you! A very fine old place!’

We were bowling along, my uncle Caius and I, through one of the loveliest of the Staffordshire lanes; the silvery Dove, close upon our right, hidden by but one swelling meadow, with its shoreward row of alders, and willows, and birches; a slip of green and pleasant land, such as the Dove delights to curve and play in, and to draw its fresh ripples through in serpentine mazes. To our left, amongst elms and yews, a tall, melancholy-looking house stood, brick-built and mossy, but not decayed. I do not remember that there was one single sign of dilapidation in its broad front, one window unglazed, one stone displaced; yet a singular air of loneliness and gloom hung over it. It was deserted and neglected; not a chimney of the two huge stacks gave out a curl of smoke however small, not one window opened its mouth for fresh air. Inspiration and expiration both absent—what was it but a dead body?—and dead indeed to me it looked. The untended garden was a very paradise of weeds, where with richer soil than usually falls to their lot, they spread and roamed and fattened; choking and hiding what might remain of older and fairer growths, while over those broad strips of desert land, the gravel-paths, were creeping abundance of grasses and mosses, the first pioneers and colonists of the vegetable world. A few blossoms here and there peeped through, towards sunlight, with sickly, bewildered gaze; and in one corner a group of white lilies held aloft their flower-children above the heads of a crowd of weed-companions that seemed struggling to overtop them and bind them down. Not far from these, a straggling rose-bush displayed its crimson buds. These gleamy-lilies so fair and clear-white in their forlorn beauty, these rich-tinted rose-buds, made redder by contrast with their pale, uncoloured, plebeian associates, brought to my mind tales I had recently been reading where ladies and knights of beauty and high degree and prowess, were confined in enchanted castles, and lived doleful years among unworthy and cruel foes; each year growing paler and thinner and less hopeful, but never ceasing to be, as they always had been, flowers of loveliness and mirrors of courtesy and truth, unmixed and unmixable with their base-born keepers. Why did that garden haunt me through the day? Why did those lilies and

roses, bending forward with gaze so mournful into the outer world and from the midst of their briery and rank-scented neighbours, follow me into the very centre of the quiet prosaic little town of B—— to which my uncle's gig conveyed us? I was supposed to be looking the while at a splendid silver-topped whip that white-haired burly shopman was displaying.

'This will do, I think, Gregory, eh?' was my uncle's observation, or rather question.

'Rather tall, uncle, is it not?'

'*Tall?* what's the boy thinking of?'

'*Long* I should say,' I answered in some confusion.

'Oh, none too long. No, I think not,' holding the whip doubtfully in a horizontal position. 'Eh?'

'Just as you like, uncle.'

'Now, who wants you to say just as you like? Haven't you an opinion of your own, eh?'

'Well, then, I think it a little too long.'

My uncle, however, had taken a fancy to the whip, and as I had expected beforehand, bought it, not without a grumble at my want of whip-wisdom. But my uncle Caius's grumblings were always good-natured, and mere outsiders, having no home in the warm heart beneath. *Home* indeed! I do not believe they had the smallest footing there, or had ever seen the interior of that roomy abode, which *I* had, more than once; so why should I care for such mere tip-of-the-fingers' acquaintance?

Our ride back on a calm July evening, with a growing moon before us, at first, in a pale cloudless heaven; and by-and-by with two moons in our horizon, one above and one below, in the gleaming shining river, emblems of the great above and below to which both they and we belonged, the one clear and calm 'mirror-bright and even,' the other dancing and inconstant, and never at rest, was most pleasant, and long I enjoyed the quiet and the thoughts it invoked. My contemplations were disturbed, however, in awhile, by the voice of my uncle apostrophizing the horse, and by his drawing in the reins, as the grey shied at some flitting shadow across the road, and threatened to turn his steady-going trot into a gallop.

'Now what *was* the beast frightened at, I wonder?' was my uncle's next speech, partly addressed to me, partly to himself.

The dark, clear-cut shadow of the old house we had passed in the morning was just before us. Its presence suggested to me a cause, so I ventured to say, 'Perhaps we caught sight of the ghost of the haunted house?'

'Ghost? no, not he! It isn't a ghost to be seen by a horse's eyes. But I see you remember what I said about the old house, though you needn't look at it so much. It isn't much of a place. There's

There's not one person in a hundred would notice it. I remember it when it looked very different, long before you were born, my boy.'

'Was it haunted then?'

'Not as it is now.' Here my uncle sighed. 'A changing world! ah, a changing world! A very merry place it was once, but that is all over!—Ah, well;—and you want to know all about it, I dare say—and I've no objection to tell you. It *may* be useful. But what am I saying? Who ever *did* take warning? Forty years ago,—is it so much?—No, perhaps not; I will say five-and-thirty then,—I knew a young lady living at that place, her name was Dora Langley—one of the finest girls in the country. Now don't suppose I mean by that, that she'd rosy cheeks, and fine black or blue eyes, and long ringlets, and all the etceteras you young people string together, when you're talking or thinking of a fine woman. She'd none of those things, and wasn't what's called a beauty, anyway. I don't know whether her hair was brown or black, or whether her nose was Grecian or Roman. She was tall and well made, and had a cheerful face and a springing step when I first knew her; and there was something about her very different from the ordinary run of young ladies. She was mistress of the Grange. Father and mother had died not long before of fever, and she was left the eldest of three, with one brother and a much younger sister, and, save them, quite alone in the world. The Grange, with a fine estate close at hand, had belonged to the Langleys for generations. They had been a family much respected and looked up to, and had always visited with the first people in the neighbourhood. Dora was in mourning when I first saw her, the morning I rode past the place, standing close to the garden gate, with one hand on her young sister's shoulder, in a pleasant half-protecting, half-caressing fashion. There was something in the glance of her eyes that at once interested me, an expression of goodness I suppose I should call it now. A day or two afterwards I was called in to attend the sister for a sprained wrist, and Dora and I had a conversation together. Several times in the course of the year my services were needed at the Grange, for one reason or another, and every time I came away with a higher opinion of Dora Langley. Don't run away with the notion that I did any such foolish thing as what you call falling in love with her. I had already done that with another young lady; and what was strange enough, at least we thought it so then, with an old schoolfellow of Dora's. It was one great topic of interest with us, this of my attachment to Miss Spence; and many a time have Dora and I walked round that old garden, singing in concert the praises of our mutual friend. In awhile I became something more than a mere acquaintance to her,
and

and she told me her troubles and joys, hopes and fears; very much as she might have done to a sober elder brother. Perhaps this came about more naturally, since her own brother Jasper was still away. He was, however, to come home very soon; and Dora never wearied of repeating to me what a good, dear brother he was—how talented, how lively, and what a delight it would be to herself and Rosamond when he should come and live with them permanently at the Grange.

‘I was with them the night of his arrival, I forget by what accident, and witnessed such a kissing of the “dear girls,” such a fidgiting to and fro in all the rooms, looking at this or that alteration, such an unpacking of presents for them, and curiosities for himself, that he had brought with him from abroad; and at last, such a calming down in the old wainscoted parlour, with each sister’s hand on his knee, by the side of the fire, while gentle conversation flowed into the channels of the past, and recalled the pleasures and sorrows, endured and enjoyed, while yet their parents were with them to bless and protect, that I returned home to my solitary bachelor rooms in the village, with an inward grumble that fortune had not blessed me with sisters, and an idea that from henceforth no home was to be happier than that at the Grange—no hearts more content than those of the three young friends I had just left.

‘And it was so for a long while. There were soon merry doings at the young squire’s (all the Langleys had been called squires from very olden times), dances in the long drawing-room—the neighbouring gentlefolk and family friends to dinner and supper—and fishing and boating-parties on the river. I was not unfrequently invited to these merrymakings, and every time I saw Dora amongst all these people, young and old, strangers and friends, moving about calmly and gracefully, the attentive kindly hostess. Jasper was fond of society, and liked to have these people about him. I knew Dora preferred quiet and comparative seclusion; but no one ever saw her impatient or heard her sigh at the amount of visiting and visitors she had to endure. It was sufficient to her that Jasper liked it. In awhile, too, she had by her side one who helped her to do the honours of the house—for Rosamond was growing up, and every day becoming more beautiful and attractive. Much younger and fairer than her sister, she was one of the loveliest little maidens on this side of the country. Now I know you are wanting me to describe her fully, and set down as in an inventory every separate grace and charm and feature for your gratification, but I shall do no such foolish thing: I couldn’t if I would, and if I could I wouldn’t! There’s enough silly talk about lilies and roses, without your old uncle adding to it! Dora wasn’t a bit jealous when her sister became the centre of attraction

tion, and she didn't turn melancholy or look ill-tempered presently, when it was discovered that her sister had twenty beaux, and she not one. Truly, I took my own sex to task, when I saw how a few bits of pink and white, a round arm, and rather longer eye-lashes, could captivate and attract, while nobility of soul and true unselfish heroism had but little notice, and not one follower. I was thirty or more, reckoned myself quite in middle life, and fully competent to judge; but it bewildered me then, and does now, how the wisest sex, as we plume ourselves on being, could be thus misled. But it was good to see how Rosamond looked up to, and clung to Dora, as to a second mother, and how Dora put round her young inexperienced sister, her protecting wings, like some guardian angel who thinks only of doing good, and blessing the loved one, content that she herself should be invisible and unknown.

‘The young squire was much attached to both his sisters. One he loved and looked up to, relying on her judgment in every difficulty to advise him; the other, he had a brother's pride in seeing near him at his gay indoor parties, and in noticing the admiration her lovely face excited in all his acquaintance. She was fond of riding, and he bought her a beautiful pony that she might enjoy her favourite exercise; and frequently he rode out with her himself. Dora's pleasure was in music, so for her an organ was procured and placed in a room up stairs; thence called the “organ room.” It was an octagonal room, its walls in panels, painted blue and white, with a domed ceiling, also painted pale blue; and a wide window with lozenge-shaped panes and broad cushioned window seat, looking out into a quiet old rose garden, with a fountain in the middle. Here frequently in the evenings, Jasper and his sisters would play and sing in concert—Jasper joining with his flute; and many happy hours have I also spent as a listener in that room. Sometimes, not often, I have taken my violin there, and have accompanied them as well as I was able. I was over the old place the other day, and went into that same organ room, and sighed as I saw its emptiness and desolation. The old oak floor is getting very worm-eaten; and the door of the only closet in the room cracked awfully when I turned the hinges in trying to look whether the stains of blood were yet there, that we used to look at and talk about, mysteriously, as left to speak dumbly of some secret crime or other committed by a former possessor of the place—perhaps a Langley, for aught we could tell; but the dust was too thickly laid for me to see; a great spider-web hung over the window instead of a curtain, perhaps to prevent my looking out, which it didn't, for I wanted to see whether the outer world was as changed as the inner. I was well paid for my pains; nettles, docks, and dandelions grew over the graves

graves of the roses ; and as for the fountain, not a trace. But all this is not what I meant to have told you. Sacred music was Dora's especial delight ; and when she gave us this we were all listeners, while from her organ rolled out solemnly airs from some grand mass of Mozart's or from Handel's immortal oratorios.

'And thus a year or two sped away. My practice gradually increased, and I had less and less time to spend with the Langleys. I heard of them, however, very frequently. The young squire was beginning to be known at the hunt, and kept a pack of hounds in awhile himself. This naturally made him spend less time at home with his sisters, and more with the red-faced hunting squires and gentlemen around him. The little music parties in the organ room became less frequent, and in their stead Jasper attended dinners and suppers at the "Seven Oaks" and "Blue Lion," the principal inns of the neighbouring town of D——. This was not a good change, and I was sorry to hear it, knowing how Dora would miss her brother's company ; though I did not express my sorrow, for it was reckoned gentlemanly and right that a young fellow like Jasper, with plenty of money, should spend his evenings in gay society rather than be what was called moping at home ; and I was foolish enough in those days to think that if it were an evil it was a necessary one—society required it, and so forth. He was a landlord, too, and had a great wish that all his tenants and working people should do well and be happy, and praise the young squire. So he had meetings at the "Chequers," the village public-house, when there were talkings on drainage and improved ways of cultivation, and the French invasion, then daily expected : and Jasper sometimes attended them himself, that he might converse familiarly with his people, and see how he could best help them. This was very good and beneficial, and made him highly popular, for such consideration for the poorer classes was not so common then as now. But what was not good was, that at these times he "stood treat," and ale was dealt round to each man to drink his landlord's health, and make himself merry. Jasper also drank, to show his good-will ; and the country papers were loud in the praises of so "kind and generous a landlord," but failed to note how many of his "happy tenantry" went home tipsy, or with confirmed passion for liquor, and how he himself was gradually getting a love for exciting drinks, and leading others in the same dangerous path. Not that he ever took much at these meetings ; he had the good sense to be aware that it was hardly the thing to get "elevated" in the company of his workpeople and tenants, though his acts soon seemed to prove that it was all right to do so among equals. The dinner parties at the Grange became more and more "gentlemen's" parties, where, uncontrolled
by

by the presence of ladies, wine was drunk to excess, and grey heads, belonging to what were considered highly respectable members of society, sometimes rolled in the dust under the table, along with those of younger inebriants, before the mad entertainment was concluded. All this was reckoned perfectly right in those days, when a "gentleman" would have been thought insane, or scarcely fit for society, if he refused to become merry in this foolish fashion. Such marvellous influence has custom upon us all, that Dora was not at first disquieted at these doings. She did not like them, certainly, and thought—if she thought at all,—It was an unaccountable delusion to call such wallowings *pleasure*, but it was perfectly "gentlemanly," proofs of a generous spirit (it is hard to say how!), and was, on the whole, a page in the life of all in Jasper's station and, at his age, necessary to be gone through. She saw so much of such doings around her, and hoped and expected, no doubt, as so many mothers and sisters have done, before her time and since, that with years would come sober wisdom. She loved and admired her brother too so much, that for a long while she could scarcely have seen any fault in him, or be brought to confess that he had one. She was to be undeceived! By-and-by, in the wainscoted parlour, in the mornings, might be seen that ominous trio, the three spirit decanters, with hot and cold water and glasses on the table, and Jasper with some friend or other busily engaged pouring out and pouring in that which would be so much better placed in the womb of the nearest burning mountain, or at the bottom of the sea; while a scent of tobacco would go through the house, penetrating even to Dora's blue-pannelled organ room, where she might be seated working or writing, for it was become her place of refuge and quiet; and to the kitchen, among the pies and preserves "cook" was manufacturing; and noisy laughter and coarse jokes would resound through the lower rooms. Not long afterwards Rosamond had a slight illness, and I attended her. I called one morning to see my patient, and found her in the octagonal room, comfortably reclining in an easy-chair by the fireside. Her sister was seated near, reading to her.

"I am glad to find you so much better," I said; "this is a pleasant change from the bed-room."

"Oh! yes," replied Dora, "we shall soon have her well, shan't we, doctor?"

'But Rosamond was not in a cheerful mood, and exclaimed, rather pettishly—

"I shall never be well while there's that horrid smell of spirits and smoke in the house. And I can hear that man's voice again. I do so hate him! Dora, take me back to my bed-room; I should be quieter there." And her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

'Dora

‘Dora soothed her as well as she was able. “Do try and bear it, dear; you are better here, indeed you are, if you would but try and think of something else.”

‘But Rosamond still looked dissatisfied and unhappy. I asked what “man” it was whose voice annoyed her.

“It is only Mr. Carter. He has been here rather often lately, and she’s tired of hearing the sound of his voice.”

“Does he come very often?” I asked again.

“He has been here every day, I think, this week. I wish he would not come so much; but Jasper has taken quite a fancy to him.”

‘I was sorry to hear this, for I did not like the character of Carter. He was a lawyer who had managed to get hold of considerable property in the neighbourhood, and had the reputation of being selfish and unprincipled. His feats with the bottle were something marvellous, even at that day, for he could drink, as he boasted, any man down in the parish. Lynx-eyed, ready to seize any advantage, and a toper, he was indeed a bad companion for open, unsuspecting, excitement-loving Jasper. His harsh voice was heard at intervals from the room below. I asked Rosamond if she could bear a little music.

“If Dora would play very, very low.”

‘Dora went to the organ, and played a soothing air with the gentlest touch. Rosamond’s tears gradually dried up, and a half smile appeared upon her pale lips. Soon she fell asleep, like a weary child, and with subdued voices Dora and I conversed for some time beside her.

“I shall have to make a patient of you when your sister is well,” was my first remark; “you are looking much too pale; you must get out into the air as soon as possible.”

“Oh, no fear for me,” she replied, with a forced smile; “I am not ill.”

“Anxious, then?”

“A little.”

“That is as bad, I might say, worse; for I have no medicine for anxiety, so don’t encourage so bad a companion. You need not be anxious about your sister, she will soon be quite well.”

“I know it: but it is not Rosamond that makes me anxious.”

“Who then?—Jasper? Nothing wrong with him, I hope?”

‘She hesitated.

“Don’t be afraid to tell me. I think I know what you mean. I have heard.”

“About last night?”

“Yes. News soon flies over the village.” The news I had heard was, that Jasper, returning home in a state of intoxication from his friend Carter’s, had met and grossly insulted the vicar of

B——. I will not tell you the details; they were no doubt much exaggerated before they reached me, though bad enough in themselves.

‘Dora looked startled and grieved. “I had hoped it might have been kept quiet; and indeed it is the last thing my brother would have done in his sober senses.”

“I know it is. And all the village knows the same; so don’t make yourself needlessly unhappy. He will make an apology to the vicar, and it will all be right again.”

‘Dora sighed. “Mr. Carter is Jasper’s evil genius. He is not like the same since he has known him. I cannot think what possesses him to keep company with such a man.”

“How did he first get intimate with him?”

“At the hunt, I believe.”

“A cruel sport; only low, gross, or thoughtless people can pursue it. I place your brother amongst the last, Miss Langley, for he is neither low nor gross: he has many noble instincts; much that is very fine and good about him.”

“How I wish he would give up Mr. Carter!”

“If Jasper would give up the spirit-decanter, Mr. Carter couldn’t do him much harm.”

“Yes; that is just it, doctor; I know that. But he must take a *little*, you know. If only he would keep to that! Why can’t he drink moderately, as my father did? He could drink a quiet glass, and take no harm.”

“My dear young lady,” I might have said, “your father took more harm than you suppose with his quiet glass. He might have been alive now, but for it. At least, I have no doubt, from what I have heard, his life might have been spared in that fatal fever, had his blood previously been pure and calm as that of a water-drinker.” But I did not say so, simply because I did not know so much about the ill effects of intoxicating drinks as I know now. I saw the temptation and snare it was getting to the excitement-loving nature of Jasper, but still held it necessary that almost all persons should take a *little*. Wine and ale, and even spirits, were indispensable to some constitutions, to strengthen the system, and repel the first attacks of disease. I didn’t study the after effects in those days, or think of the imp that lay at the bottom of the bottle, ready to seize and devour his own peculiar prey. Because I had never been touched by him, and was always a temperate man, and never forgot that my profession required a cool head and steady hand, I too frequently shut my eyes to the ravages he was daily and hourly making around me. So far, indeed, was I lost in my blindness, that if any of my patients called me in, in the morning, after a night’s debauch, I invariably prescribed for them, *in primis*, a hair of the dog that had bit them.

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Then in those days there was the awkward fact that you could scarcely be a member of civilized society without partaking. A constant toper was my abhorrence, however; and it was only because I feared this end for Jasper, who seemed to me much too good to make a drunkard of, that I spoke as energetically as I had just done about the abandonment of the spirit bottle. But as I said, the veil was then over my eyes, and therefore instead of setting Dora right, I foolishly replied—

“Why not, indeed? But there is no need to distress yourself. By-and-by your brother will see better, and no doubt will be as sober and regular as your father was.”

“I hope you are a true prophet, doctor. But don’t you think he is injuring his health? He is often complaining now, and when he first came home he was never ill.”

“I will question him, and see to that,” I replied; “but he will not seriously injure his constitution, I trust, though he does drink rather hard just now.”

“Yes. For the last week he has never been home till after midnight; and almost every night has been so tipsy that he could not find his way up-stairs without help.”

“Bad, certainly; and so I will tell him. What has made him drink so much more lately?”

“I do not know, except it is that Mr. Carter has tempted him more.”

“He is no good companion. But, Miss Dora, could not you devise some better amusement for him? You are clever; he thinks much of you; put your sisterly powers out, and get him into another track.”

“I wish I could! Oh! how I wish I could! But what can I do? I cannot amuse him with conversation, as I once could. He does not care so much for my society as he used to do;” a tear here took a very silent course down her cheek, as not intending to be noticed, but I saw it gleam in the fire-light a moment; “and music has very little attraction for him now. What can I do?”

‘I do not know what I replied or whether I replied at all, for we were interrupted by the sounds of noisy footsteps ascending the stairs, and Jasper entering the room in a boisterous way, waking Rosamond, who looked round startled, every nerve jarred by the uproar.

“How are you, Hopkins, my boy?—how are you? What are you doing in this close room? You and Dolly talking? Ah! I see. And Rosey?—Give us a kiss, my girl!”

‘He stooped over the back of Rosamond’s chair, and gave her a rough kiss. She looked ready to faint at the ill-scented salute, for he smelt strongly of spirits and tobacco; but she said nothing, looking only beseechingly towards her sister for protection.

‘Dora

‘Dora responded to the appeal, and put her hand on the arm of the easy-chair, saying to her brother, “Rosamond’s very tired this morning, Jasper ; don’t disturb her, please.”

“Tired, is she? She’s tired of sitting moping here, that’s all. I know what’ll set her to rights. I shall order out her pony, and she and I will have a scamper. I want some fresh air, and I’ll have some.” He went to the window, opened it, and shouted out, “Here, George! George! get the pony ready! Do you hear? And the old bay for me, George.”

‘I interfered now, and after some expostulation induced him to go down and give up all thought of a ride for his sister that day. He returned below to his friend Carter, who had had the good sense not to follow him up-stairs.

“You see,” said Dora, mournfully, when we had soothed Rosamond, who had burst into a passion of weeping at her brother’s departure, “you see how he too often is now. It is very seldom I can get a quiet, really rational word from him. When he’s sober, then he’s so low and melancholy that he will scarcely speak at all, and complains of headache and indigestion. I am quite sure, doctor, it is time you interfered, for his health’s sake. He’ll hear *you*. Do try and persuade him to take only one glass a day.”

“I will try. Good morning, ladies.”

‘My words were promising ; my performances I knew, even before I left the house, could be but trifling. How could I hope to arrest a drunkard in his career by the plea of health? A young man of strong passions and of rather imperious temper would not be likely to listen to the friendly advice of one he reckoned his inferior in station, and who was certainly too much of his own age to have the due amount of experience and authority for such a task. Nevertheless I tried. In a few days I had a good opportunity, for the young squire was taken seriously ill. He sent for me. At his bedside, when once more cool and calm, released from the effects of his evil demon, drink, I talked with him, perhaps as wisely as I knew, but on the whole inefficiently, for I did not intreat him to put away *entirely* all exciting drinks from his sight and taste.

“I know all you are going to say,” he interrupted me at length. “It is of no use, doctor. You should have told me this a year ago. I couldn’t live without it now.”

‘*I should have told him this a year ago!* Here was a stab. Was it I, then, that was to blame? Had I let my young friend, whom I valued for his own sake, but almost more for his sisters’, run on to ruin, while I stood by inert and careless? As I rode away from the Grange, his words sounded again and again in my ears, and smote my heart with their meaning. For a certain uneasy feeling I had within, deep-seated, told me that probably he

was

was not quite wrong in what he said, and that I had *not* done my duty by him. I was his senior; one whom he respected; who had advised him readily enough in less momentous matters, and yet who had neglected *this*. And now it was, perhaps, as he said, too late. I knew the death in store for him. I had seen it, witnessed its coming on many, too many times. Why did not I speak sooner?

‘Nevertheless—I must speak the truth—I put the uneasy feeling on one side in awhile, and even clothed myself with a little anger. “Was I to be answerable for *his* sin?”’

‘It was not long before it began to be whispered about in first one coterie and then another, that the young squire was making too free with the bottle. Some only laughed at the news; others said, “What a pity! so fine a young man! So like his father, who was the very model of a gentleman. And what a trouble it must be to Miss Dora!” And in awhile, as his excesses became more and more apparent to the world, some of the gentlemen who had been on such intimate terms with him, fathers of families and old gentlemen of standing and wealth withdrew from his acquaintance, or turned on him a cold glance when he accosted them. And yet these same elderly and respectable gentlemen had been among those who had first enticed him by their presence and example at the “Blue Lion,” the county election dinners, the “meet,” and elsewhere, to take wine and spirits, and had laughed at his first “green” attempts to vie with them in the quantity he could gracefully carry away. If I must tell you a secret, which, however, was none to their families, at this very time of their indignation with poor Jasper, they not unfrequently became boozy after dinner or in the evening by their own firesides, but always in a quiet, respectable fashion, you perceive. That was quite a different affair.

‘Jasper felt this much, though he would not own it. His companions became of a lower sort. Tired of home, and craving fresh excitement, he went frequently to London, became intimate with gamblers, introduced to them by his friend Carter, and spent his evenings in scenes and places I will not name.

‘Ah! my boy, when a man begins to take the bottle as a companion, he little thinks through what miry places it will lead him, to what hells conduct him! But why do I blame the bottle? It is a poor innocent thing, blown up by human breath from sand and alkali, and in itself can do no harm. It is that which it too often contains that does the mischief; or rather it is the constant feeding and exciting the lowest propensities and passions of our nature to undue preponderance and activity by drink that kills and ruins. Man has sought out many inventions—surely he has found out none so deadly as this of alcohol, such a feeder and inflamer of unholy lusts.

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‘It was not all down-hill, however. Now and then the young squire would take a good resolution, and, spite of what he told me, that it was too late, buoyed himself with the thought that he would begin a better life, and exist in nobler fashion. I was very hopeful at one time, and congratulated Dora on his improvement. “I have done at last, Mr. Hopkins, what I ought to have done, or tried to do, long ago. I have persuaded Jasper to let me put out of the house all wines and spirits. There is not a single bottle or cask that I know of in the cellar; my cupboards are free, and I will have none brought in. And he is so glad and so grateful to me, dear Jasper, that I take this precaution now it is done. He sees his error and danger now. As for myself I intend never to take another drop.”

“‘That is an absurd resolution of yours,” I answered. “It does not follow because it is bad for your brother, it is therefore bad for you. There is no shadow of a fear *you* will ever exceed. I know your constitution: you will hurt yourself if you entirely refrain.”

“‘Not another drop, doctor,” she said; “not if I suffer for it, and I do not think I shall. For Jasper’s sake I will do it, and for the sake of all those who are like him. It would be hard indeed to expect *him* to abstain, to whom it is so great a temptation, and to take it myself, to whom it is none, or very little.”

‘I could not say no to this. I could only admire her self-denial.

‘Unfortunately for the young squire, about this time he fell in love with a rich man’s daughter, a handsome, showy woman; but she and her father both thought money and lands the greatest of gifts; and when presently it was discovered by their acute man of business in London that Jasper had mortgaged his estate to pay gambling debts, they both turned on him the cold shoulder, and said “No.” He had been very steady while this fancy lasted, but when the “no” was pronounced, was completely upset, lost all self-command, and went back to his old enemy for “comfort,” this time in a desperate way, drinking early and late. No more hope for poor Dora now! Her salutary law about the non-admission of intoxicants was broken at once. And Jasper’s health gave way.’ Here my uncle sighed heavily. ‘It is an old, old tale, Gregory! How many times has the same kind of victim been drawn into the same fatal snare! Once get the taste and love for these things, and you are a fortunate man, indeed, if they do not drag you down to destruction, or send you halting and limping for the rest of your days. Why, my boy, in my practice, small as it has been compared to some of your town practitioners, I could this night number hundreds that I have seen thus ruined or lamed—some you’d never dream about!—and who carried it off for a long time with a pretty straight face. If drink is a devil, it’s the slyest devil

devil under the sun! Well, well, what was I saying? Why, here we are at home! Bless my life, I didn't think my tale would last so long.'

There was no opportunity that night for its continuance, but an evening or two after I ventured to remind my uncle that his tale was not yet finished.

It was after supper that I made the request. Candles were not yet brought in, for my uncle Caius liked to prolong the enjoyment of the twilight hours, and he liked to be pretty silent during them, too; for he said it was good for both soul and body to let the thoughts be hushed to calm by the gradual touch of coming night, by the coolness, and the quiet, and the solemnity of these darkening moments. That night, however, moonlight was regnant, and lying as in solid sheets of silver upon the lawn and gravel-paths, giving metallic glitter and sharpness to the tops of the yews and sycamores, and streaming in at the bay-window, and about my uncle's face and hair, till he looked quite another man. He was no longer Mr. Caius Hopkins, the rather fat and undignified-looking, retired surgeon of C——, but a white-faced, massive-browed, cavern-eyed stranger, a creature I had never seen before—half man, half moonshine. Behind him, among and beyond the folds of the old green curtain, lay a deep black shadow, in which might be standing—who knows how many more goblin-faced friends or spirits? I already saw a few limp mistinesses strangely resembling forms that might once have been living, and if silence had been preserved much longer (for, as usual, my uncle kept me waiting some minutes), I should, no doubt, have fancied audible sounds also from these goblin nothings, and seen them move 'their starved lips in the gloom.' It was a great relief when the old familiar grating voice put to flight my eerie fancies. I remembered I had a ghost tale before me, and drew myself up in a thrill of excitement to listen.

'It was just such a night as this,' the voice began. Instinctively I looked out into the moonlight on the yews and sycamores, glanced quickly over the black masses of hollyhocks and evening primroses, changed, like my uncle, into 'something sad and strange,' took in the whole effect of moonlight in the garden to give scenery to the mental picture I was about to behold, and listened again. 'It was just such a night as this, calm and moonlight and lovely, when I saw Miss Langley again. I had been in India two years. I had buried my bride. I was a sorrowful, crushed man, come back to English life, to a humbler position than I had at one time expected: glad to be back, or satisfied to be back, for gladness and I had parted company, and one of my first visits when I reached Staffordshire was to the Grange. It was evening when I arrived there, but that was no matter; Dora had
been

been my wife's friend, was my friend, and I knew I should be welcome. I knocked at the door: she opened it herself, did not at first know me, but when she did, gave me her hand with much emotion. We both, I think, wept a little very silently, remembering the past. I saw she was in mourning as we crossed the hall, but did not ask her why, did not even think of a why. I suppose I expected to find all the world in mourning. I followed her into the silent parlour, in which the moon was just shining as it does now in this old room. "I have had no candles lit at present," she said, "for I like this light, and I have been sitting alone, thinking." She asked me after myself. I told her my own Indian experiences, my loss, my present grief. "And," I said at last, after a pause, in which I roused myself from my own selfish and hitherto absorbing sorrow, and began to take note, for the first time, how silent the house seemed, "how are you going on here at the Grange? Mr. Jasper is not married yet, I suppose?" "No," she answered, first in a strange rigid voice, and then in a hoarse whisper, "Haven't you heard, Mr. Hopkins?" "*Heard?* Good heaven! you don't mean anything bad? You don't mean to say he is ——?" I hesitated to speak the word, though I expected to hear the worst from the strange sadness of her manner.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "he is dead."

It seemed as though her heart died in saying this. Mine sunk within me, though I was surprised when I came to think about it afterwards, that it could sink at all. I thought it had fathomed the bottom of all sorrow months before.

I did not speak; and she in a few minutes went on in a trembling voice. "He died only two months ago. Oh, Mr. Hopkins, I *have* suffered!" then she burst into tears, putting her face between her hands.

I let her cry. I knew it would do her good. In awhile she was still again. She raised her head, wiped her tears away, and told me how it had all happened. Is *happened* the right word? I think not. I will say then, how the murder had been done.

My uncle cleared his throat of a pertinacious hoarseness that he had striven against for some time, but that only got worse as he proceeded.

"Poor Jasper was worse after you went away," she began. "I think you had had some influence over him, and helped to keep him a *little* in bounds. He was always rather afraid of you after the talk you had with him; you remember it, don't you? and strove to look all right in your presence; but I could see, nevertheless, that at every fresh irritation—and he had many just then—the brandy bottle was largely applied to. Mr. Carter had a mortgage on the estate. I don't know how he obtained it; but I was told, and I fear it is too true, that he'd been long wanting our

land; it joins his own on the Beesdale side; and that when he was in London with my brother, he persuaded him to gamble till he lost a great deal of money. Then he came forward, offering to lend him money as a friend, on the property, at next to no interest. Jasper was glad to take it, and never told me of the affair, till all at once Mr. Carter began to trouble him for the money back, against his promise, I suppose. One day I found it out—found out what had been troubling Jasper. He was not himself when he told me, and had not been so for some days before. The next day I had a long talk with him. I begged him to give up drink, and I destroyed all the drink I could find in the house, once more, as I was determined never to have it on the table, let who would call. He promised to amend, and really refrained for three months, or more. During that time he was very kind, just as he used to be; but often sorrowful about this time of night, when the evening was drawing in. Rosamond had been married to Mr. Poole, the curate, some time before; and it was seldom we had her merry smile to cheer him up. He missed her, I know; but I did what I could, and had lively company for him. Oh, Mr. Hopkins—I *thought* I did what I could, but I did not seek God's grace for him, as I ought;—*there* I was wrong: I see it now! With my own foolish weakness, that I called strength, I thought to help him, and of course it broke down, and was of no avail. He strove hard in those days to get the better of his inclination, went diligently into farming, and established meetings again for the tenants, but not at the public-house this time, he said *that* should never be again: and one night he made them all a speech about the evils of drinking, and said he wished them all to be strictly sober and follow the example he meant to set them in future. After that evening, my old hopes returned with double force. *Now* he certainly would never go back; but would for his word's sake that he had pledged to these poor fellows, if for nothing else, flee from all temptation. I looked forward to happy days, once more. We might be, nay, we were, poor; but what was that, compared to Jasper's happiness and welfare? About a month afterwards, as we were seated at breakfast, Mr. Carter was announced. I trembled when I heard the name, and Jasper turned at first red, then white. We both knew something unpleasant was at hand for us. Jasper went out to him. Soon I heard sounds of altercation, that became more and more loud and distinct. My brother was speaking in angry tones, and Mr. Carter replying in the cool, sarcastic way he had lately used, whenever he and Jasper met. Afraid for my brother, I made my way into the hall, where they now were, sent away the servant who was listening, and asked what was the matter? Jasper became quiet when he heard my voice, and only replied by taking my arm and leading

leading me into the parlour, pointing to a seat there, and turning the key upon me. I heard the hall door shut with a loud bang, and then my brother returned to me. He seemed almost distracted; first asking my pardon for shutting me up, then wringing his hands exclaiming we were ruined, and no matter what became of us; then proposing to flee away immediately to America, anywhere, to be away from this "cursed" house, far away, for ever. And then he came to me with tears in his eyes, and asked if I thought there was room in the old grave for him, beside his father and mother. "I have ruined *you*, Dolly," he kept saying every now and then; "that's what grieves me most; for myself, no matter! I'm not worth a rush, but *you*! How could I? My dear girl, will you ever forgive me?" Then he would seize hold of my hand and cover it with kisses; and directly after raise his head, clench his fist, and vow vengeance on that rascal!

'For an hour or two he was in this way; never quiet a moment, never listening to my replies, or seeming to heed my tears. I feared he would go quite deranged. But after awhile he calmed down, and sinking on the sofa, became as stubbornly silent. With his head buried in his hands, he did not stir for a long, long time, only moaning occasionally.

'And so the weary day passed. Very early in the evening I persuaded him to have some refreshment and go to bed; and lest he should get up in the night, and do something desperate, I lay against his room door, upon the landing. The next morning he came down to breakfast, quite calm, almost too calm, I thought. His eyes were bloodshot, and he looked ten years older; but his manner was perfectly collected and quiet. He noticed that my Christmas roses were in bloom, and bade me shield my geraniums from the frost that was coming.

'After breakfast he placed his chair beside mine, and we began to talk. I told him if it were necessary or good for him to leave England, I would go with him; that together we would share what good or ill fortune there was for us; that I thought we might do well, and that therefore he need not be anxious or even sorry at what was coming; that we should find in fresh scenes and fresh employments a new and happier life. As he did not at first reply, I fetched a large book we had full of plates with American scenes, and opened it to show him what a land of beauty and promise it was; but he put the book gently on one side, saying, "Not now, dear! We need not come to that yet. In awhile, perhaps; it is not so bad as I thought." Then after a little pause: "I have resolved to go to London to day, and consult some clever lawyer there; I have lost faith in Cary (that was our old lawyer, you remember). There must be some plan to manage the affair." He

rose up and kissed me in a half-absent way. I looked up at him, with a wonder if his heart were really as calm and hopeful as he made it appear to me. But he gave no sign otherwise. He was very busy all the morning packing and arranging papers. When I asked to help him, he would not allow me. "Oh, no, he should soon have done." And in awhile he went away. He kissed me, bade me good-bye—said he should be back in a week, and—went out of my sight."

'Here Dora's voice, which had been tremulous throughout, with many little pauses and forced rests, broke down. She could control it no longer, but sat trembling and exhausted on her chair. I begged her not to proceed. I could not bear to give her the pain of the recital. But in a few minutes, with surprising self-command she raised herself up, saying, "I wish you to hear all from me. You may hear other and false accounts. It is best you should know the truth. Do not heed my weakness. He was to be away a week. I do not know how it was, but spite of all the possible impending trouble, of all the anguish I had just passed through and witnessed, after the first day of his absence, a strange quietness possessed me. You have perhaps noticed the clear, pale light there is at the horizon sometimes at sunset, presager of a morrow's wet, though so calm and transparently lovely. It was so with me. An unfearing, unreasoning quiet was with me. I was not joyous, but serene. I did not ask why it was I felt so well. I was content to feel, not to inquire. The days glided by. Rosamond was to pay me a visit on the very day in which Jasper's week of absence would expire. She knew at present nothing of our troubles, and I did not intend she should be enlightened. The day she came my quiet of mind gave way. I knew not why it should be so, but from the early morning a thousand apprehensions, fears, and difficulties rose up before me. I had had no letter from Jasper; and though it was not unusual for him to be silent for longer periods than now, when away, this little circumstance gave me many misgivings. When Rosamond arrived, we had much to talk of. I put on a tolerably cheerful smile for her benefit. I did not wish that *now* she should have a single cloud in her heaven—and I think I succeeded in making her happy. We sang, we played on the organ—the last time I ever touched it;—we talked of old times and pleasures, and of new times and new pleasures to come; and of one great one looked forward to with mingled joy and apprehension—especially. When her baby arrived, I was to go over and be with her as long as that 'tiresome old bachelor' would spare me. It was in this way she playfully talked of Jasper.

'For six days it had been a frost, as Jasper foretold; and part of the time the Dove had been frozen over. To-day there was a thaw; and the swollen river burst out of bondage, and flowed past
our

our garden, wide and muddy. We went out after dinner to see it, wrapped up in cloaks and shawls, and walked some time by the willows near the river.

‘As we were watching the pieces of ice float down with the eddying ripples, Rosamond’s eye was attracted to a dark object near the opposite shore. She stooped forward to see it better, and while doing so, slipped with one foot down the soft, muddy bank; and might have fallen into the water had I not been there. She screamed,—I thought merely with terror at the thought of her narrow escape;—but never shall I forget the look of her face, as she lifted her eyes upon me. “What is the matter, dear? You are not much hurt, I hope?”

“Look there!” she gasped out, pointing to the object she had been gazing at. I looked—how was it I had not seen them before? There were two hands—a head—a face, with wild hair half over it; but I knew it! It was Jasper’s face! He seemed to be staring at me; he even seemed to move his hands, though it was but the motion of the water that I saw. I sprang forward to seize him, and drag him out. Rosamond held me back. “He is dead! Dora,—he is dead! don’t touch him!” She screamed, she grasped me tightly, and then went into violent hysterics. I called for help, and, thank God, help came! It was Mr. Poole, just arrived to fetch his wife home. Ah! that was a dreadful night—a dreadful night! She paused, overcome by her feelings. When she recovered, she resumed her tale in a sorrowful, heartbroken tone, impossible to describe, equally impossible to forget. I hear it yet! “How he got in the river we could not tell; whether he fell in, or threw himself in, in a fit of desperation. Sometimes, I fear, that was the case. He was quite, quite dead. Had been dead for days. Only one thing seemed to give any light as to the cause of his death. In one hand he grasped a bottle—very tightly. It had had spirits in it. We buried him in the churchyard by the side of my father and mother; and, in a week, another beside him—two more, indeed, Rosamond and her baby—she never recovered the shock of that night.’ * * *

“And you are left alone, Dora?” I ventured at last to ask.

“Alone? Yes,” she replied; “but I shall not be alone long. Mr. Carter has taken possession of the land. It is all his now; but I have begged him to let me stay here a week or two longer. It will not be long that I shall trouble him.”

‘And it was not. I saw her no more alive; but in about six weeks from that time we buried her beside her friends—the fourth victim in that house. People said she died of consumption. I knew better. It was grief that killed her.

‘And now I leave you to guess, Gregory, if that house is not a haunted one for me. Jasper, Dora, Rosamond,—ye all stand or glide

glide about its rooms, and hover near those old willows and smothered laurels! Ye all have one sorrowful cry—"Good Christians, beware of drink!"

'And, my boy,' my uncle continued, 'those ghosts have haunted me ever since the night after Dora's funeral. Not only when I go near the old house, but here—in this room—by that table.'

I looked fearfully towards the gloomy centre of the room, where stood the table, half expecting to see them light up its blackness with their pale shimmer.

'Whenever merry guests are here, friends or neighbours, young or old, and weak thoughts come about me of giving them what they suppose so necessary to all merriment—ere I can touch a glass or bottle to bring them forth from their hiding-places—those three glide in and stand before me,—large, life-like, sorrowful-eyed,—Jasper with his bottle in his hand in the midst; and I lay mine down and turn the key upon it resolutely. Whenever, oppressed by melancholy or weariness, I sit here alone and think—"A few drops of that bright liquid in yonder corner would make my blood flow cheerfully, my head full of pleasant fancies, my heart warm"—Dora has come, with the rest; and her patient eyes of love and meekness fixed on mine, have broken the snare, and never drop touches my lips. And I can wish no better thing for you, my boy Gregory, than that at such moments—for such you will have, if you live—you also may see and be appealed to by the ghosts of "the Haunted House."

ART. VI.—INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

AN International Temperance Convention was held in London sixteen years ago; but the most distinguished and important gathering of Temperance reformers that has ever been convened, is one which has recently concluded its sittings. 'To suffer this notable year to pass,' says a writer upon this topic, 'without an attempt to bring into deliberative intercourse the friends of the Temperance movement throughout the world, was a conclusion which it was felt would be a reproach to the leaders of that movement, and a tacit confession of weakness and retrogression. It was also felt no less deeply that any such general convocation should be based on conditions and principles that would tend to represent most fully the material and moral progress of the Temperance cause, and give impulse to every

branch of usefulness and enterprise in connexion with it. To express and stimulate every species of healthy Temperance development—this, and nothing short of this, was seen to be the design of an International Convention in the year of grace 1862.' It was on the initiation, and at the urgent request of all the great Temperance organizations of the nation (two only excepted), that the United Kingdom Alliance undertook the task of conducting the preparations for this Convention; and it is the unanimous verdict of all who were present at the Convention that nothing could exceed the excellence of the tone of the proceedings throughout, and that the whole affair was of a character most gratifying and encouraging.

On Tuesday, the 2nd of September, the Convention was opened at Hanover Square

Square Rooms, London. At the preliminary breakfast, the number claiming seats proved to exceed expectation and preparation by at least a hundred per cent. Whereas three hundred cups had been set, six hundred were required. At the inaugural meeting afterwards, there was a very large attendance. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., president of the United Kingdom Alliance, was made president of the Convention. A letter from Lord Brougham to Mr. Pope, explaining the cause of his lordship's absence, and expressing his hearty sympathy, was read. Lord Denman also sent a letter of similar purport. We cannot, in this brief record, describe minutely the character of the speeches, or the details of the proceedings. The Convention sat during three successive days. There were included amongst those present representatives of all but two of the great organizations, and amongst them, with few exceptions, were all the men who have in this country become known as leaders and active spirits in the conjoint causes of total abstinence and prohibition. And not these only. The British colonies and foreign parts contributed their quota to the result. Canada, Nova Scotia, Victoria, and the States of America were represented; and Holland, Sweden, and Germany sent distinguished men to indicate their sympathy with the movement. Amongst the representative men thus honouring the Convention with their presence, we will name only one—the Baron de Lynden, chamberlain to the King of Holland, who has for many years taken an earnest interest in all that concerns the Temperance movement, and who came over specially, with this Convention in view, to testify his continued regard for the cause.

Of the many interesting and valuable papers read at this memorable Convention, we, complying with the urgencies of space, can give no account here. Nor are we able to do more than barely refer to the public meeting held in Exeter Hall on the Wednesday evening. Such a meeting has very rarely been witnessed in the metropolis. When the large hall was tightly filled over all its standing room, the lower room in the same building was thrown open; and this having also been filled almost to suffocation, hundreds, and we are assured

by some witnesses, thousands of persons anxious to be present, were compelled to retire from about the doors, and go away disappointed, owing to the utter impossibility of obtaining entrance. A *soirée*, held on Thursday, in Hanover Square Rooms, was also very largely attended. The arrangement of the business of the Convention was thus:—First Day, (1) HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL (Joseph Thorp, Esq., president); (2) EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS (Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, president); (3) BAND OF HOPE OPERATIONS (James Haughton, Esq., J.P., president). Second day, (1) SOCIAL AND SANITARY (Edw. Backhouse, Esq., president); (2) SCIENTIFIC AND MEDICAL (J. M. McCulloch, Esq., M.D., president); (3) ECONOMICAL AND STATISTICAL (Wm. Harvey, Esq., J.P., president). Third day, POLITICAL AND LEGISLATIVE (Wilfred Lawson, Esq., M.P., president). We append copies of the resolutions passed by the Convention.

Moved by Wilfred Lawson, Esq., M.P., seconded by Robert Briscoe, Esq., J.P.:—

‘That the facts and testimonies of ancient and modern history, and all experience in every age and in every part of the world, teach the same great lessons:—That the habitual or frequent use of any kind of intoxicating drinks tends to produce habits of intemperance, and to foster vices, crimes, and disorder, subversive of social virtue, individual integrity, and national prosperity; and that Total Abstinence is, therefore, the only true and secure basis of a permanent Temperance Reformation.’

Moved by Dr. Russell T. Trall, of New York, seconded by the Rev. Canon Jenkins:—

‘That the drinking usages of society present the most formidable barrier to the progress of education, religion, and true civilization; and that it is, therefore, the imperative duty of the religious community, and especially of all teachers, moralists, and ministers, to lend their constant and utmost influence to aid the Temperance Reformer, by inculcating the practice of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, as the only safe and effective means of promoting national sobriety.’

Moved by E. Whitwell, Esq., seconded by the Rev. C. Garrett, of Preston:—

‘That it is the special and solemn duty

duty of parents, Sunday-school teachers, ministers, and all who have charge or oversight of the youth of the nation, to render their utmost aid in preserving them from the snares and contamination of the drinking system, by an early inculcation of Temperance principles and habits; and by fostering and extending Bands of Hope and other juvenile Temperance Societies, founded on Total Abstinence.'

Moved by Mr. J. H. Raper, Parliamentary agent of the Alliance, seconded by Mr. J. P. Derrington, of Birmingham:—

'That a respectful address be presented to the Sunday School Union, now sitting in London, calling their attention to the great obstacle which the drinking system presented to the accomplishment of their noble object, and urging the immense importance of Sunday-school teachers at once adopting the total abstinence principle.' [This address was duly presented, and favourably responded to by the Sunday School Convention, both by unanimous vote and by word through its president, S. Morley, Esq., of London.]

Moved by the Rev. Alexander Davidson, of Barrhead, seconded by Edw. Whitwell, Esq.:—

'That the frightful and abounding evils of the drinking system, including pauperism, vice, crime, disease, insanity, and premature death, demand that social and sanitary reformers take energetic steps for the promotion of the Total Abstinence movement, as affording the most efficient means of removing the principal cause of a vast proportion of that misery and disorder which they are seeking to remedy.'

Moved by Dr. Figg, of Bo'ness, seconded by Mr. Bennett:—

'That the recent experiments and discoveries of physiological science, confirming observation and experience in all climates, have clearly demonstrated that alcohol has no dietetic value, but that its use as a beverage, in any form or to any extent, is injurious both to the body and the mind of man.'

Moved by Dr. Norman Kerr, of Glasgow, seconded by Moses Franks, Esq., Heckington, M.R.C.S.:—

'That the progress of medical science and experiment has exploded many theories on which the prescription of alcohol has been heretofore based, and has demonstrated, not only its non-

dietetic character, but also its non-medicinal virtue, in a large range of disease; that the scientific, as distinguished from the empirical application of remedies, requires that their specific properties and reactions should be understood—conditions never yet fulfilled in regard to alcohol. This Convention therefore earnestly calls upon the members of the honourable profession of medicine, not only to respect their own reputation as a body, but to bear in mind their grave moral and social responsibilities, in prescribing so questionable, so dangerous, and so abused an article. The Convention would also press upon the friends of Temperance the duty of insisting that alcohol, whenever prescribed under the plea of a supposed, or the justification of a real necessity, should be dispensed, like other drugs, not by the publican, but by the apothecary.'

Moved by the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Douglas, Isle of Man, seconded by Mr. William Mart:—

'That the whole system of manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors involves a fearful perversion and waste of human food, absorbs and misdirects an incalculable amount of capital, industrial energy, and commercial enterprise, thereby limiting the national resources, and entailing grievous burdens of taxation upon the community; and that it is, therefore, the duty of the political economist and financial reformer to use their best exertions to abolish a system so disastrous to the nation.'

Moved by Robert Briscoe, Esq., J.P., seconded by the Rev. W. Caine, M.A.:—

'That it has been abundantly demonstrated before this Convention, that the manufacture and common sale of intoxicating beverages are the occasion of innumerable social, moral, and political evils of a most appalling character, subversive of public order and antagonistic to national progress; and that, therefore, the citizen, the magistrate, the legislator, and all who exercise authority or public influence in the State, should combine to put forth their most strenuous and persistent efforts to repress and abolish, either by permissive or other legislation, an inveterate agency of evil so great in magnitude, and productive of burdens and calamities so inevitable and intolerable.'

Moved by Joseph Thorp, Esq., seconded

seconded by the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel :—

‘That as a token of the sympathy of the friends of Temperance, now assembled in London, as an International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, with their fellow-men in Lancashire and Cheshire, at present suffering severe distress from the depression occasioned by the lamentable conflict in the United States, this Convention resolves to raise a contribution to be forwarded through Sir Walter Trevelyan on its behalf to the Central Committee of the Relief Fund in Manchester.’ [A sum of upwards of 200l. was contributed to this end.]

Moved by Dr. J. M. McCulloch, seconded by Dr. F. R. Lees :—

‘Considering the importance of the

report of the House of Commons of 1832, a reprint of it in a cheap form would be appreciated by the Temperance public and others, and would probably be extensively circulated.’

Thanks were voted to the President of the Convention, and to the Executive of the Alliance. It was also resolved :—

‘That the Convention desires to record its sincere and solemn thankfulness to Almighty God for the cheering evidence of success which has attended its important deliberations and public assemblies, and does hereby give thanks unto God for that success.’

We will only add, in conclusion, that the proceedings of the Convention (including the papers read), will be very fully reported in a volume of ‘Transactions,’ now under preparation.

ART. VII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *The Christian Aspect of the Temperance Question.* By the Author of ‘Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them.’

Our English Months. By S. W. Partridge, author of ‘Upward and Onward,’ ‘Voices from the Garden,’ ‘An Idea of a Christian,’ &c.

London : S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

2. *How to Win our Workers.* By Mrs. Hyde. Cambridge : Macmillan and Co.

3. *The Magdalen's Friend, and Female Home's Intelligencer.* A Monthly Magazine. London : Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, Paternoster Row.

4. *The Junior Clerk: A Tale of City Life.* By Edwin Hodder, author of ‘Memories of New Zealand Life.’ With a Preface by W. Edwyn Shipton, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. London : Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 13, St. Paul's Churchyard.

5. *The Young Men of 1862; their Prospects and Duties.* A Lecture. By M. John W. White.

The Dietetic Reformer, and Vegetarian Messenger. Quarterly No.

Medicinal Drinking. By the Rev. John Kirk, Edinburgh.

Band of Hope Melodies and Temperance Hymns. Fourth London Edition.

The New Temperance Harmonist, containing Temperance Melodies, original and select, adapted to Popular Airs. By George Blaby, Agent of the Band of Hope Union. Seventh Edition.

Bond of Brotherhood. Conducted by Elihu Burritt.

The Journal of Health. Devoted to the Popular Exposition of the Principles of Health, the Causes of Disease, &c.

Report of the Proceedings of the Hartwell Peace and Temperance Festival, August 14th and 15th, 1861.

Temperance : In Harmony with Nature, Science, and the Laws of Beauty. By Jabez Inwards, author of ‘Food, Famine, Drink, and Death,’ &c.

London : Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

6. *Tracts for the Thoughtful :* on matters relating to the Religious Condition of the Age. No. V. God's Works and Ours.’

Jesus the Soul's Need. By C. A. Porter, author of ‘A Prophecy of Grace.’

Progress ; or, the International Exhibition. By William Anderson.

London : William Freeman, 102, Fleet Street.

7. *History of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain: from the Earliest Date to the Present Time: with Biographical Notices of Departed Temperance Worthies.* By Samuel Couling, author of 'The Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks; its Evils and its Remedy,' &c.
London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand, W.C.
8. *A Lecture on the Social Unity of Humanity:* involving the question, Cannot Orthodoxy be elevated into Harmony with Moral Science? By Robert Brown.
London: W. H. Young, 193, Bishopsgate Street. Sunderland: W. H. Hills.
9. *The Buonapartes contrasted with the Bourbons.* By the late Right Hon. Henry Grattan, M.P.; the late Right Hon. R. Brinsley Sheridan, M.P.; and others.
Old Jonathan: or, the District and Parish Helper. No. 75.
London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street, E.C.
10. *Statement of the Moslem Mission Society.* With a Short Account of the Remarkable Opening for its Operations among the Bedonin Tribes. Second edition.
Report of the Moslem Mission Society for the year of our Lord 1862. Second Edition.
London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.
11. *The Baptist Magazine.* London: Pewtress Brothers, 4, Ave Maria Lane.
12. *Proceedings on the Installation of the Rev. Joshua Jones, M.A.* With an Address. Liverpool: Printed for the Liverpool Institute.
13. *Proceedings at the Inauguration of the Art Exhibition* (Liverpool Institute); and *Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Directors.* London: Longman, Green, and Co., 14, Ludgate Hill.
14. *Lectures on the Common Truths of Political Economy.* Delivered at the Liverpool Institute. By J. T. Danson, President. Liverpool: D. Marples, 50, Lord Street.
15. *The Colony of New South Wales: its Agricultural, Pastoral, and Mining Capabilities.* Compiled by the Commissioners of the Colonial Government.
London: J. Haddon, 3, Bouverie Street.
16. *An Account of the Colony of South Australia.* Prepared for distribution at the International Exhibition of 1862. By Frederick Sinnett. Together with a Catalogue of all the Products of South Australia exhibited in the South Australian Court.
London: Robert K. Burt, 90A, Holborn Hill, City.
1. IN 'The Christian Aspect of the Temperance Question,' the author of 'Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them' writes, in form of a letter to a well-known philanthropist, 'something which may appear like lodging a complaint against Temperance Societies generally, both as to the way in which they are conducted, and the cause advocated.' 'The strength of the foe to be attacked has,' she thinks, 'been grievously underrated.' She examines the weapons which have been so often used—the signing of the pledge, the lectures upon profit and loss, the distribution of temperance tracts; and though she dares not condemn what God has often honoured, she feels that with these weapons *alone* we shall be no match for our deadly antagonist. She says: 'We trust we may not be misunderstood, and that it may not be supposed for a moment we are joining in the senseless cry of "putting Temperance in the place of the Gospel." Besides the patent fact that teetotalism is the putting away of something, and therefore can never take the place of anything, we have never in our experience found any Gospel in the drunkard to displace. If not as advice, but with all the authority of "a Teacher sent from on high," Jesus could pronounce of such unmistakably important and valuable things as hands, feet, and eyes, "if they offend thee," or, as it might be rendered, "cause thee to sin," "cut them off and cast them from thee," what are we to infer would have been his verdict as to the course to be pursued towards the unnecessary (at least) and generally injurious use of intoxicating drinks? It is because we love the Gospel, and know that the deep fever of man's stricken nature will

will never be cured by anything else, that we love the cause which makes way for its entrance: in the words of a gifted writer, "Teetotalism is not the light of heaven, but it is often the unsealing of the eyes. It is not the Word of Life, but it has unstopped a thousand ears to hearken to it. It is not Christianity, nor even its associate, but it is often its forerunner." Like the illustrious herald of the Messiah, who confessed and denied not, but confessed, saying, "I am not the Christ," it is ready, in its proudest achievements, and amid its loftiest claims, to say from the lips of all its Christian disciples, "There cometh one after me mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose."

"Our idea of Teetotalism is, that, standing alone, it much resembles what John the Baptist's mission would have been without the "One that cometh after me." Many seem to have been roused by his preaching to a sense of duty and a fear of the consequences of sin. Christ himself testifies "the publicans and harlots believed him," but even these powerful impressions might have died out with the preacher's voice, had no "bearer of iniquity" followed. The preaching of John the Baptist was God's chosen preparation for the Gospel of Christ; the first link of a chain which, the sinner following, led him, link by link, to the cross of Christ, where the burden, of which the eloquent voice of the preacher had made him conscious, fell off.

"We believe that never since those early days was there such a time as the present for a people prepared for the Lord. The voices of those who, standing upon our platforms, have been crying to this generation of drunkards to flee from the wrath to come, have done much to produce this long-desired result. The great thing now to be earnestly sought for is, that the ground thus reclaimed from the desolate waste, may, without delay, pass into the hands of the cultivator, and be sown thickly with the seeds of eternal life. May God, in His great mercy, arouse every Christian-hearted man and woman to see that they have now a work to do for the Master! If they will come forward armed with the sword of the Spirit, Intemperance will be vanquished—this stronghold of the god of this world will have to surrender; but if the cry is not

heard to "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty," the enemy we fear may return, and the last state may be worse than the first."

Mrs. Bayly suggests, further, the establishment of an organ distinctly setting forth such principles, or at least the improvement of such as already exist. She objects to the name 'Teetotalism,' and prefers 'Nephalism.' In an appendix an interesting account is given of some 'mended homes' at Notting Hill.

'Our English Months' are set forth in a long poem, in blank verse, by an author whose very reasonable opinion it is, that 'the book of nature is still to multitudes, both of our villagers and townsmen, one of far less suggestiveness and improvement than it might be, for want of more observant habits and discriminating intelligence;' and who is 'convinced that our minds would be none the less happy for learning more to individualize trees, shrubs, and flowers; our natures none the less humanized for deeper acquaintance with the habits of the lower animals; and our hearts certainly none the less disposed to receive truth for a keener appreciation of the beautiful.' The work before us is delightfully adapted to promote the culture thus recommended. Each month of the year is presented with almost photographic fulness of detail in its botanical, ornithological, entomological, and poetical aspects. Of what the year accomplishes in its march—of its varied developments in garden and field, in house, and village, and town—we have here a faithful chronicle in smooth and pleasant verse. The work displays throughout not only much power of patient observation and careful record, but (rarer gift still) considerable ability in inventing phrases, and real felicity in the application of epithet. The right word is generally in the right place; whether it be in describing the 'rampant hops,' the 'stately foxglove with spire of lessening bells,' the 'woolly leafage' of the red campion, the 'freckled purse' of the calceolaria, 'the gladiolus blossomed to the hilt,' the milky way 'stippled with stars;' or,

'Thrice happy Sunday, zone of the loose week,
The sweet parenthesis in life's dull round,
The restful landing on life's weary stairs.'

The monthly calendar is enriched at frequent intervals with lyrics thoughtful and sweet; of which, to be brief, we quote the following sample:—

'Not

‘NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.’

‘Not to myself alone,’
 The little opening Flower, transported, cries ;
 ‘Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes :
 The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill ;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.’

‘Not to myself alone,’
 The circling Star, with honest pride, doth boast ;
 ‘Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
 I write upon night’s coronal of jet
 His power and skill who formed our myriad host ;
 I gem the sky,
 That man might ne’er forget, in every fate,
 His home on high.’

‘Not to myself alone,’
 The heavy-laden Bee doth murmuring hum ;
 ‘Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
 I rove the woods, the garden, and the bower,
 And to the hive at evening weary come :
 For man, for man the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
 Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
 A scanty share.’

‘Not to myself alone,’
 The soaring Bird with lusty pinion sings ;
 ‘Not to myself alone I raise my song :
 I cheer the drooping with my warbling
 tongue,
 And bear the mourner on my viewless wings ;
 I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore ;
 I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
 And sing and soar.’

‘Not to myself alone,’
 The Streamlet whispers on its pebbly way ;
 ‘Not to myself alone I sparkling glide ;
 I scatter health and life on every side,
 And strew the fields with herb and flowret gay :
 I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
 My gladsome tune ;
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In drouthy June.’

‘Not to myself alone—
 Oh Man, forget not thou, earth’s honoured priest !
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its
 heart,
 In earth’s great chorus to sustain thy part.
 Chiefest of guests at Love’s ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard ; spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown :
 Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
 Not to thyself alone.’

2. Mrs. Hyde, of East Dereham, in the little book published by Macmillan and Co., tells us, as the result of much experience at Leeds, ‘How to Win our Workers.’ We have read this work with very much interest, and need not, we think, more favourably indicate its style and contents than by offering the following quotations, taken almost at random :—

‘Our rules have now been tested during nine years, and as scarcely any alterations have been found desirable, I will here detail them for the guidance of others.

‘The school assembles every Monday and Thursday evening, at seven o’clock, in a spacious room, well warmed in winter, brightly lighted with gas, and arranged with long tables and benches. When a girl applies for admission, her name, age, residence, and occupation, are registered, and she receives a card, with her name and a number written upon it, and to which a string is attached. She may now attend the school, and either bring work of her own, or order some article of useful clothing ; this is cut out and prepared for her against the next night of meeting. To this work is attached a ticket with her name, the date of the order, and the price of the article, and when she takes it, the particulars are entered from this ticket in an alphabetical book, in which the scholar is from time to time credited with such payments as she makes. No order is executed till something has been paid in advance. When the article is fully paid for, the scholar is allowed to take it away, and she has a pass ticket to that effect given to her, which she delivers to the doorkeeper at the end of the evening. The unfinished work is collected into sacks, one for each table, each piece being tied up with the pupils’ name-card outside, so that it may be readily found on the next school-night. Each table is presided over by one or more lady teachers, and supplied gratuitously with needles and thread. At a table in the centre of the room sits a gentleman, who takes the orders down in a book, delivers out the new goods, and generally superintends. In the ante-room all the unfinished work is laid out before school-time, under the charge of the doorkeeper ; and a teacher sits there to receive payments, entering them with such accuracy that, if a single halfpenny has been paid in twelve months ago, it can readily be traced and claimed. If an article is left for six months, without any payment being made on account, it is returned to stock ; but the girl who ordered it has credit for the instalments she has paid.

‘At intervals during the evening the girls sing hymns and part-songs, which they do with much delight to themselves, and with much pleasure to the listeners ; their voices being in general remarkably sweet, and their aptitude for part-singing very uncommon.

The

The superintendent occasionally reads aloud, or the teachers introduce, at their respective tables, some useful subject of conversation, or relate stories, for which the girls have a great relish. A little before nine o'clock, the work is collected; the girls seat themselves, facing the superintendent, and, after a minute's silence, he reads a chapter of the Bible. A short address is frequently given, either on a part of the chapter just read, or on some improving subject, suited to the comprehension of the scholars; this has usually been given by the gentleman who, in fact, originated the school, and to whom the ways and wants of the poor are well known. He possesses a rare power of addressing them in language which they can thoroughly understand; and of pointing out their failings in a manner which, while it is forcible and impressive, does not offend them. After a hymn and a short prayer, the school is dismissed.

'We often heard girls say they "wished every night were school-night;" and one (with an unhappy home, as, alas! so many have) said, with tears in her eyes, "The only bit of peace and comfort I ever get is in this school." This was a girl (and there are many such) whose feelings were too gentle for the hardships of her daily life, and whose home was probably made wretched by the drinking habits of father or brothers. In general they are content with their lot in life. Elizabeth C—— once said to me, "If I could nobbat be sure of allus gettin' eight shillin' a week, I would not care to call t' Queen my cousin."

'One teacher writes: "To show that the girls do not praise the school for the sake of any advantage to be gained beyond kind sympathy, and as a proof of their independent, honest pride, I can say, as a fact, that during the seven years in which I have taught in the school not one girl ever begged of me, or even hinted at distress with a view of obtaining money. They will speak of their troubles at home for the sake of sympathy and advice, looking upon their teachers as friends; but this is very different from the begging spirit in which the agricultural poor are apt to relate their privations. In a general way, mill-girls shrink from talking of their poverty; indeed, I cannot remember an instance of their having spoken to me on this subject."

'After the school had been in operation long enough for personal acquaintance with the scholars to be formed, several of the teachers occasionally invited small parties of them to their houses. The ignorance which they manifested as to the social arrangements of gentlemen's families was very amusing. The number and uses of the rooms, furniture, beds, and especially the books, never ceased to excite their surprise—usually tersely expressed by "Eh, but ye have a deal of stuff!"—"stuff" being a most comprehensive word in the North. The relation between us and our servants puzzled them much. The discovery that pulling an ivory knob in the drawing-room would ring a distant bell, and cause a servant to appear, was as astonishing to them as Hadji Baba relates it to have been to the Persian princes when staying at Mivart's Hotel, and like him, we were obliged to check the too-frequent repetition of the experiment. A lady was showing them all over her very handsome house, and the large mirrors gave such pleasure that they could hardly be induced to leave them; some laughed, and covered their faces, and said "they wor shamed;" some stood grave and thoughtful, while others fairly danced with delight. The baths in the bedrooms, and still more the news that they were used daily, excited great wonder; and, after going all over the house in a bewilderment of admiration, the recognition of familiar objects in the kitchen seemed quite pleasant to them.

3. We are very much pleased with 'The Magdalen's Friend and Female Home's Intelligencer,' of which several monthly numbers are before us. The rescue of morally-degraded women is very earnestly pleaded and advanced throughout, and not only earnestly, but ably. The editor (we know not his name) wields the pen vigorously, and is aided by some excellent contributors. We cordially recommend 'The Magdalen's Friend.'

4. Mr. Hodder's tale of city life might prove a very useful book, if placed in the hands of youths in that critical period when they are first called upon to make their way in the world. It has the advantage of an excellent preface from the pen of Mr. Shipton. Oddly enough, what ought to have been the first chapter, as it is the commencement of the story, is placed after that which should have been the second. The narrative

narrative tells of a youth, piously trained, and for some time preserved from evil as the reward of that training, at length led terribly astray by bad company, and reduced to great extremity, but finally, to the reader's relief, rescued from the destruction which had almost made him its prey.

5. Mr. White's lecture to young men abounds with excellent advice, forcibly advanced, and well put together. Were we to begin to quote passages that we like, we should go on quoting until we had transferred nearly the whole lecture.

The little treatise on 'Medicinal Drinking,' by the Rev. John Kirk, is intended to dispel the popular delusion which, in practice, works so much mischief, by breaking down the barrier raised by temperance doctrine against the use of alcoholic beverages. A chapter of introduction is followed by another on 'The Medicinal Snare,' describing how, too often, temperance advocates become silenced, private representatives of the temperance movement lose their influence, spirit-vendors triumph, reformed drunkards relapse, and moderate drinkers become drunkards, in consequence of the thoughtless or wicked urgency of medical men in recommending intoxicating drinks. The titles of the subsequent chapters are—'A Preliminary Argument,' 'Alcohol and Digestion,' 'Evidence of the Breath,' 'Alcohol and Heat,' 'Recent Discoveries,' 'Is Alcohol Force?' and 'Delusive Feelings;' and when we quote these we indicate sufficiently the thoroughness wherewith Mr. Kirk works out his theme. This capital little book might very appropriately be called 'The Abstainer's Cheap Defence against the Doctor.'

'The Dietetic Reformer and Vegetarian Messenger' is the organ of the Vegetarian Society, of which. W. Harvey, Esq., J.P., of Salford, is the president. One of the articles is by a recent convert, a schoolmaster, who, writing of the 'Dietetic Reformer,' says: 'The talent, the wit, the logic, and the impartiality which I found there, disposed me to look upon Vegetarianism with less prejudiced eyes.' Whatever may be the merits or shortcomings of vegetarian diet, it does not appear to be unfavourable to strength and tenacity of conviction amidst discouragements. No class of men seem better able to bear to be laughed at, and to stand erect and steadfast in however small a minority, than the eschewers

of flesh. Certainly, no one can say that heroism of this description is incompatible with Vegetarianism.

As is not unknown to some of our readers, every year there is held at Hartwell House, Buckinghamshire, the seat of Dr. Lee, a peace and temperance festival, to which old friends and good speakers from a distance, and all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, are invited by the hospitable and philanthropic owner of the domain. A little volume on our table records the speeches and describes the festivities of the festival of last year. It is enriched with the portraits, engraved on wood, of John Noble, Esq., senior; Edmund Fry, Esq.; Rev. J. B. Walker of Ohio; and Rev. Thomas Pyne, Vicar of Hook.

6. The fifth in number of a series of 'Tracts for the Thoughtful' is the only one which we have had the opportunity of perusing. We have found it impossible to read it without having thereby a desire evoked to see the rest. The writer (we know not his name) appears to have lived chiefly amongst that class of professors of religion who 'say and do not,' or who are, at least, very imperfectly instructed touching their duty to their neighbour. In the fervour of his reaction against these he speaks words which might be supposed to depreciate another and very different class, whom it is, no doubt, easy, in the heat of one's indignation, to confound with them. But whilst Martha serves in her outwardly active way, quiet Mary must not be forbidden to sit at the Master's feet. Having entered this slight protest, we will only add that we should very much like to give some long quotations from this pamphlet, did space permit.

7. For an adequate history of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain we must still look to the future; but for much interesting information about that movement, industriously sought, and put together with the skill of a compiler, we can recommend Mr. Couling's volume. The historian of the movement, when he comes, will acknowledge himself much indebted to Mr. Couling for materials; but he will be able, as Mr. C. does not appear to be, to compress unimportant incidents into small compass, to bring out the cardinal points in due grandeur, and to handle all the facts with some degree of pictorial and dramatic power.

8. There is much that pleases us in Mr. Brown's lecture on the 'Social Unity of Humanity.' He teaches an
old

old truth with new illustrations. That we are all members of one body; that when one member suffers all must suffer in some way, although not necessarily in the same way; that it is impossible to live to one's self alone; these are truths ancient as the world, and such Mr. Brown recognizes them to be. He so presents them, however, as to give them what most readers would perhaps feel to be a startling novelty. 'Mark,' he says, 'it is not of the physical unity of humanity that we are now to speak, but of its moral unity; not to prove that all men have descended from one human pair, but that, however descended, they are, as historically and now existent, and as they ever must be, socially, organically, ONE.' In other words, 'The principle upon which the present lecture is founded is this:—The human race, beginning with the first man and ending with his latest offspring, constitutes one organic whole, throughout which there beat the pulsations of one life, and throughout which there run currents of sympathy so strong and perfect that, as the prick of a pin at the top end of the finger vibrates through the human frame, whatever affects the most obscure individual of the race affects the whole.' The writer enlarges upon this theme in various directions; and thinks that, as one result of his inquiry, new and confirming light is thrown on the 'orthodox' doctrine of the Atonement. Without entering on this topic we will indulge our readers with a sample of his quality.

'There is scarcely a sin any man commits but that sin has been contributed to, more or less, by other minds besides his own. There is no solitude in sin. It spreads its meshes over society at large; and while we, in our ignorance, are crying out loudly against this man's immorality, that man's avarice, and the other man's fraud, we forget that these are but blossoms of the tree whereof we are ourselves component parts; and although, thank God! we may not ourselves be the poison-breathing blossoms, if we are but a portion of the bark or leaf or root of the tree, have we not contributed our quota to its malignant efflorescence?

'Nor does this view, by inculpating society, exculpate the individual. Rather, it gives to individual misconduct an additional turpitude, by placing each in a twofold relation of responsibility; one to God, and another to society, which, because our wrongful acts cannot

fail to injure it, has a right to demand from each of its members that they join in a struggle after a common redemption. Society, therefore, has just cause to complain against us if we sin, even though it be in secret. The usual mode of exhibiting the relative rights and duties between the individual and society is to give to society the right to control only overt acts. But, on the hypothesis now contended for, society is interested in every act of every individual, whether public or private. Every sin, we repeat, of every individual—ay, even every sin of the closet and of the heart—adds to humanity's aggregate wickedness, and thereby increases the general woe.

'That social sins are punished by social calamities, and that the scourge falls indiscriminately on the good and evil, as God's rain falls indiscriminately upon the just and unjust, is a statement not likely, we think, to be disputed; but if disputed, how easily is it proved! Take, for example, those visitations of cholera which we had in this country a few years ago. Is it not notorious that in many towns and localities the virulence of the disease was attributable to drunkenness and sensuality, and the debility and filth consequent thereon? But although vice might give existence and impetus to the plague, it did not assign bounds to its ravages. Once abroad, the pestilence fell upon the moral equally with the immoral, upon the thoughtful and frugal equally with the reckless spendthrift, upon the pious and benevolent equally with the profane.

'Again: do not the calamities of war originate in crime—in some act of injustice and wrong? and who suffer? Not always the most criminal, nor generally so: it is generally the innocent on whom vengeance falls most terribly. I mean the personally innocent; for, corporately, all may be said to be guilty. Do you ask where is the justice of such a procedure? We answer that, so far as the Divine order is concerned, there is, on the principle of national responsibility, no injustice to be complained of. The crime being national, the punishment is also national; the offence being corporate, the blow is also corporate: the hand steals, the back is smitten; there is unity in the culprit, and so long as the whip falls upon the unit, justice is indifferent as to the precise spot where it cuts most severely.

'But the inference we have deduced is not only supported by such social facts as we have adverted to, it is, as we have previously

previously said, confirmed and demonstrated by the scripture history of the Fall. Adam sinned, and "by one man's disobedience, the many were made sinners." This happened not by virtue of any *special* federal relation in which Adam stood to his race, but by virtue of the relation in which every man stands to it, as an integral part of an organic whole. The world as it came out of the hands of its Maker was spotless, and was then pronounced "good." But the moment there appeared in it the slightest speck of evil, the *world* was accursed—not Adam as an individual, but the world as a world—"judgment came upon all men to condemnation." The difficulty in the ordinary exposition of this doctrine, arises wholly from the error of regarding every man as *exclusively* responsible for his own actions: but without denying that *individual* responsibility is *one* law of the divine government, have we not abundantly shown that there is another law, not inconsistent therewith, but running with it like two parallel lines, equally high and authoritative, namely, the law of *corporate* responsibility, according to which God deals with the world as a world, with the planet as a planet, with the whole human race as an organised body, having unity in its dramatic life, and a disastrous or triumphant catastrophe accordingly as the contending elements of good and evil gain in it the mastery.

9. The compiler of 'The Buonapartes contrasted with the Bourbons' has extracted a number of passages from an oration of Henry Grattan's vilifying the policy of the first French empire; and he has done this to cast discredit on the second. To these he has appended quotations, with the like object in view, from a speech of Sheridan's, from a sermon by Robert Hall, from the writings of Dr. Croly, and from sundry other sources.

'Old Jonathan' is pretty widely known as a monthly sheet of the 'British Workman' school; and is, no doubt, like that excellent publication, doing much good amongst the people.

10. 'Moslem Missions' would seem, at first sight, to be almost hopelessly uphill enterprises. There really seems, however, to be an excellent opportunity—a door set open for Christian teachers—amongst certain Bedouin tribes, of whom the two tracts before us give interesting accounts. The Council in their Report say: 'In Europe and America seven societies are labour-

ing for the conversion of five millions of Jews. Not less than thirty-six missionary societies are occupied with some three hundred millions of heathen. The Moslems in Europe, Asia Minor, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and in almost every part of Africa and the East, amount at least to one hundred and eighty millions, and have recently been estimated at two hundred millions, and the infant "Moslem Mission Society" is the only institution, specially founded, to preach the gospel to these Mohammedan masses.'

11. Several numbers of the 'Baptist Magazine' have reached us. There is a trine of editors to this denominational organ; and the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon is one of the three.

12. The Rev. Joshua Jones, M.A., late Senior Mathematical and Johnson Mathematical Scholar of Oxford University, has recently been installed as head master of the Liverpool Institute. Than the one he delivered at his installation, we do not remember to have read any school address superior at once for high tone, sterling sense, and fitness for the occasion.

13. The Liverpool Institute, we may here explain, is a kind of university, of which seven high and other schools in Liverpool are the colleges. One of the educational sections of the Institute is a Government School of Art; and in connection therewith an exhibition of paintings and other works of the fine arts was held at the close of last year. The report before us is of the proceedings at a public meeting held in the theatre of the Liverpool Institute, to inaugurate the exhibition, and to present prizes to the students of the Institute, under the presidency of the mayor of the town. Amongst the addresses delivered was an excellent one to the students by Mr. J. T. Danson.

14. Of the 'Lectures on the Common Truths of Political Economy,' by the same Mr. Danson, the preliminary address is now before us. The lecturer has the gift of expounding clearly. He considers, whether the wish to be 'well-off' is a natural and proper one; and he decides that it is. He asks next, to what extent it admits to be gratified; and he answers the question. And, lastly, he endeavours to show under what conditions such gratification may be sought with the best prospect of success. We have not space to examine at any length the various propositions which Mr. Danson advances.

Meliora.

ART. I. *On Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind.* By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon. &c. &c. Second Edition, revised. London: John W. Davies. 1861.

EVERY young science has to battle for its existence. Public opinion resists it, current systems of thought oppose it, and the entire history of humanity is sometimes unscrupulously perverted to prove, illogically enough, that, in the first place, the new comer is as old as the Pyramids, and that, in the second, it has no lawful business in the universe at all. But the new study will not be denied; and even those whose minds are always in that rigid condition commonly known as made-up, have to loosen their bands and yield themselves to the vigour and persistency of its revolutionizing force. It has been so with many sciences of comparatively modern growth, but with none, perhaps, more strikingly than with that which has essayed to unravel some of the puzzling complexities of the impaired or insane mind. As yet very little more than a century old, it has had its battles, campaigns, and victories; it has secured its own terms, compelled its own recognition, and circumscribed its own territory. But there is still plenty of hard work and guerilla skirmishing for it to do with specious friends, concealed foes, and prejudices in ambush. A new science is like a new man, and must be content to be in a minority at first, that opposition may develop its own resources, and that when the world becomes of its own way of thinking, it may be charitable and compassionate towards others as yet amidst the buffetings of such a stalwart minority as was formerly its own. Nevertheless, it is amusing to note the perturbations of the common mind. Was never truth so mis-seen, mis-conceived, and mis-judged, as is this young fresh maiden science. Everywhere we may meet with persons who seize upon the errors of an enthusiast in his profession, or wrench away curious details from their proper place and connection, to distort them for wit, antithesis, and controversy. A mad doctor and a mad dog will be placed in the same category, and to receive the theses of the one is often equivalent to having been bitten by the fangs of the other. Lecturers, essayists, and

novelists do their worst and their best to pervert, modify, or advocate what appears to them to be strange, erroneous, or beneficial, and arrive, *per saltum*, at physiological, philosophical, and theological conclusions, that perplex many, delude others, and astonish all. In short, the new science, having entered upon a popular stage of its existence, has to pay the penalty of its own progress by a literature of which it is difficult to decide whether the canonical or the apocryphal possesses the greater interest or secures the larger amount of readers.

But we are not in the least disconcerted by these tremors, deflections, and choreic revolutions. They may be abnormal enough in one sense, although in another they would only seem to be misdirections of a young and excessive vitality. Besides, we think the present position of cerebral and mental science, as far as a certain ambiguity is concerned, is susceptible of an explanation which is as full of warning as it is of encouragement. The labours of Gall and Spurzheim commenced this uncertainty, and their period is the real point of a departure from the beaten path made by this then scarcely adult science. Shall we, or shall we not accept phrenology as a whole, has been made the grand question by one-sided enthusiasts, rather than how far can we discover the correlation of the brain and mind, and where shall we affix the true boundary between the vehicle and the manifestation. Those who have followed the new school, madly and blindly, have been disposed to discard all knowledge of the mind, save what the dissecting-knife and cranoscope reveal, or what they imagine they reveal as to its source, as worse than useless, and the veriest infatuation. A second class who totally reject all the positions of the first, anatomical and physiological, complain of the division of what they affirm to be indivisible, the isolation of certain related functions and faculties, the assumed necessity of human actions, the narrowed distinction between humanity and animality; and hampered alike by the strength which wishes to preserve, and the weakness which cannot wait for results, are constrained to regard the entire movement as actuated by little short of overweening presumption and atheistic materialism. A third, who with considerable modification would accept a division of the functions of the brain into intellectual and affective, the one apportioned to the forehead, and the other to the hindhead, superadding a knowledge of the operations of the mind as derived from the study of metaphysics, are blamed by the first because they do not go far enough, and by the second because they go so far. And all three, in their turn, are anathematized by those who cannot understand or follow any scientific movement, interpret any new facts, or receive any new truths, but who are distracted by the very details which in the grasp of a more cultivated and comprehensive mind, are made to open new paths, contribute

contribute new features, indicate new laws, and throw backwards and forwards the steady gleams of a truer, nobler, and more catholic philosophy.

Although France, having started before us, may claim a right to be the leading authority on the question of cerebro-mental science, we have had many indications in our own country that a better movement has been inaugurated. Insanity and psychology have each both learned and liberal exponents, and a literature, which for a special and scientific kind, is fast becoming second to none in copiousness, ability, and accuracy. We shall not err, perhaps, in regarding Dr. Winslow's book, with others, as a *fluctus decumanus* in this healthier reaction. It is at once popular and scientific, in the very best senses of those very much misunderstood words; has been read with zest and care by men of all modes of thinking and grades of intelligence; and has quietly passed into a second edition, which we feel sure will not be its last. As a preliminary treatise, it whets our appetite for what is to follow; and although the other two works promised will necessarily be more exclusively scientific, the *avant courier* is a sufficient indication that both will be as remarkable for qualities, facts, and inductions, that will accomplish very much of what remains to be done in ridding a noble study and a philanthropic vocation of their various hindrances, perversions, and misconceptions. It is difficult, in the outset, to define Dr. Winslow's real position, as far as regards any one of the three classes we have just roughly and hurriedly described. Perhaps it is of no moment that we should make him belong to either, but simply regard him as an honest and a patient student of whatever comes before his attention, and conceive of his book as being a most careful and copious selection of some of the wonders and difficulties of the subjects of which it treats. But at the same time we ought not to conceal what there is no wish on his part to hide. Phrenology is neither countenanced nor discountenanced in any spirit of partisanship; but evidence, and that of plain and striking kind, is put forth to sustain almost every position the writer takes. He cannot afford to discard anything, whatever it may be and wherever it may be found, that will help him in the least to see matters in a true light. A careful anatomist, he does not with some decry the study of metaphysics, or disdain to use the formularies of the schools in so far as they render him assistance, but boldly proclaims 'that the advancement of mental science has of late years been greatly retarded by the prejudices which have prevailed in reference to all abstract metaphysical investigations.' A logician and a dealer with facts, he is not insensible to what is above the one and behind the other. A physician and a man of science, he confines himself within no narrow boundary-lines, but would use the book of the heart to interpret the tablet of the brain,

and place moral therapeutics collateral with medical and hygienic remedies. He confesses to every difficulty by which he is surrounded, admits every perplexity where to deny it would be cowardice, pass it over dishonest, explain it impossible, and carefully feels his way along the broadest tracks as well as the narrowest paths. With Vogel he tells us and proves it—and we have wanted it telling and proving, even so recently as in the debate on the new Lunacy Regulation Bill—that ‘great powers of reason are requisite to understand men destitute of reason.’ He has no pet definition, no pet theory, no universal panacea. A student and not a dabbler, a philosopher and not a dilettante, he has been almost everywhere to find his facts, quotes very extensively, although on the whole with great honesty, and has comprehended and co-ordinated a mass of irregular data and thought that might otherwise have long remained in a flocculent, unsystematized condition.

But it will be asked, how far the work before us throws definite light upon many obscure questions? How far does it show the mind’s dependence on the brain, and the brain’s dependence on the mind? Is insanity a mere structural disease of the brain, or only the local determination of complex eccentric influences? or is it both? Are there any analogies in ordinary health illustrative of the aberrations of insanity? Have the sane their insane moments as well as the insane their lucid intervals? Can a man be insane, and know it; and sane, and not know it? Is insanity an accidentally developed dynamic condition, or has it its period of incubation, its laws of growth, and certain definite repressible or irrepressible resolutions? Most of these questions have been answered in some form or degree by Dr. Winslow, and we now proceed to gather up a few of the more prominent points he has brought out, bearing immediately or mediately upon them.

St. Austin says he knew very well what time was until he was questioned about it, and then he knew nothing. It is very much the same in our day with the twofold question as to the nature and situation of the mind. Each side knows very well until it is cross-questioned by the other, when mutual ignorance is developed, and a result similar to that in the Protagoras of Plato is displayed—the one who in the beginning maintained that the brain is not the mind, maintaining that the mind is the brain, and the party who claimed the brain to be the mind now proving that the mind is not the brain. Each school has had its reaction, and both must wait for more scientific evidence. Meanwhile we cannot but notice that so distinguished an authority as Sir William Hamilton should assure us that ‘there is no good ground to suppose that the mind is situate solely in the brain or exclusively in any one part of the body;’ that ‘the Peripatetic aphorism, the soul is all in the whole and all in every part, is more philosophical, and, consequently, more probable;’

probable; and that it has not always been noticed 'that we materialize the mind when we attribute to it the relations of matter.* We confess that we cannot see the force of his reasoning. He tells, indeed, in a fragment of an early paper†, what is the difference between Kant's doctrine of space and time and his own; but whether we hold, with Kant, that they are subjective conditions, or with him, that they are conditions of things as well, both are the necessary boundaries of the finite embodied mind; and whether we place the mind in the brain or the entire body, the conditions are not in the least altered, nor can one be said to materialize more than the other. It may be really present wherever we are conscious that it acts, and still hold, as it must, the relations of matter; and we may even hold the whimsical theory, illustrated by Prior in his 'Alma,' and strictly carry out the above by conceiving the mind to enter the feet, as most moved, in infancy, and to reach the head in maturity, without in the least destroying the two conditions of its existence and receptivity.

How far, then, the intimate relation of the brain and the mind, or their scientific oneness, is demonstrable, remains to be seen. We may regard the brain as an organ, an apparatus of organs, or the general determination, the *nevus* and *nisus* of the entire parts that compose the human organism, and the problem is precisely the same in either case. There are two aspects in which the subject may be viewed, and which will mutually assist us in arriving at the truest approximations. There is first the influence of the brain upon the body, and reflexly, the influence of the body on the brain, and there is the influence of the brain on the mind and the mind on the brain. One half of the first aspect falls into the region of physiology, and it is not to be expected that in a short paper like this we can do more than follow some of its known effects in disease. Inflammation of the brain is often preceded by a perversion of the olfactory nerves; and in other disorders there are curious pricking sensations, and formication of the extremities, gritty particles or velvety substances seem to be intruded between the fingers and whatever article is touched, the taste is impaired, and every special sense may be changed, exalted, or entirely lost. The axis of vision is disturbed, and persons cannot read in straight lines; the vision becomes double, luminous rays surround every visible object, occasional flashes of purest light are both seen and felt, and in some rare instances a form of hallucination is established called *deuteroscopia*, in which the person clearly sees a spectral image of himself. Dr. Wollaston relates that twice he was unable to see, for a short time, but on one side of the axis of vision, and consequently saw only half an object, so that when he

* 'Lectures on Metaphysics,' vol. ii., pp. 127, 128. Blackwood, 1859.

† Ibid., vol. i., p. 402.

attempted to read the name 'Johnson' over a door, he could only see 'son.' The gait is rendered awkward, shuffling, or plunging, from a want of co-ordination in the different sets of muscles, and various temporary seizures or complete paralytic attacks are observed to result from diseases or injuries to the brain, in some instances almost immediately, and in others only after the absence of months or years. Even insensibility in one of the fingers, Dr. Winslow tells us, may be the effect of incipient encephalic disorder. It must, however, be borne in mind that the bodily affection does not necessarily manifest itself on the same side as the cerebral mischief, but the greatest uncertainty exists in this respect. Cases are on record in which considerable difficulty is experienced in accounting for such phenomena. Andral relates that 'in two out of twelve cases of softening of the cerebellar lobes, blindness existed on the side of the body opposite the lesion.'

Diseased structures, febrile conditions, severe wounds, excessive muscular exercise, atmospheric influences, intemperance, vicious bodily habits, the presence of urea in the blood, and various other causes, have all an assigned specific action upon the brain. It is the registry of the bodily as well as the mental activities, and is in close correspondence with every part, organ, and outlet. Certain mental emotions manifest particular affinities for different parts of the body. Fear will affect the circulation, until, if prolonged, a diseased heart is the result. It will also cause diarrhoea, and when manifest in convulsive diseases had been known to check an approaching attack. Anger, too, is influenced by the liver, and produces a change in its secretion even where no disease is present. Shakespeare notices awkward physical results in rare idiosyncracies; as 'when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose.* Dr. Winslow observes that he has known persons consider themselves eternally lost whilst 'under the mental depression caused by long-continued hepatic and gastric derangement.' So closely indeed does the brain follow every vital organic process, that the cerebrum and cerebellum are both observed to be affected by respiration, rising as we expire, and falling as we inspire; and as the heart affects the respiration, and the respiration the heart, and both the brain, the play and interplay of them all is the harmony which we call life. This action and reaction of the brain may be observed by placing the hands upon the fontanelles of a child while it is crying, as well as by any persons themselves when suffering from a severe headache. Ravina found that a quill might be easily introduced between the skull and the brain of a pointer during inspiration, and that a cylindrical glass tube

* 'Merchant of Venice,' Act III.

filled with water would empty itself during inspiration, and return discoloured with blood during expiration. A case is recorded of a female patient in one of the hospitals of Montpellier, whose brain was motionless during a dreamless sleep, but actually protruded out of a wound in the skull when she was agitated by dreams or engaged in lively conversation; and although it is instanced by Dr. Winslow to show that in vascular congestion on the service of the brain or an unusual rapidity of circulation in its vessels the psychical functions are exalted, it seems to us to be explicable only from both points of view. This influence of respiration on the brain was long ago suspected. It is one of the links in the correspondence of the soul and the body which Emmanuel Swedenborg has laid down in his 'Economy of the Animal Kingdom;' and when Mr. Wilkinson thinks it strange that this correspondence has not been admitted into science, he seems to be unaware that the German professor, G. H. Schubert, has beautifully endeavoured to elaborate the thought, and find in the heaving of plants from their crevices to the light, the soaring of the lark, the respiration of the lungs and the sympathy of the brain, the scientific evidence of the pulsations of an inner divine life.* Respiration, it is true, is almost suspended during severe attention or powerful thought, and consequent upon this our ideas may be observed to have their moment of relaxation, but popular physiology does not affirm any causative relation between the breathing and the thought. Asphyxial sensations, the result of cardiac disease, have frequently been known to give rise to the thought of moral restraint, or the idea of poisoning. Not only respiration, but other bodily functions act upon the brain to be reacted upon in their turn. Indigestion, defective innervation, heart disease, affections of the reproductive organs, obstructions in the liver and bowels, and even obesity, have marked effects upon its healthy condition; and when in certain chronic forms of insanity the patient becomes *embonpoint*, without a corresponding mental restoration, the prognosis is always regarded as being unfavourable.

In estimating the influence of the brain on the mind, it must not be overlooked that the cineritious and superficial parts of the brain are destitute of sensibility, and are therefore naturally supposed to possess higher functions than the sensorial ganglia, which are mere media of transmission and reception. The very seat of the intellectual functions may, therefore, be possibly disordered without any perceptible difference or even inconvenience. Changes may occur in the grey matter of the brain which escape both the anatomist and the microscopist, and can only be detected by the nicest and minutest chemical experiments which as yet we are

*. See the passage in Menzel's 'German Literature,' vol. iii., p. 60. Oxford, 1840.
unable

unable to institute. Valentin found that birds might have considerable portions of the hemispheres of the brain removed in slices without manifesting any uneasiness, and the same will hold good of human beings without their feeling pain or suffering much mental loss. Dr. Winslow briefly notes the case of a soldier who lost a small portion of brain in being trepanned, and he says: 'It was afterwards discovered that he had forgotten the numbers five and seven, and was not able until some time to recollect them.' But when once the sensorial ganglia are touched or irritated in these operations, paroxysms of intense pain are instantaneously produced. The case of the Parisian beggar, who figures rather prominently in Hartley, may also be mentioned as showing that pressure upon the exterior of the brain was unproductive of actual suffering, and only resulted in sleep, which passed into apoplexy as the pressure increased.* Whilst, however, insanity may be manifest without any apparent disease or appreciable alteration in the structure and neurine of the brain, it is established beyond the possibility of doubt that in the majority of cases where post-mortem examinations have been made by experienced anatomists, there have been evidences of extensive lesions, abnormal growths, and important chemical alterations. Very slight changes in the circulation, nerve-force, assimilative function, or healthy balance of the brain, are sufficient to produce deviations from perfect health, which may escape the scrutiny of the patient, or even of his friends, when not wilfully concealed, but cannot elude that of the cautious and indefatigable medico-psychologist; and such changes, as yet hardly insanity, must always tend in that direction with more or less rapidity according to the age, temperament, occupation, and general habit, unless met by some kind of remedial agency. This is, indeed, the lesson of the whole book, as it is the very first sentence—'the occasion fleeting'—and one which it behoves every human being to learn wisely and well. Not that we all are mad, or shall become so, but that controllable causes in any one of us may commence the insidious process, and that it may reach a fixed condition before our suspicions be aroused. For when everything has been said on the contrary side, and every negative aspect of the brain question has received its due weight and consideration, the words of Dr. Winslow are pregnant with solemn and scientific meaning.

'The brain, being the material instrument of the intelligence, the physical medium through which the mind manifests its varied powers, it is in conformity with the rules of logic, and in obedience to the laws of inductive reasoning to infer, that no changes in its structure or investing membranes can take place, no alteration in the quality of the vital fluid, or anatomical character of the calibre of the numerous blood-vessels that circulate and ramify through its substance can exist, without, to some extent, interfering with, or modifying its psychical functions.' (P. 24.)

* For this special reference, see Hartley, Works, vol. i., p. 47. Edition, 1801.
Diseases

Diseases of the brain have their special and general effects. Certain portions of the brain have had their special functions assigned them by phrenologists, and their divisions must stand or fall as science progresses in her discovery of facts. Even the primary ones, intellectual and affective, must meet the same fate in the same way. At present it would be presumptuous to say anything definite and sweeping in the matter, but we may remark that Sir William Hamilton has dealt with the facts and fictions relating to the frontal sinuses in a very able and philosophical manner;* and that as far as the work under consideration is concerned, the only cerebral localization attempted, and that rather hesitatingly, is that of speech, in which, if we mistake not, the phrenological doctrine is overturned. Speech and language are surely closely allied, and how one should be posited in the hind-head and the other beneath the eye, is rather singular. It does not seem to matter whether we maintain with numerous eminent authorities, Gall himself amongst the number, that the anterior lobes of the brain presided over the organs of speech, or with Van der Kolk, Pinel, and others, that there is an intimate connection between disease of the *corpora olivaria*, and various morbid phenomena of speech—the displacement of the organ of language appears inevitable; since, if the anterior lobes be diseased there may be no affection of that organ itself, and when that is diseased the anterior lobes may be in their normal condition, and either or both without any perceptible alteration in the expression or appropriateness of words. The expression of our thoughts seems rather due to the ‘relation between the centre of volition and that of intellectual action.’ ‘The latter centre,’ says Dr. Todd, ‘may have full power to frame the thoughts, but, unless it can prompt the will to a certain mode of sustained action, the organs of speech cannot be brought into play.’ The intellect may be clear and the patient still unable to speak accurately, words requiring a special emphasis or complex action of the various parts of the throat and mouth being invariably his stumbling-blocks, and cases are on record of persons in this condition who have been both able and unable to commit their thoughts to writing. Even in pretty good health, the handwriting is considerably modified by conditions of the nervous system, the result of temperament or its changes under settled habits, as is shown by Dr. Laycock, in the autographs of the late Sir John Forbes, Professor Blackie, Professor Frazer, and the late Mr. George Combe;† and some such knowledge one would think to be possessed by those excessively wise persons who will read a man’s character by his handwriting, only that the imputa-

* ‘Lectures on Metaphysics,’ vol. i., Appendix II.

† Clinical Lectures on the Physiognomical Diagnosis of Disease, ‘Medical Times and Gazette,’ Feb. 15 and 22, 1862.

tion lifts them much above the sphere of charlantry to be seriously entertained for a moment. Still further do we find the handwriting flighty, eccentric, indistinct, and the words misused, mis-spelt, and frequently altered and erased, in persons suffering from incipient general disorders of the brain. Epileptic persons have been known to sign only half their names, or merely their surnames, prior to an attack, of which the fact was to them a sure precursor. A case has also come under our own observation in which an athletic drayman when intoxicated invariably signs only half his name. In certain types of insanity in young women of special temperaments, letter-writing is a very difficult matter even when talking is very easy. A few sentences will be written well, and then the orthography becomes loose and puzzling, and in the endeavour to remedy it the whole subject will vanish from the mind. Occasionally certain letters are forgotten, or put one for the other, and only one word can be pronounced by a patient to express all his wants, or he is continually calling things by their wrong names while he is at the same time conscious of his blunders. A person who could say for a moment 'not quite right,' in answer to a question, abbreviated it into 'not right,' and finally into 'n'ight;' another was continually exclaiming 'heigh-ho!' when not engaged in conversation, and was unable to control the exclamation after even the shortest sentence; and a third, a German, after an attack of fever, always substituted *z* for *f*, and when he wanted coffee (Kaffee), he really asked for a cat (Kätze). Stammering and low spirits, according to a very ancient author,* invariably exist together, and that state of blankness in which the person makes an effort to speak, and his lips move something like their action in smoking a pipe, and thence called by French pathologists *Le malade fume la pipe*, is always symptomatic of a serious and fatal state of cerebral coma. The changes in the voice are very numerous, and range from the voice of Punch to that of a puny and insipid drawler with his many lisps and clips. In cases of early or advanced cerebral disease there is a curious phenomenon sometimes met with, called by Romberg the echo-sign, in which the patient repeats every word of the physician from 'good morning,' up to 'let me see the tongue.' But, perhaps, the two most singular cases are these. In the one a lady, after an attack of hemiplegia, always spoke in the infinitive mood, saying for 'I wish you good day, stop, my husband has come,' the singular sentence 'To wish good day, to stop, husband to come;' and in the other, a gentleman, subsequent to an attack of paralysis, invariably transposed his letters, articulating *tufle* for flute, *puc* for cup, and *gum* for mug.

* Avicenn., quoted in Riverius's 'Practice of Physick,' p. 149. London, 1678.

Other special effects are very numerous and must be summarily dealt with. Repugnance to certain places or persons, without any assignable cause, petty thefts, odd fancies, hallucinations, fits of stinginess and inordinate display, brutality, indecent behaviour, dirt and untidiness, boisterous uncontrollable mirth, and various other curious as well as common effects, are all prognostications of an amount of cerebral disorder which may or may not have attained the insane climacteric. Violent ebullitions of passion are also decidedly a morbid result and a kind of insaniola; and the late Dr. Marshall Hall has given the name of 'temper disease' to such cases amongst young women, where, with dyspepsia and hysteria, there is a morbid indulgence of temper and a jealous desire for sympathy and affection.

The general effects of brain-disorder comprise nearly all the different types of insanity in each of their different premonitory or advanced stages. The former, or premonitory, Dr. Winslow has divided into five sections—anomalous or masked affections of the mind, conscious disorder, exaltation, depression, and final impairment or loss of mind. But we must leave these unnoticed, although they are very interesting, and pass on to a consideration of the latter, as illustrated by a state of mind in ordinary persons in good physical and mental health. The analogy between dreaming and insanity has never before been insisted upon in such detail and with such demonstration as by Dr. Winslow, but still we do not think he is the first who has remarked it. Dr. Abercrombie has most distinctly affirmed the same position in the very second page of his remarks upon insanity. We transcribe the passage where it is enunciated—

'It appears, then, that there is a remarkable analogy between the mental phenomena in insanity and in dreaming; and that the leading peculiarities of both these conditions are referable to two heads: 1. The impressions which arise in the mind are believed to be real and present existences, and this belief is not corrected by comparing the conception with the actual state of things in the external world. 2. The chain of ideas or images which arise, follow one another according to certain associations, over which the individual has no control; he cannot, as in a healthy state, vary the series or stop it at his will.'

Several illustrative cases are also given; and the whole position is one of such a decisive and deliberate kind that we are surprised Dr. Winslow should make no reference to it. In dreaming there is a certain consciousness without the activity of the regulative power of the mind, the volition is suspended, images are created by the most trifling bodily sensations, and there is more or less connection in the various thoughts as they arise, even though they are perpetually being crossed and interwoven by others in the most illusive manner. We are always certain ourselves that in our own case sleep is very near when an odd thought is darted

* 'Intellectual Powers,' p. 240. London, 1859.

across the mind, having no connection with what previously occupied it, or springs into existence without any apparent cause. In the dreamer, a moment may stretch into an hour, as, in the insane, years may seem but a single night. In the dream of Count Lavalette, cited by Dr. Winslow, the dreamer imagined he stood in the Rue St. Honoré in Paris, and for five hours saw troops of spectral cavalry march past him, with waggons full of the dead and wounded, and the whole dream only occupied a period of ten minutes, as he was able to discover on striking his repeater. For he had been aroused by the clock of the Palais de Justice striking twelve, and the opening of the gate to relieve the sentry, had fallen asleep with the dim suggestion in his mind, and was again awakened by the relief-party as they closed the gate after them. Various cases of brain-disorder are also on record, in which, immediately upon recovery, the persons have gone about doing the very things they had in hand when first taken ill; a lady going to her work-box to fetch the very piece of needlework she had been engaged with a twelvemonth previously to the breaking out of her complaint; and a British captain, after fifteen months' coma from an injury to the head, immediately after an operation which relieved him, arising from his bed to give the very order he was going to present when struck by a shot at the battle of the Nile. Bergmann observed a case in which a man, ninety years of age, was always under the impression that he was still only eighteen, at which period he became insane, and it is recorded of a clergyman, who was shot in the head when snipe-shooting two days before his arranged marriage, and sank into a state of inoffensive lunacy, that for fifty years, the whole remainder of his life, he was occupied with nothing but the details of his wedding and the hopes of his marriage life. Other cases are equally striking and equally common as both reliable fact and fascinating poetry.

The deceptive character of dreams also allies them to the waking thoughts of the insane. Their reality is seldom doubted; and as there are genuine and truthful elements mixed up with false ones, the incongruity is never manifest. Certain objects may be for a moment correctly seen, but immediately connect themselves with foreign thoughts. A lunatic, whose confessions after recovery are recorded in Chapter IV., tells us that she was in the garden, and saw a violent thunder-cloud spreading itself overhead. So far her sensorial impressions were correct, but a difference was immediately observed, which she was able to remember very accurately after her recovery.

'The clouds which rolled up from the horizon,' she says, 'appeared to me to be the billows of the deep, rising over the banks of the Schevelingen to the skies, fighting in the air together over my head; while a flotilla of the enemy, on the margin of the river, carried on a deadly combat against the inhabitants. The last hour had

struck

struck for the prosperity of Holland. I did not hear any thunder; I did not witness any lightning; but I perceived the explosion of a hundred blazes of fire, the cannonade, ceaseless, reverberated in my ears.'

From which we may infer, with all certainty, that the ear and the eye of the insane amplify and enlarge whatever is heard or seen. On another occasion the same patient saw tallow run down the candle, but immediately associated with it the idea of its coming through a hole in the wall behind in an enormous and furious torrent, intended to suffocate her, so that she screamed aloud; and ever after she suspected the presence of poison in all her viands. As in our dreams, we say to ourselves that it is only a dream, and the next moment go on believing it to be real, so the insane thinker has his lucid moments, when he is conscious of his disordered condition and the absurdity and falsity of his ideas; but too often they are only moments, and the dark night holds them bound again as before. And as in our dreams all our faculties are not torpid, and we can reason, at times, consecutively, talk coherently, and critically admire the most beautiful scenes, so in the bewildered mind there is sanity and insanity, a healthy wakeful condition and a morbid, perverted somnolency, although, in the words of our author, 'a part of the intellect cannot be affected without, to a certain extent, influencing and modifying the whole of the operations of thought.'

We are disposed, upon various grounds, to carry the analogy between sleep and insanity somewhat farther than Dr. Winslow has felt himself justified in doing, or than was possible with him in the sectional arrangement of his book, at the same time confessing our indebtedness for many facts collected by him, and occasionally for opinions based upon or radiating out of them. Perfect sleep should be the repose of all our bodily senses and powers, but it is very plain that they do not arrive at that condition simultaneously, if at all. There is, in fact, a curious and erratic succession observable in many persons in this respect, depending upon temperament and a variety of other fixed or casual causes. Persons ordinarily used to quiet towns cannot, at first, sleep well in London or Paris, and those whose rooms are generally very dark cannot procure refreshing sleep where any unusual light, as a fixed gas-light, or summer lightning, throws itself around them; but all are observed to overcome their difficulties by habit. Conversely, peculiar mental determinations, as an intention to rise at a given time or signal, or a solicitude in attending to the interests and movements of a sick person, have the power of keeping special senses in an almost sleepless state, and producing such an intimate connection of them with the mind as to render its judgment of sensations immediate and accurate. In somnambulism, talking in the sleep, and those various bodily movements suggested by our dreams,

dreams, which the endeavour to execute frequently arouses, similar phenomena are observed. The case of the postman of Halle, who was invariably asleep in walking over a level part of his journey, but always awoke as, without any deflection in his course, he reached a narrow foot-bridge, where he had to ascend some broken steps, illustrates both points of view here assumed on the authority of M. Jouffroy;* and that of Oporinus, the professor, of Basle, who read aloud a manuscript to his friend Platerus, whose son tells the story, fell asleep over it, but still continued reading until questioned about the meaning of a word he had uttered, when it was found that he was asleep, had been so for a considerable time, and knew not what he had been reading—is equally curious and decisive.† A similar condition of the special senses is observed in cases of insanity, and in peculiar brain-disorders as yet scarcely arrived at that issue. The transmission of imperfect sensations, illusive judgments upon them, and an inability of the body to arouse the mind to an entire activity, or of the mind to arouse the body to normal, if not complete, sensation, are indeed very common characteristics. In many instances, whether as the result of a mental determination or a purely cerebral change, some of the senses are wonderfully exalted: the slightest possible noise, as the humming of flies, becomes intolerable; a strong light cannot be borne without intense pain; the touch is made so delicate, that a person was known to accurately distinguish by his fingers a number of botanical plants; the vision is exalted to a wonderful degree; the smell of certain drugs exerts a wonderful effect; and ‘it is,’ says Dr. Winslow, ‘literally true that a person may *die of a rose in aromatic pain*,’ since, amongst a tribe of North American Indians, prisoners are subject to the odours of certain plants until the most distressing symptoms, and even death, ensues. The contemplation of a single sensation, according to the late Mr. Braid, the hypnologist, will at any moment cause the sensorium to abdicate the throne and procure sleep. All monotonies have this effect, and the sleepiness induced by the uniform jolting of coaches and railway carriages is observable by any one. That the impairment of any one sense, its anæsthesia or hyperæsthesia, may be significant of brain-disorder has already been fully shown, and that one fixed and continuously impinged idea, when either true or false, will make a man a monomaniac, is also equally true and indisputable. It is frequently in their dreams that persons are first conscious of a morbid idea struggling for the mastery; and cases of acute disease have first manifested themselves in sleep under what would appear to have been little more than aggravated nightmare. A person who went to bed sane is reported to have cried out in his sleep as

* Quoted by Sir W. Hamilton, vol. i., Lecture XVII.

† Ibid.

if pursued, and in the morning was positively insane, his insanity being very like 'a continuation of the same character and train of perturbed thought that existed during his troubled sleep, when, according to his wife's account, he was evidently dreaming.' Dr. Pagan relates the account of a murder committed in sleep under somewhat similar circumstances. A phantom approached a sleeping man, as he thought, and, giving no reply to his questioning, the man seized a hatchet which was somehow near at hand, smote at the spectre, and murdered his wife, who was calmly sleeping by his side.

The more we think that the physiology and psychology of sleep are studied, the more its extravagant comparison, to a state of complete vital or mental passivity, will be discovered to be erroneous. By no means inclined to accept all the theories in that half-romantic and half-scientific book of Baron Von Reichenbach's, on magnetism and its cognate subjects, we nevertheless regard his observations upon sleep to be trustworthy, accurate, and almost self-evident. It is not necessary to believe in the odyllic force at all, or we may play with the term and transpose it as we please, but still the facts he has adduced remain and must have an explanation, even though the one he has attempted may be incorrect and fanciful. Sleeping and waking, he maintains from a physiological point of view, are not opposed to each other precisely like action and rest. There is no failure of the vital energies, no absolute cessation of them, but simply a scission and dislocation. 'In the same degree as vitality was active during the day in the forehead, it predominates during the night in the hindhead. Sleep, therefore, is an alternation in the functions and powers of our organs, but in no way the introduction to their inactivity.*' He supposes that the cerebellum governs the phenomena of sleep, and as it is also connected by some with the nutritive and reproductive functions—the latter aspect of which Dr. Winslow promises to analyze more extensively in his succeeding volume—the hypothesis may assist us in coming to a closer knowledge of the matter in hand. If dreaming, as a mode of sleep, be closely allied to the mental processes of insanity, ought we not to expect that there is an aspect in which sleep and insanity may have very striking physiological affinities? It is well known that the insane really sleep very little and yet do not waste much in body; and although it may be uncertain as to how far their aberration can be strictly confined to any one portion of the head more than to another, or without implicating the other, and so distracting the observer, it is very certain, as previously demonstrated, that the regulative or co-ordinating faculty is wanting when their intellectual activity and physical vitality are by no means suspended. This is precisely the physio-

* 'Researches on Magnetism,' &c., translated and edited by William Gregory, M.D., &c. Parts I. and II., p. 201. London, 1850.

logical condition of sleep, and has been noticed amongst the insane very often, semi-mental and semi-bodily torpor existing as cause and effect. There are also indications in the healthy man that nutritive and restorative processes are not absolutely negatived by a real or spurious kind of intellectuality, which is precisely the fact that stands out so prominently in lunacy. We may call it mere vegetating, or not, as we please, but the fact remains, and is susceptible of explanation. How long a person can live without any sleep is a question hitherto unsatisfactorily answered, from the scantiness of details and the doubtfulness of authorities. Three months is the longest term of complete sleeplessness recorded by Dr. Winslow, and the patient not only walked long distances during the day, but was actively engaged in conversation during the night with imaginary or invisible persons; but the writer states that he personally attended a patient 'who rarely closed her eyes in sleep for ten consecutive minutes for nearly a year,' and 'no preparation or dose of opium, however strong, had any sedative effect upon her brain.' 'Complete sleep amongst the insane,' says Morel, 'is seldom observed, except in confirmed dementia and in the condition of melancholy with stupor;' and he adds: 'Incomplete sleep is the repose of one of these two orders of sense, and waking of the other; it refreshes much less, but it satisfies nature more than entire sleep, and I know many men who have no other. Now, when one says that the insane do not sleep, perhaps it is better to say that they are always dreaming, except in their lucid intervals.' Madness, then, is to the patient, mentally and physically, what prolonged sleep, if it were possible, would be to a man in health, but with this difference—that in the first the body and mind are both more or less active without either being completely or normally so; and in the second the mind is active and the body is not, as far as entire consciousness or motion are concerned, whilst the imperfect transmission of sensations and the vague judgments thereupon are the same in the second as the first. But are the animal and instinctive appetites, as contradistinguished from the moral and the intellectual faculties, in any way prominent in the first, so as to more closely correspond to the alternation of function observed by Reichenbach? It would seem that they are, the former being, in our author's words, 'as a general rule, in a state of activity, exaltation, and ascendancy in many types of deranged as well as originally defective and impaired mind.' Indeed there are frequently exhibited all the rude qualities that we only expect to find in savage man. Indecency, filthy habits, gross desires, immoral and blasphemous thoughts, and perverted expressions are common enough, and will casually break out where they are by no means the most marked symptoms. They are frequently most predominant in those persons whose previous habits

of life and thinking have been so diametrically opposed as to make them safe guides in determining the decisions of the mental pathologist. Children who have been most carefully educated at home, and scarcely ever removed from parental oversight, have been known, under the influence of brain-affections, to use language such as the most perverted courtesan would almost blush to speak; pious clergymen have sworn terribly; and the most innocent minds been terrified at the deep-seeming depravity of their own hearts. In one very remarkable case a clergyman, whenever he stood up in the pulpit to read the Bible, had an immoral and blasphemous book thrust before him, and was sorely tempted to read it aloud by an internal voice. Dumb-bell exercise was found to be the best remedy for what was probably at the commencement a physical disorder. These are sad facts, and are susceptible of both a theological and a psychical aspect. 'Madness,' as Coleridge wrote, 'is something more than bodily disease,' but then it is only something more as it affects what is behind, or working in the body, as its screen, or medium. It is 'the recession of the spirit,' during which 'the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence;' but this recession is twofold—first, from the absence of the regulative reason in the mind; and second, from the absence of the psychical or co-ordinating, or volitional force in the body.

The amount of acute intelligence manifested by the insane does not destroy the foregoing conclusion. Locke, it is well known, laughs at the idea of the mind as being what Plato styles that which is perpetually and self-moved, because in sleep it can only think upon the waking thoughts, if it think at all, and is, at any rate, only conscious of them; whereas, if it think independently without our being conscious of it, the whole thing is an absurdity. For, he argues, Socrates asleep cannot be the same person as Socrates awake, since the first has no knowledge of the second, and the second no knowledge of the first. If we could find that the mind could preserve or recall any of these 'pure native thoughts, and those ideas it had before it borrowed anything from the body,' he would not be so incredulous, but as it is, every drowsy nod shakes the doctrine.* This position is now fully proved untenable, Leibnitz, Wolf, Kant, and Hamilton taking the opposite view in a beautifully-increasing ratio. Locke's mistake is in confounding two states, consciousness and its recollection, or assuming that they are convertible. But what has been so ably dealt with by Sir William Hamilton† needs not be more than referred to here, our object being now merely to consider the mind as originating ideas in sleep, and that activity in its correspondence with the intellectuality of insane persons. Not only have persons foreseen

* 'Essay,' pp. 40, 42, and 43. First edit., 1690.

† Vol. i., Lect. XVII.

events in their sleep, and had other ideas and visitations, which, when we have fairly considered them and allowed for them as supernatural results, still establish the subsidiary activity and receptivity of the mind ; but ideas have been originated, without any previous complete or incomplete mental process, which are inexplicable upon any other theory than that the mind is continually active even when the memory may not reveal to us its effects. Every student is occasionally surprised in his studies with an idea which he at first thinks he has gained in reading or previously cogitated, because of its familiarity ; but he may hunt through a library, as many have been known to do, analyze all his previous thinking on the same subject, endeavour to recollect in what state of mind he could have evolved it, or when he has turned his attention in the direction it specially implies, and do all without discovering any possible clue to a satisfactory solution of the matter. He may never have thought on the subject before in any way, and yet the thought comes to him, and he immediately recognizes it as familiar, as part of himself. If it was a pure spontaneity it could not have been so, and if the result of a mental process continued into sleep, or what is even more probable and seemingly a complete refutation of our notion, a vague condition of mind when thoroughly awake, he surely could have remembered the cause and occasion, if not the prior or associated portions. We might cite Plato and his theory of reminiscence, but that would give the subject a vagueness and a typical poetry which we can afford to omit even when we ardently admire. Philo-Judæus, too, and many other Platonians run mad, might bolster out our argument with fulness and fancies, and throw over it the glamour of great names, but we forbear to use their manifest aberrations, and even their partial truths, to aid in the victory of our own philosophizings. Let us take the opinions of a genuine thinker and a sturdy physiopsychologist. For the first we will select Friedrich Schlegel. In referring to the significance of images and feelings in dreams, he thinks they may be compared to the various obscure conceptions of a wakeful mind, but with this difference, that the first leave no traces behind them, whilst in the latter ‘undeveloped beginnings of thought there often lie the germs of very definite ideas.’* We do not see that he has in any way established this ; but as he continues the thought really overturns it, since he more closely compares the external life of sleeping and waking to the internal life of the ‘abstracting and classifying reason and the inventive fancy.’ If fancy invents awake, its power of control by the opposite faculty being lost in sleep, its essential virtue cannot possibly be destroyed, but must rather be in greater exaltation and activity ; and we have

* ‘Philosophy of Life,’ p. 24. Bohn.

only to add a greater or less degree of memory to make its two conditions identical upon this point. If there be no resemblance between the wakeful and the sleepful condition as far as fancy is concerned, why institute it? And if reason be inventive, it is surely very easy to make it so without any such comparison whatever. But let us hear Messieurs Leuret and Gratiolet, in an extract from their '*Anatomie Comparée du Système Nerveux, &c.,*' for which we are indebted to a note of Dr. Winslow's book, p. 589. 'If one, in fact, notices the extreme facility with which the ideas, free from the chain of exterior impressions, associate themselves during sleep, one can conceive how, in the midst of a thousand strange combinations, luminous perceptions sometimes arise.' These suggestions are very helpful, and open a wider field of vision than we can allow ourselves to occupy. Not only is the possibility very great that original ideas, but very faintly remembered, come to us in our sleep, but cases are common in which individuals have manifested to themselves in sleep abilities of which they were quite unconscious of, or even showed a complete absence of, when awake. It is true that such displays may have been illusive, and when they consisted of accurate reasonings were such as nothing but a sleepy condition could have suffered to be imposed, yet when the imagination and not the reason is the faculty produced, the same delusiveness is not so apparent. Many persons of a most prosaic turn of mind compose poetry in their sleep, even in such difficult metres as hexameters, with the beauty of which they are at the time deeply impressed, although unable to retain more than these two facts in their memories. But if we push our inquiries very closely upon them we shall always meet with this fact, that it was after severe and protracted mental exercise during the previous day that such a faculty was manifest in their sleep. These persons occasionally let fall ideas in conversation, the deep poetic significance of which strikes them as being strangely and yet incomprehensibly familiar, and they at once, and naturally enough, tell you that it is a quotation, but neither you nor they are able to identify it or trace it home to any one. A similar state was seen in Coleridge in both its direct and opposite aspect. He not only gave references to passages in certain authors which no one ever found there or anywhere else, but he frequently mistook for his own what was evidently the thought of another. It is true that it was attributable to some peculiar features of his mind and peculiar bodily habits, in which opium-eating, as inducing a delicious somatic repose, was a very prominent agent, but either way the fact remains in our favour.

Much of the uncertainty and vagueness of this spontaneous mode of thinking is the result of a careless and inaccurate self-examination on the part of those in whom it has been manifest.

The condition of mind is, perhaps, less doubted than the facts we have supposed to result from it. All metaphysicians are agreed as to a certain conscious and unconscious condition of mind. The first is the mode of existence as at present determined by internal and external consciousness, and the second is the registry of past modes of the same kind so intimately connected with the first as upon the slightest hint, physical or psychical, to open its treasury and mingle with the first. 'There is no pure activity, no pure passivity in creation. . . . There is no operation of the mind which is purely active; no affection which is purely passive.'* We can compare these two coexistent states to nothing better than a new moon, in which we observe a partial completeness on the one hand, and nothing but the round, thin line, as of personality, on the other, without the interior space being completely illuminated or filled up. It is often through this latent consciousness that many ideas present themselves when the memory is in a state of exaltation, or the mind generally excited; and as memory, with its correlate, fancy, mostly divide the whole empire of the brain between them during sleep, it is not unnatural to imagine, where facts may not prove it, or their reliability is doubted, that fancy may invent ideas which are not the result of a previous mental process, at the same time that memory is in vivid sympathetic correspondence, and is only afterwards unable to definitize the origin or the thought, because of the absence of associated internal and external impressions. The uncertainty we complain of vanishes the moment the two latter links can be easily supplied, as where the dream-thought is the continuation of a previous process, hindered by circumstances, or carried so far as it then appeared to be possible. In the case of Coleridge, and his poetical fragment, 'Kubla Khan,' composed during a sleep which had fallen upon him when reading the passage in Purchas's 'Pilgrimage,' we have a similar activity, with such an impression upon the memory as would have enabled him to reproduce the whole; 'The images,' says Carpenter, 'rising up before him as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort.'† In sleep Sir Isaac Newton solved a difficult mathematical problem; Condorcet came to the triumphant conclusion of a calculation which had puzzled him in the daytime; and Condillac narrates, that when he was writing the 'Cours d'Etude,' a process of thought which he had broken off on retiring to rest was frequently continued and accurately finished during the night. We ourselves have often experienced somewhat similar

* Sir W. Hamilton, vol. i., p. 310.

† 'Physiology,' p. 643; also Coleridge's Poetical Works i. p. 266, where we learn that in copying out he was interrupted by a person on business, and when he returned the remainder had vanished from his memory.

manifestations, sometimes thinking for several moments consecutively upon some subject not previously cogitated during the day immediately sleep began to creep over us, and at others finding ourselves just as we passed from sleep to wakefulness continuing a train of thought that had either been in part cogitated the previous night, or was at least in some way accessory, either as a parallel line or a final consummation. Renewed cerebral vigour consequent upon sleep is sufficient to explain many of the latter class of phenomena, but will not by any means explain previous ones.

We have now to establish a more complete analogy between the mental acuteness of the insane and of the movements of the thoughts in sleep. Genius does not necessarily make any man insane, but insanity has often made the dullard a genius. M. Moreau has undoubtedly stretched a point too far when he affirms that 'the physiological history of idiots is, in a multitude of particulars, the same as that of the majority of men of genius, and *vice versa*,' and that 'the pre-eminence of the intellectual faculties has for its organic condition a special state of disease of the nervous centres.'* He has made the mistake, common enough in medicine and its cognate sciences, of putting the result for the cause, as when he finds that many great men have died of brain disease, he immediately takes those consequent states for the cause of the genius previously displayed, and this chiefly on the strength that some of them had hallucinations during life, and relatives who suffered from cerebral affections. Nevertheless the testimony of most medical psychologists is very decisive as to the fact from which he starts, that singular intellectuality has exhibited itself during insanity where its existence was not previously known or even so much as possible. There is scarcely any mental or mechanical gifts that have not been developed by cerebral disease. Music, poetry, painting, literature, mathematics, and carving of the most elegant description have all manifested themselves in persons who ordinarily were the very reverse, and would lapse into insanity upon any other but these special provinces, where only now and then a perverted or grotesque thought would obliquely make its way. Tasso and Lucretius wrote some of their famous poems during fits of mental aberration; several of the ablest articles in Aikin's 'Biography' were written by the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and Alexander Cruden compiled his notable 'Concordance' whilst insane, saying once, in answer to a friend, '*I am as mad now as I was formerly, and as mad then as I am now; that is to say, not mad at any time.*' A young gentleman who when at school was incapable of getting through a simple sum in addition or multiplication, was found to have

* Vide 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Art. Great Wits, Mad Wits, September, 1860. had

had developed in an attack of mania, as soon as the more acute symptoms had subsided, a most extraordinary arithmetical power, solving complex problems with wonderful facility ; but no sooner was he restored to health than he became as stupid and ignorant as before. The wife of a clergyman never known to be poetically gifted, improvised verses with astonishing rapidity towards evening during paroxysms of maniacal excitement with which she was affected ; and the verses, transcribed by her nurse, were certainly far above mediocrity, but her powers of composition were gradually lost as she approached recovery. Sallies of keenest wit, and bursts of impassioned eloquence are by no means uncommon in every assemblage of the insane. Preaching is a very commonly exercised talent, and very wonderful, original, and eloquent discourses are sometimes delivered by the insane. But there is generally an insane side of this mental ability—a gentleman who wrote an able and philosophic treatise on ‘Original Sin,’ drawing up a curious will and testament wherein he left all his money to strangers and bequeathed his family his curse, for having endeavoured to poison him ; and many clever madmen ingeniously endeavouring, with Nathaniel Lee, to prove themselves sane and singularly gifted, and every one else mad and terribly jealous. That the insane reason justly on false premises, and idiots falsely upon sound ones, is an antithesis which is sadly too good to be universally true, and too much like a fragment of a kind of pocket-philosophy to be received as a sound induction from veritable facts. That the insane can reason is indubitable, and many a visitor to a lunatic asylum has been surprised at their logical and consecutive conversation when no allusions have chanced to turn them back upon the centre of their insane axis. We have the authority of Esquirol for stating even more than this, for he has established a distinct class of what he calls reasoning madmen. Much of their marvellous intellectual keenness is cunningly made to fold itself around the very *nodus* they wished to conceal ; and it is only when such a perverted postulate is made the beginning or end of reasoning that either the madman or the idiot fulfils the conditions implied in the previously given antithesis, which has so long passed current for genuine and comprehensive philosophy. The ability they display in concealing their real state is very amazing. Dr. Winslow was called to see an ordinary labouring man in a court of justice, who had previously quite puzzled those before whom he was brought, and it was not until half an hour’s rigid examination that he unwittingly revealed his own insanity by confessing the fact, if we can so call it, of his relatives daily placing a poisoned pill for him in a certain spot, which he was always obliged to swallow. Lord Ellenborough related to the late Sir Henry Hallford the case of an insane person, supposed to be recovered,
who

who had sustained with him 'a lengthened conversation upon an important subject, with great good sense and sobriety,' but a few days after was detected in employing Latin to express his thoughts, that he might, if possible, elude the observation of his attendants. The administration of chloroform has often unmasked these obscure cases by inducing a state of mind and body more closely resembling healthy sleep. How is this subtlety to be explained? Simply by the same considerations which enable us to understand how thought may flow on freely in our sleep, when so many objects, associations, and suggestions are removed which ever tend to dissipate the attention of the wakeful mind. Pure thought, or reason, may be perfectly free from images, and images may be most common in sleep as fancy is a commoner faculty in men than that which can act independently of symbols; but as both have been found in the phenomena of sleep, we cannot see the force of an objection raised upon the ground that reasoning and sleeping are never coexistent states. The reasoning process may or may not be sound, and the conclusion arrived at may be illusive, but the partial activity of the 'pure reason' is self-evident, even when, from the absence of complete consciousness and the want of a true balance between passive and active forces which goes with it, it is only deceiving itself, and spinning out subtle fallacies and distinguishing the shadows of shades like a veritable Prodicus amongst words. Dugald Stewart's metaphysical exposition of these curious conditions of mind is deserving of consideration, and very manifestly favours our attempted corollary. There are three checks, he says,* which restrain a healthy man in his sober reasonings: first, a distrust, derived from experience, of the accuracy of his own phraseology, and a consequent involuntary liability to mistake; second, a suspicion he must always feel, that he is possibly not in possession of all the elements that may help him to solve the question; and third, an influence derived from morality and common sense, controlling his speculative conclusions upon matters directly connected with the practical business of life. These checks are moral equivalents to the intellectual faculty of reason, and when either are removed the results are pretty much the same. In insanity, as in sleep, we may have both these absent, or one consequent upon the other; and when the result aimed at is not so much a truth to be settled as a triumph to be gained, we are prepared to expect the results the philosopher has so well indicated, only, however, in proportion as the moral restraints may be absent without a corresponding deficiency in the reason, or conversely, does the subtlety of the insane take the false direction either would indicate, and whenever, as in many cases, both are partially

* *Vide* Dr. Winslow, p. 249.

present, the detection of any unhealthy bias is rendered less likely as its appearance becomes less probable. 'The insane,' says Esquirol, 'group and arrange their ideas, carry on a reasonable conversation, defend their opinions with subtlety, and even with a rigid severity of logic, give very rational explanations, and justify their actions by highly plausible motives.' He says that they will use every possible means, from threats to tears, to effect an object, or accomplish a victory, and that their convictions are often stronger than their judgment. 'You are right,' said a lunatic to him one day, 'but you cannot *convince* ME that you are so.'

Whilst the brain has its action on the body, the body on the brain, and the brain on the mind, the mind itself, through its thoughts and the moral habitudes consequent upon or suggestive of them, has an influence which is really appreciable by the intelligent student, although the fulness of its extent can never be known until each man's life is analyzed and his work is tried by the omniscient Ruler of the universe. Various as are the sources of the injuries that the delicate vesicular neurine of the brain may receive, none are more appalling than those apparent unhealthy determinations which are traceable to the mental or moral conduct of an individual himself. Morbid contemplation and reverie, immoral imaginations, unresisted vacuity, and a lack of self-inspection and a due cultivation of the will, are all fatally operative in inducing such cerebral changes as make perpetual what was previously only casual, and give over the individual to the tyranny of conditions created by his own ideas, and ideas fixedly reproduced by this impaired condition. Such rigorous retribution ought to make even the most vicious tremble, and the fancies of a fiery hell created in ourselves by an anarchy, for which only we were responsible, seem so terrible and devastating, that we may say, with Coleridge, that 'no other hell could equal for a spiritual being' what would then be felt. Overstrained attention, overtaxed memory, disappointment in life or love, morbid views of religion, and a hundred other causes, contribute their quota of cerebral diseases. Hard work, loss of sleep, vanity, ambition, envy and passion, are terrible scourges of our human nature; and a Divine Being is often charged with directly producing what is the natural result of human neglect, sin, and blindness. Nay, so finely is the balance and the interpenetration of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical in our nature, that we are assured by a distinguished writer who has taken up the aspects of moral therapeutics, M. Reveillé-Parise (Winslow, p. 37), that 'whenever the equilibrium of our moral nature is long or very seriously disturbed, we may rest assured that our animal functions will suffer. Many a disease is the *contre-coup*, so to speak, of a strong moral emotion; the mischief may not

not be apparent at the time, but its germ will be nevertheless inevitably laid.' Any diseased action, in fact, must, if unchecked, end in diseased organization. If it be true that every faculty prolonged beyond an ordinary limit of variation passes into a pathological state, according to M. Broussais,* we can readily account for forms of disease which are as common as they are delicate to deal with, and as mysterious in their effects on the brain as they are often fatal to morality, peace, and even common propriety. Any fixed false idea, hallucination, or unhealthy habit of mind, is symptomatic of incipient or confirmed insanity, even when it may or may not be the exaltation of a sane condition beyond its normal limits, as is amply shown in the book before us. What Wieland did philosophically for several equivocal and enigmatical characters, guided by considerations peculiar to his province as a physician and a scholar, and such facts as we have just touched upon, Dr. Winslow has physiologically and psychologically attempted for Frederick William of Prussia, Judge Jeffreys, Damien, Caligula, Hume, and Rousseau. Medical science, he affirms, may do much for the explanation of the characters of regal and domestic tyrants where the data are sufficient; 'and it remains for the philosophic historian, capable of appreciating the effects of defective and arrested cerebral organization, the influence of physical and moral agents, and bodily disease upon the character and temperament, to account psychologically for the actions of men, the records of whose lives form the dark scenes of history, and present to the world a continuous career of morbid selfishness, crime, cupidity, caprice, tyranny, brutality, and vice.'

Grounded upon the obscurity of similar cases which are brought to judicial trial, are several pages of very pertinent remarks. When a gentleman is called upon in the capacity of a medico-legal witness to give important evidence in a court of justice, he surely merits the most respectful attention, and ought to be allowed to deviate from popular paths without the charge of moral dishonesty or flagrant turpitude, and to confront the tribunal of the judge without fear of being treated with scorn, contempt, or ignorant reproach. Dr. Winslow claims for his compeers and himself no special or extraordinary privileges, but merely pleads that as students in a special sphere they deserve the same courtesousness and candour of treatment as is unanimously accorded to a Faraday, a Brande, a Graham, and a Taylor in their several vocations. In ordinary cases any man of common intelligence may be able to detect a madman; but as only the more extraordinary ones present any judicial puzzles, we ought not any more to think of calling up a non-professional man to give evidence, except as to

* Quoted in Comte's 'Positive Philosophy,' vol. i., p. 476.

facts merely, than we should expect a dancing-master to be called upon to give trustworthy testimony as to the soundness of a building. Probably as in France, Belgium, and the Channel Islands, we may presently have special medico-psychological advisers attached to our principal courts. Until then, and even then, the duties of an expert in madness are of too grave a character to be laughed at or decried, whether they make random and witty statements or not, and whatever may be the prevalent notions concerning the fresh fields of phenomena a more enlightened and vigorous research is so rapidly disclosing. 'To sketch the varying frontier, the nice and shadowy distinctions which separate lunacy from malignity, madness from brutality; to point out where folly merges into mental derangement, responsibility terminates, and irresponsibility commences; to distinguish between eccentricity and insanity, crime and alienation of mind, vice and mental derangement; between the delusions of the lunatic and the false conclusions, the illogical deductions, the unphilosophical reasoning of men of sound intellect and of rational understanding,' are portions of the duty of a medico-legal witness which are not only in their very nature irksome, but intricate, shifting, anomalous, and momentous.

Such are a few of the topics which are handled in this extremely interesting volume. There are many other facts and suggestions we should have liked to have gathered together and focalized. To many, indeed, the most interesting part of the book—that which treats of the morbid phenomena, acute disorders, chronic affections, and the perversion and exaltation of memory, closing with a profound and lucid estimate of the psychology and pathology of memory—must be left untouched, except as already partially referred to, from a natural fear on our own part that inadequate space would prevent our doing it justice. Our omissions, however, may do what every genuine notice of a genuinely good book should—send the reader where he may find what his tastes lead him to admire and his wishes prompt him to seek, and where he may revel, though not without some guide, in the fresh and dewy fields of what may be to him as yet another and a wider world. Fertile as it is in the charm of easy writing and curious fact, the book is still pregnant with many unusual and important lessons. To patient and friend, physician and theologian, lawyer and judge, scientist and metaphysician, it has everywhere its counsel and warning, teaching and correction, law and fact, analysis and synthesis. To literary men and students of every class it conveys the pleasing assurance that even the continued and laborious exercise of the intellect is compatible with health and longevity; and whilst the dangers of their vocation are neither dissipated nor concealed, it is plainly shown that a wise and loving Creator

Creator has provided them with the means for the perfect balance of the bodily and the mental, the moral and the intellectual. In fine, it is an unconscious reiteration of the significance of the study of humanity in every possible aspect, without the base fear of encountering the spectres of our own creation, or being forced to admit the barriers to our perfect knowledge and the limits to our own faculties; it casts broad bands of light over the path of the philanthropist, and dissipates the darkness and ignorance that surround him; it throws no shadow of reproach on the labours of those who may possibly be mistaken, but whose errors are such as a catholic charity can forgive, and whose labours a scientific mind can neither honestly ignore nor proudly refuse to accept; it has truth and force for the weak and the strong, the wilful and the passive, the ascetic and voluptuary, the hard reader and the neglectful dullard, the stupid sot and the vapid enthusiast, the man of one idea, of many, or of none; and if it boldly smites at many crabbed notions and old follies, it patiently builds up the framework and carefully etches the details of fresh and reliable truths, and is everywhere penetrated by a discriminating and philosophical calmness, which is very salutary and reassuring when so many are hurried by passion into unseemly debate, and treat each conflicting school as though they knew them to be true but wished them to be false, and felt themselves wrong even when they most painfully pleaded for absolute infallible veracity.

- ART. II.—1. *On Foundling Hospitals in Europe, and principally in France, from their origin to the present day.* By B. B. Remacle. Paris, 1838, with Official Documents.
2. *Récherches sur les Enfants trouvés, les Enfants naturels, et les Orphelins en France.* Par l'Abbé A. H. Gaillard. 1837.
3. *Historical Account of the Statistics and Moral Condition of Foundlings, with Tables.* By J. F. Terme and J. B. Monfalcon. Lyons. 1838.
4. *Account of the Abolition of Female Infanticide in Guzerat.* By J. Cormack, A.M.
5. *Infanticide.* By Burke Ryan, M.D. 1862.
6. *Illegitimacy in Scotland.* By W. J. Thompson, F.R.S.E. 1862.

PERHAPS the paragraph which the most inevitably meets the eye of the reader of our daily press is the one which records with dismaying regularity how, on a certain day, floating in a canal, exposed by a river side, smothered in a ditch, left under a hedge-row, packed up in a railway parcel, or stowed away in a servant's box, the dead body of a newly-born infant was discovered by a policeman, by some casual passer-by, a railway official, a fellow-servant,

fellow-servant, or not unfrequently by a dog. The medical man makes an examination, and pronounces either that it had been improperly and unskilfully delivered and had died in the birth, or that, being born alive, it had met with death by strangulation, by external injuries, by cold, exposure, starvation, or neglect. The coroner and jury return a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown; the little corpse is committed to the ground by the sexton in the nearest churchyard, and so the matter ends.

The coroner of one of our most densely-populated districts stated lately, that finding the body of a murdered infant was an event becoming so common, that people seemed to think little more of it than they would if, instead of a child, it had been the body of a kitten or a puppy; and the result of our researches has not been such as to place us in a position to contest the truth of the remark. How far the practice of child-murder is increasing among us, to what causes such increase is owing, and how it may best be checked, are questions for grave consideration at the present moment.

That infanticide has existed, and does still exist, as a custom among certain nations is a fact too well known to require evidence. The motives from which it arose appear to have been of four kinds, and to have operated sometimes singly and sometimes in a mixed form.

1st. *From supposed religious motives.*—By the heathen nations* whom the Jews dispossessed, as recorded in the Old Testament. By the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Egyptians, Persians, Cyprians, Rhodians, Pelasgians, Ancient Mexicans, &c., and also by northern nations—the Scythians, Sarmatians, Scandinavians, Ancient Britons, &c.

2. *From utilitarian motives.*—As by the Greeks and Romans, when they exposed unhealthy or deformed children, or even children that were otherwise, if circumstances rendered the rearing of them inconvenient.

3. *From superstitious motives.*—As among the North-American Indians, who destroy all infants that lose their mothers before they are weaned, the idea being that no other woman can nurse them properly. In Greenland, if a mother dies, the father buries the child alive with her body. In Guiana, when twins are born, one of them is instantly destroyed, it being supposed that two children born at the same time cannot belong to the same father, and ‘rats and opossums, and such-like only, they say, should bring forth a great number at one time.’

4. *From mixed motives of pride and poverty.*—As among the

* Deut. xii. 31.

Hindoos and Chinese, more especially with reference to their female children. It was computed that of these more than 5,000 perished annually at one period among the Jahrejahs of Guzerat and in Kutch alone. And Dr. Cormack has taken much pains to explain clearly how the custom arose. Dr. Cormack also describes in glowing terms the great and most successful efforts which have been made to put down this crime in British India. General Walker in Guzerat and Kutch, Lord Canning in Oude, and Sir John Lawrence in Lahore, have, to their eternal credit, laboured unceasingly in the same direction, and with the same fortunate results, in the teeth of the jealous pride, the inveterate prejudices, the imperturbable apathy, the crafty evasions, and ready duplicity of the native chiefs—obstacles of no ordinary difficulty, as all who comprehend the Asiatic character will readily admit. The perseverance and energetic courage to which these gentlemen owed their ultimate triumph, afford an excellent example to our own philanthropists in dealing with the same subject in the phase in which it appears at home.

Our space will not permit us to give a summary of the laws which prevail in other European countries with respect to child-murder; it will be sufficient here to explain those which formerly existed among us, those which are at present in force, and the mode and the effect of the operation of them.

In the time of James I., when an illegitimate child was found dead, proof on the mother's part that such child was born dead was required on penalty of death. Naturally the too great severity of this statute defeated its own ends, and it was practically useless. In 1803 an alteration was made: a woman, charged with the murder of a bastard child, was to be tried by the same rules as those used in ordinary cases of murder; and a very important provision was introduced, namely, that when evidence of the murder was absent or defective, concealment of pregnancy alone was constituted an offence punishable by two years of imprisonment; and this, again, was further modified in the Act of George IV., by which it was provided that, whether the child died before or after birth, should not affect the question of guilt, provided only that the concealment of birth was duly proved.

That these laws, as at present administered, are inoperative to check in any great degree the practice of child-murder, or to prevent the alarming increase of infantile mortality amongst us, we are compelled to admit. And we think we see reasonable ground for supposing that infanticide is not only more common than is generally known, but that it is becoming daily of more frequent occurrence. But when we seek for accurate and well-digested evidence on which to ground the supposition, which is incontestably a general one among thoughtful men, we have been able to find
little

little beyond general assertion, isolated facts, and crude and imperfectly-considered proposals for remedies and preventives.

In 1857 Lord Raynham moved, in the House of Commons, for a return of the number of convictions for infanticide from 1852 to 1856, together with the sentence passed for each offence; also, whether any recommendation to mercy had accompanied the verdict; and, if so, for what cause. We believe that these returns are not yet printed, but they only record sixteen cases for murder, and but one capital punishment; the criminal in this instance being a man who had murdered his two children, aged five and seven years respectively. It is obvious that returns of this meagre and incomprehensive kind are not of the slightest value in elucidating the subject. Returns, to be of use, should comprehend all the *trials* for child-murder, stating whether the accused were male or female, and whether they were parents of the infants murdered. We should like to know how many prosecutions fail; how many women are tried for concealment of birth; how many are convicted, and of these record should be made as to whether they had been previously tried and acquitted for the greater crime. Further, we would learn how many inquests throughout England are annually held on the bodies of infant children, and in how many cases verdicts of wilful murder, or died by neglect, cold, exposure, or starvation are returned. And these researches ought to extend over a period of at least ten years. And it should be ascertained, wherever it is practicable, whether the murdered children are legitimate or otherwise, and, if otherwise, whether the mother was in receipt of any regular payment from the father of the child.

It appears that the judges and the bar concur with the public generally in thinking that the practice of child-murder is increasing. Mr. Justice Coleridge remarked, at Worcester: 'We shall soon rival the Chinese in our callousness to infant life.' Mr. Hill 'considers that the crime is spreading to a fearful extent, especially among the humbler classes of society.' The 'Legal Examiner,' says: 'The circuit calendars exhibit, as usual, a number of cases in which infants have met their deaths at the hands of their mothers.' Dr. Granville* gives figures from the report of the Registrar-General, by which it is shown that, during the years 1847, 1848, 1849, there was a mortality of 267,086 children under one year in England and Wales alone, and he considers, with reason, that these figures give rise to very grave suspicions. With respect to metropolitan districts we have information less imperfect, but by no means full or satisfactory. That the number of infanticides there occurring annually is rather guessed at than known appears clear, since it has been variously estimated at from 300 to 1,100. It

* 'Sudden Death.'

ought to be understood that there is no registration of the birth of still-born children, or children which are stated to have been still-born; but Lord Shaftesbury declared at Liverpool, in 1858 (on what data we are not aware), that 60,000 still-born children are produced annually in this country. Mr. Wakley considered that many deaths of infants recorded as from suffocation, overlying, &c., are in reality cases of murder, and computed that 200 infanticides annually escape detection in London alone. In one week, out of six cases of death by suffocation, five were infants.* In another week the registrar reported ten children as having died from suffocation in bed, apparently by accident, and four were returned expressly as murdered. By returns moved for by Mr. Cox, of the inquests held during the year 1861 in the metropolitan districts on children under two years of age, we find there were 1,103. The 'Lancet' analyzed them thus:—Wilful murder, 66; manslaughter, 5; found dead, 141; suffocation (how caused no evidence), 131; suffocation accidental, 147; from neglect, want, cold, exposure, and natural disease, 614: total, 1,104. A large proportion (?) of these children are stated to have been illegitimate; it would be satisfactory to know what proportion. The deaths from natural disease should be classed separately from the others. There appears to be every reason for believing that the greater number by far of infantile deaths, either from violence, neglect, or natural disease, occur among illegitimate children; and of those among the lawfully-born, the parents are generally exceedingly poverty-stricken, *or the children have been entered in one or more burial clubs*. The inference afforded from the words we have italicized is a revolting one, but unhappily we cannot escape it.

* In 'Liverpool Sketches,' by Hugh Shimmin, recently published, it is stated that in Liverpool alone, inquests were held on eighty-one smothered children, during the year ending 30th June last. At an inquiry held in Limehouse recently, by Mr. Raffles Walthew, deputy coroner, respecting the death of Thos. Walker, an infant, six months old, the deputy coroner said that it was high time the public attention should be directed to the great mortality amongst infants arising from suffocation. He had recently held nine inquests in two days upon children who had thus lost their lives. The parents almost invariably attributed the death of their children under such circumstances to convulsions, lest a suspicion of infanticide should attach to them; but there was no doubt that the carelessness—or the over-fondness—of the parent was in fault. He did not agree with those who ascribed the suffocation of children to design, for he observed that but comparatively few cases occurred during summer, but that the numbers invariably rose during the winter, and that the fatality occurred principally on Sunday and Monday mornings. The causes appeared to be these: On the approach of cold weather, parents, in their anxiety to keep the children warm, wrapped them up in heavy bed-clothes, so as to deprive them of all access to pure air, and with delicate infants death as surely resulted as if they had been burked. Secondly, *on Saturdays parents of the lower order spent their time between marketing and the public-houses, and, returning home late and tired, overlaid, and so killed the children*. Sundays, amongst the same class, was devoted to heavy eating and drinking, and even more than on Saturday nights children were crushed and asphyxiated.—Eds. *Meliora*.

One clergyman expressed himself as often shocked by hearing women of the lowest class allude to children in these terms: 'That child will not live; it is in the burial club.' There is evidence* that one child in Manchester was entered in *nineteen* clubs. Of course the pecuniary profits on that child's death would have been simply enormous taken in comparison with the impoverished circumstances of the parents. Another child, which it was proved had died of starvation, had been entered in ten; and the same parents had six other children, who lived respectively from nine to eighteen months only. From the death of one of these children they had received 20*l.* from the different clubs, and doubtless expected to clear a like sum as these poor infants, predestined to death by their unnatural parents, perished one by one. In one case, where the verdict assigned as cause of death was 'want of nourishment,' the parents enforced payment of 34*l.* 3*s.* from ten burial clubs. In another instance a man was tried for the murder of his child, and acquitted, though arsenic was found in the stomach when the body was exhumed. Payment from the clubs was, as a matter of course, obtained. In another, where the father was actually found guilty, and transported for life, the money was still paid as usual. Much evidence of a similar nature is before us, but the above is sufficient to show the horrible condition of things. Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, Ashton, &c., and most of our large towns afford melancholy illustrations of the truth of our statement.

This sort of murder is unquestionably, of all others, the most abhorrent. For the girl who destroys the evidence of her shame in the wild hope of preserving her reputation; for the despairing woman† who, having neither bread to feed herself nor hopes of procuring sustenance for her child, flings it into the nearest canal, there are indeed some considerations to be urged, not in justification, but in extenuation: but for the parents who deliberately destroy their unfortunate offspring for money all feelings of compassion vanish. Among all the reasons assigned as actuating the pagans, idolaters, and barbarians, either of antiquity or of modern times, in the practice of infanticide, there is not one so utterly vile and base as this.

We have to observe that it is mainly owing to disclosures like these, to the remarks made by judges, magistrates, and coroners, and to the greater frequency of corroborative testimony on the

* 'Supplement to Sanitary Inquiry Report. 1843.'

† At Reading a lamentable case occurred. Mary Newell was refused assistance of any kind, and was turned out of doors under circumstances of great brutality by the man who had seduced her. She went at midnight, and, having tied a bag of stones to the poor child's body, ended its life by throwing it into the river. She was condemned to penal servitude for life.

part of the press, that the belief becomes more widely spread among us that many murders upon infants are committed every year for which no one is punished, and many more of which no one knows except those who do the deed, for of evidence, properly speaking, we have little. Dr. Ryan offers only of the loosest and most unsatisfactory kind. It is not that the individuals whose names we have referred to have laboured otherwise than diligently and laboriously, but in their zeal there has been a want of co-operation and unity of purpose. Fragments of information taken by different people at different times and in different places, on different systems and by different modes of calculation, served up piecemeal and at great intervals, are well calculated indeed to awaken inquiry on the subject, but not more; and if they effect this end they will not have been in vain.

When we extend our investigations beyond the limits of our own island, and inquire how far nationality, locality, religion, and race affect the disposition to commit child-murder, we meet with the same vague and conflicting kind of information. Dr. Webster mentions that, when he recently visited Sweden, out of 1183 persons lately undergoing punishment in the prisons, 106 were convicted of infanticide, being nearly one-ninth of the whole number. That the Irish female is, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, chaste beyond the women of many other nations more civilized, wealthier, and more highly educated, but of different race, is, we believe, an indisputable fact, to which the reports of the commissioners of lodging-houses, and the evidence of the police, the medical men, and the city missionary and Bible-reader alike bear testimony. Dr. Ryan says (p. 66) that, ‘Whether as regards bastardy or infanticide, Ireland does not deserve to be pilloried with her sister kingdoms;’ and the impression that child-murder is there so unfrequent as to be almost unknown is too general not to be based on truth. But when we come to analyze the evidence, so as to ascertain the reason of this superiority, we are again at a loss. We find the following figures given by Remacle (p. 226 in the translation):—

NUMBER OF INFANTICIDES TO THE POPULATION.

Countries possessing Foundling Hospitals with Tours, and without Tours.

With Tours.		Without Tours.	
	Inhabitants.		Inhabitants.
France	1 in 326,530	England	1 in 855,003
Belgium (Brabant) . .	1 in 439,768	Belgium (Liege) . . .	1 in 546,648
Ireland	1 in 287,566	Duchy of Baden . . .	1 in 228,020
		Prussia	1 in 76,873

If these figures were to guide us we should be compelled to reverse all our previous opinions; but obviously these calculations are based on the convictions which occur, and not on the ascer-

tained number of infants which are actually murdered. In a discussion at Liverpool on the contents of a paper read by Mr. Acton on Illegitimacy, Lord John Russell gave as his opinion that the people of this country were not likely to look upon child-murder as they would on ordinary murder, and that he did not think the law ought to affix capital punishment to the murder of children under six months old. Strange and objectionable as this doctrine is, it undoubtedly so far prevails that it is almost impossible, in the present day, to get a jury to convict a mother of wilful murder in the case of a newly-born child. If in the metropolis only, during the year 1861, the verdicts brought in at inquests amounted to 66 for wilful murder, 'suffocation' (how caused no evidence) 131, and 'found dead' 141, it is quite clear that not 1 per cent. of the murderers are even brought to trial, and not one in ten of those tried are convicted of the major offence. We should like to know the number of deaths of infants under one year which have occurred in Great Britain and Ireland in each year from the census of 1851; the proportion which they bore to the population, male and female; the particular districts where the number exceeded the average, if possible the general circumstances, habits, and mode of life of that population.* We would further desire to have the causes of death properly distinguished, so that we might see how many were murdered; how many died by accident, or were *allowed* to die; how many were newly-born, or still-born, and the exact age of those who lived for any time;—of those who lived for more than one month, it would be desirable to state whether the child had been entered in one or more burial clubs; how many children were illegitimate, and in how many of such cases the father had contributed to the support of the child, and to what extent; and of children lawfully born the condition, whether of extreme poverty or otherwise, of the parents of those which had died within the twelvemonth. But of all this we know absolutely nothing comprehensive or definite, and the result is simply a mass of contradictions.

Out of this assemblage of opinions and suggestions, statements and figures, confused and defective as we are bound to confess they are, there are, however, two facts which loom forth with tolerable distinctness:—

1st. That child-murder is becoming more frequent, and convictions for it grow more rare.†

* French statisticians have found it possible to ascertain these particulars in their investigations on particular subjects, and with excellent effect.—M. Remacle, p. 167.

† The increasing frequency of child-murder is, no doubt, in part to be attributed to that unhappy change in female costume which of late years has rendered concealment of pregnancy so easy. Formerly, the unmarried woman was generally rendered unable to hide her shame long before the time of her delivery; and, her

2nd. That a very large proportion of the infants murdered, probably three-fourths of them, are the children of poverty or of shame.

And this brings us to a matter closely bearing on our subject—viz., illegitimacy, the extent to which it prevails in our own country as compared with those of others, and the means by which the evil may best be dealt with. On this point, though we have a supply of evidence much more copious and satisfactory, we find an extraordinary discrepancy between the statistics of private individuals and those of official authority. The report of our own Registrar-General runs as follows:—

Proportion of 100 children born.

Countries.	Legitimate.	Illegitimate.	Countries.	Legitimate.	Illegitimate.
Sardinia . . .	97·909	2·091	Prussia . . .	92·878	7·122
Venice . . .	97·5	2·5	Scotland . . .	90·649	9
Lombardy . . .	96·1	3·9	Denmark . . .	90·649	9·351
Sweden . . .	93·438	6·562	Hanover . . .	90·124	9·876
Norway . . .	93·322	6·678	Austria . . .	88·620	11·380
England . . .	93·279	6·721	Wurtemberg . .	88·260	11·740
Belgium . . .	93·228	6·772	Saxony . . .	85·003	14·997
France . . .	92·885	7·114	Bavaria . . .	79·402	20·598

But Dr. Webster states that about one-third of the births in Stockholm are illegitimate, or upwards of 31 per cent.; that in Munich they are 50; in Vienna 50; in Madrid 20; and in Paris 25. It ought, however, to be borne in mind that in the four last-mentioned cities there are many foundling hospitals, so that many country women, who are unable or ashamed to support their children, repair thither with the express view of placing their offspring in the hospitals as soon as the birth takes place. Mr. Laing placed the illegitimate against the legitimate births as 1 to $2\frac{3}{10}$ in Stockholm, 1 to 5 in Paris, 1 to 7 in France, 1 to 38 in London, and 1 to 19 in England. This was in 1839. In our own country we find the proportion of children born out of wedlock is in London only 3 per cent., but in many of our large towns it is more than four times as large; thus, in Nottingham it is 12 per cent., Nantwich 13, and Wigan 18. It may excite surprise that the statistics of London in this respect are so favourable as to amount to 3 per cent. only; but Dr. Farr observes that ‘in large towns it is probable that the children born out of wedlock are not registered to the same extent as other children,’ and the Registrar-General likewise states that in London ‘many illegitimate children are either not registered, or are registered so as to be undistinguish-

state being known by those about her, she was not tempted to destroy her newly-born babe in order to save herself from exposure. As it is now, pregnancy may go on to completion unsuspected by observers; and the possibility afforded of escaping detection altogether, acts as a strong inducement to infanticide.—EDS.

Meliora.

able from children born in wedlock.' He adds that other disturbing causes interfere to prevent these figures being a just test of morality, among which is probably the fact that, with regard to the regular prostitutes who haunt the streets of our large cities, their mode of life precludes in general the possibility of their becoming mothers. A more just criterion would be to regard the average of counties rather than that of cities, and to compare the number of children born out of wedlock with the number of unmarried women of the ages 15-45. If to that we add an estimate of the number of the women in excess of the male population, we shall have data which will furnish means to form a more correct idea of the standard of morality existing in different places. In England the counties of Norfolk, Hereford, Salop, Nottingham, Cumberland, and Westmoreland enjoy an unfortunate pre-eminence, illegitimate births being from 9 to 11 per cent. Surrey, Middlesex, Huntingdon, Devon, Cornwall, Gloucester, and Warwick deserve favourable mention, the percentage there being from 5 to 6 only.

Scotland does not occupy the position which might have been expected, considering the religious and educational advantages possessed and apparently appreciated by her people. The average for the whole kingdom is 9 per cent. Of the counties, Shetland, Orkney, Sutherland, Ross, and Cromarty have 3 to 4 illegitimate births per cent. only; Banff, 16; Aberdeen and Wigtown, 15; Kinross, 14; Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, 13; Selkirk, Kincardine, and Elgin, 12. These figures are taken from the census of 1851. In that for 1861 there is no diminution, but rather an increase, even making an allowance for the additional population; and even in 1858 Kincardine had increased to 13, Kirkcudbright to 14, Dumfries to 15, Aberdeen to 16, Banff to 17, and Nairn to 17. Mr. Thompson, while lamenting this deplorable state of things, refers it to the large excess of female population as compared with the male. In England in 1861 there were 4·2 per cent. more females than males; but in Scotland there were 11·56: and this excess arises from two causes:—

1st. The emigration of a larger number of males than females.

2nd. The greater mortality of males from exposure, accidents, excesses, intemperance, overwork, &c.

Whether these reasons account entirely, in part, or at all, for the unfavourable returns is not quite clear to our minds. From Ireland the emigration is far greater, but the like results do not follow. In 1853 there embarked from the ports of the United Kingdom 192,609 Irish as against 22,605 Scotch. In 1855 there were 78,854 Irish against 14,037 Scotch. It is worthy of notice that not only the Irish, but the Highland Celt, appear in a very favourable light as regards chastity and regard to infant life.

In

In the northern and western counties of Scotland, where the Celtic race predominates, the illegitimate births are 5 per cent. only; in the southern and eastern, inhabited by Lowlanders, and where the people are more industrious and much more highly educated, the returns are 15 per cent. So far as figures afford proof, education does not affect morality as it should do. Education is excellent and widely diffused in Sweden and Scotland, and yet how lamentably deficient those countries appear in the other respect; and in the English counties Cumberland and Westmoreland stand high for education, and low with regard to morality; while in Huntingdonshire and Cornwall exactly the reverse is the case.*

In 1838 prizes were offered in France for the best essays on 'Infant Mortality, its Causes and Prevention;' and the utility and mode of operation of foundling charities were, as was to be expected, fully discussed, and much light thrown thereon. Foundling hospitals exist in all the Catholic countries in Europe, and in some of the Protestant, as, for instance, Holland.†

* *Tours*, or turning cradles, established at the gates of these places, in which infants might be secretly deposited for reception, were a well-known and prominent, though by no means essential, feature of the system of foundling hospitals. All newly-born infants placed therein were considered and reckoned as being of illegitimate birth. These receptacles were an Italian invention of the time of Pope Sextus IV. For many years they were only used in the Hospice in Rome, and were not generally adopted in France until 1811.

M. de Lamartine calls them 'an ingenious invention of Christian charity, which has hands to receive, but neither eyes to see nor tongue to tell.' Those who advocate the expedient do it from sentimental considerations, or from religious and charitable motives; but the more practical and sagacious thinkers have ranged themselves almost unanimously on the other side. The Abbé Gaillard, for instance, warmly defends the *tours*; while MM. Remacle, Gerando, Terme, and Monfalcon show with great clearness the nature and extent of the evils to which they give rise. In the first place, a large number of the children deposited were born in wedlock, and of parents able, but unwilling, to support them; and in many cases the mother applied for, and actually received the appointment of hired nurse to the institution, either within its walls

* In Cornwall the Celtic race is largely represented.

† The Foundling Hospital in London is in no sense what its name would indicate; it is rather a place for the maintenance and education of a certain number of illegitimate children, whose mothers are perfectly well known, and whose position is carefully investigated by the governors, committee, &c. It is generally affirmed that it requires a good deal of interest, and many applications before a child can even obtain a presentation.

or in the country, and was thus paid for suckling her own child.* Children who had no right to the charity were inevitably received along with those who had. A large proportion of those in the Hospice at Lyons were sent thither from Valais, Fribourg, Geneva, and Savoy; and there were persons earning subsistence by the trade of carrying infants over the frontier, and depositing them in the French *tours*, for which they received from fifteen to twenty francs. Another evil is, that *tours* afford a temptation to unmarried women to conceal their pregnancy; and to conceal that is, as has been demonstrated, the first step towards child-murder. *Tours* have been partially suppressed in France; and, though not absolutely abolished, they are little used, and in their stead a system, which we will shortly describe, called *le bureau ouvert*, has been established, with excellent effects. The result at first of the suppression in France was said to be, that in three years there had been an increase of infanticide of from 83 to 117; but we think it probable that the increase of population and the greater vigilance of the police has not been taken into account in that calculation, since, in a table given by M. Remacle, it is plain that in a given time more infanticides occurred in proportion in those places which were provided with many *tours* than in those which were provided with few. In Belgium the suppression of *tours* was not followed by any difference one way or another. The system of *le bureau ouvert* is this: Many dépôts are established where foundlings will be received. To each dépôt is attached an open office, where, the name and address of the mother being given, the child will be at once received; but none are received unless this information is afforded. The strictest secrecy is observed as respects the name, and only the chief officer of the place is cognizant of it. This has worked extremely well; no difficulty was experienced in obtaining the names and addresses of the parties; and in Paris, though the *tour* is in some places open, the other mode is evidently preferred, since the number of children secretly deposited only averaged one a month. An entire stop was thus put to the practice of married people in fair circumstances sending their offspring to these charities; and likewise the plan has this merit, that it not only provides for the present existence of the illegitimate child, but, by placing the secret of the knowledge of its existence in the custody of an officer of the law, it does to a great extent guarantee that the infant shall not, in case of removal by the parent, be surreptitiously

* This was proved by the result of a trial of a system called the *déplacement*, which consisted in a periodical and frequent change of abode for the infants, so that women could no longer count on having the care of their own children, at least for any length of time. It operated so as suddenly and largely to decrease the number of foundlings, and was found to be so unpopular that it was abolished.

disposed of or murdered. After careful examination, we cannot find anything to prove that foundling hospitals have any appreciable effect in diminishing the number of illegitimate births; but we think it highly probable they tend to prevent infanticide.

That the class of unfortunate infants deserted, exposed, and, in some instances, murdered by their parents, are in a large proportion the children of poverty, we have already stated; and M. Remacle has given us statistics corroborative of this fact. He has divided France into three zones—the suffering, the intermediate, and the prosperous. The following are the results:—

	Suffering District.	Intermediate.	Prosperous.
Proportion of indigent to the population .	1 to 15	1 to 23	1 to 37
Proportion of foundlings	1 to 345	1 to 488	1 to 601

There are those who think that a greater severity in the application of the laws to women who murder their children would be advisable, and that direct and positive evidence of murder should not be rigidly required in such cases. Against this it is to be urged, that juries will not convict for the major offence even now, when there is a moral certainty that the capital punishment would be commuted into penal servitude for life. Moreover, it is highly probable that if every woman who murdered her new-born child had been certain she would be hung for it, that knowledge would not have deterred in many instances. The fear of shame is, in nine women out of ten, greater than the fear of death;* and in the anguish of mind and body in which infanticide is usually committed, the certainty of being executed next week would probably be welcomed rather than dreaded. Another theorist proposes making the punishment for concealment of birth heavier; but we think that, though two years' imprisonment is very inadequate for a woman who has murdered her child, it is quite sufficient when she is innocent of all except concealing her pregnancy.

Mr. Thompson advocates a wholesale emigration of females as a means of restoring the natural equilibrium of the sexes in Scotland, which he believes would go far to check celibacy, and what he considers its inevitable result, illegitimacy. Against this there is nothing to be said, if it can be carried out. Any effect it had would be in the right direction; but the extent of that effect would not, we fear, be very important.

Dr. Ryan makes the operation of the new bastardy laws to be in a great measure the cause of the present state of things; but the result of our inquiries has not been to dispose us to agree with

* History records how, in ancient times, a suicidal mania became epidemic among the women of a certain district. No punishment checked it, until it was enacted that the bodies of suicides should be exposed naked after death, and then the epidemic ceased.

him. It will not be amiss here to explain the difference between the old and new statutes on this subject. Under the old bastardy law, any woman likely to become chargeable to the parish with a bastard child could affiliate it on what man she thought fit. The parish officers could call on the magistrates to commit such man to prison, unless he would give security to appear at the next quarterly sessions, and also to abide and perform such orders as should then be made. This law became frightfully abused. The *ipse dixit* of any abandoned woman was sufficient to fasten the paternity of her child on a man whom often she had never conversed with in her life; and large sums of hush-money were extorted from respectable parties by the threat of so doing. It was a matter of notoriety that the man on whom the bastardy order was made was seldom the real father of the child, but simply a person selected as being able to pay for the maintenance of it.

Amendments were then introduced, by which, in addition to the woman's oath of affiliation, some corroborative testimony was required; and the power of apprehension and committal was taken away, though the power still remained with the magistrates of calling on the alleged father to give security, if there was good reason to believe that he intended to abscond to avoid the consequences of the summons. This system, however, was so full of abuses, that it was swept away; and under the new law a change of much importance was introduced, by which the proceedings against the man are taken out of the hands of the parish officers, and placed in those of the woman, who can commence them or not at her option. The reason of this was, that through anxiety to save the pockets of the ratepayers, grievous injustice was often done to the individual: the power and influence of the parochial authorities over those under their rule are greater than the public suppose, and this was so strongly felt by the legislature, that they prohibited these officers interfering in the matter, under a penalty of forty shillings. Dr. Ryan thinks this unwise, and wishes that power to be reassumed. He states that, some time ago, 85 persons in the parish of St. Marylebone alone were receiving the parish pittance of one shilling per week, because they did not or could not recover from the fathers; and that in England, from 1845 to 1859 inclusive, 157,485 summonses in bastardy were issued. Of these, 124,218 were heard, 107,776 orders for maintenance were granted, 15,981 cases were dismissed, and 49,709 did not come on for hearing. Against this, however, we find that in England alone, in 1857, 5,816 men were taken into custody for disobeying bastardy orders granted in 1856; so that the power is exercised, though not perhaps so excessively as before. At present the proceedings are of the nature of a civil suit to recover compensation,

pensation, rather than of a penal character to punish a man for immorality.*

The woman is, in fact, the plaintiff in the case, and it is she, and she alone, who sets the law in motion to obtain redress and compensation. So soon as she can prove her case and obtain her order, she has the right to payment of a certain sum, usually amounting to about 4*l.*, made up of the necessary expenses of her confinement, fees to medical man, nurse, &c., cost of summons and witnesses, fees to magistrate's clerk, &c., and to 2*s.* 6*d.* per week from that time forth, for the support of her child. One calendar month from the time the order is made is given to the man for payment; and there is power of commitment to prison for non-payment, if the man has no goods on which to levy. Three months' imprisonment (or less, at the option of the magistrates) is the extent of the punishment; and if, after such punishment, the weekly payments are neglected, the man may be proceeded against from time to time, as default may occur, and punished as above. This would seem ample power to enforce and secure payment for the weekly maintenance of the child, but it is not so; and many orders become mere waste paper, and are so treated by the parties against whom they are made.

It is the opinion of an eminent lawyer of great practical experience, that this miscarriage of the law is because too long a time is given from the making of the order for the payment of the sum due under it; and he proposes an alteration at once just and simple, viz., that, instead of one month, twenty-four hours only should be allowed for payment, unless security can be given for the same. A month is ample time for even a married man with a house and family to sell his goods, and emigrate to America or the colonies, much more for a single man in lodgings; such a one has full leisure to secure work elsewhere; he simply assumes another name, and leaves the place, setting the law at defiance, and leaving mother and child to their fate. Now the object of the legislature is of course to protect the woman, without doing injustice to the man; and to compel a man to find security or go to prison for an act not yet proved against him, as under the old law, was manifestly unjust; but as soon as he is legally found to be the father of the child, and the order is made, there needs be no further consideration shown for him than there is for an ordinary debtor. The sum of money alluded to is paid in the first instance by the mother, who has clearly a right to have it refunded; and, as regards subsequent payment, the question is, whether the man or the public

* The 'Church and State Review,' for Oct. 1862, in an article on infanticide, contains a proposition that all men on whom affiliation orders are made, should stand in the felon's dock, and be inscribed on a register for the inspection of the police.

should pay for the consequences of his act and deed. For these reasons, the time granted should be as short as possible.* It might be a beneficial alteration to make the present fixed sum of 2s. 6d. per week stand as the minimum, but to permit the magistrate's discretion to let it range between that and 7s., according to the wealth and position of the father.

Prize essays in France have been the means of eliciting much valuable information, and certain measures based on the suggestions they contained have been followed by excellent results.

A commission of inquiry, similar to those appointed for the army, health of towns, &c. This should be of a very comprehensive nature. Returns should be procured extending over the last ten years, from all European countries, touching the rate of infantile mortality; the number of infanticides; the trials and convictions for the same; the proportion which they bore to the population, male and female; the race, religion, pursuits, education, and position as regards wealth and poverty of the inhabitants of the countries or districts where they exceeded or came short of the average, together with other particulars which would doubtless suggest themselves in the course of inquiry. Where child-murder is committed, we should like those cases to be distinguished where two persons are concerned in it; or, where males are implicated in the commission of the crime, since it would seem that that circumstance alone would indicate a great deterioration in morals. With respect to the returns for our own country, it would be well that those further distinctions as regards the causes of death and the attendant circumstances, enumerated by us in page 330, should be specified. If all this information could be procured and classified with system and accuracy, together with a relation of the remedies employed in other countries, and the comparative success of each, there would be sound data for future legislation on the subject. Without it, any efforts made will probably fail to touch the root of the matter, as being of necessity tentative, empirical, and of the nature of an experiment, rather than of a mature and well-digested scheme of amelioration.

Establishment of foundling and lying-in hospitals.—With regard to foundling hospitals, and what benefits may flow from them (we have detailed our reasons for believing they are less than it is usually supposed), we think that public opinion has in this country pronounced against them, and that the system is one to which the feelings, or, it may be, the prejudices, of the English people are repugnant. But, referring to lying-in hospitals, the case ought to

* Every solicitor who has had experience in such cases knows how frequently instances occur of men absconding to avoid payment, and even openly making preparation to leave the country within the month; neither is there any power under the present law to interfere with them.

be and is differently regarded. But of places of refuge for the unmarried female who, being pregnant, is also deserted and destitute, there are hardly any even in London, much less in other parts of the country, where charities are fewer, less wealthy, and where the recipients are individually known. The British Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow Road, and the City of London Lying-in Hospital receive married women only. The applicants have to be nominated by subscribers, and in the last-named institution an affidavit or a certificate of marriage is indispensable to reception. From the Middlesex Hospital attendance is afforded at their own homes to married women only. But the Queen's Lying-in Charity, Bayswater, receives both married and unmarried; and the Westminster Institution is open, we believe, to a limited number of the latter class of women.* Considering that we may safely estimate there are annually in London alone about 4,000 illegitimate births, male and female, it is obvious that these charities would be unable to assist even as small a number as five per cent. of these unmarried mothers.

To establish lying-in hospitals for the gratuitous reception of destitute unmarried women in London and our other large cities and towns, would, it is highly probable, tend more than any other single measure to prevent infanticide, provided that too great requirements were not exacted from those who sought admission, as to whether the previous goodness of their character was as great and as certain as their present misery and poverty. The fact of the applicant being on the eve of her delivery, together with a distinct understanding that she must conform to the rules of the institution, would be held as a claim for admission. It is argued that this would not be to offer an encouragement to immorality, but simply to extend that aid which humanity suggests to women in nature's greatest extremity.

In view of this argument, it must be borne in mind that, with regard to the class which furnish applicants for such charities, we have not in any case to deal with the common prostitute, and this for reasons before indicated. A certain number are unquestionably women of indifferent character, and of callous and reckless frame of mind; but with a large majority it is not so: and even admitting, for the sake of argument, the verdict of a class of men who, from their impatient, narrow-minded, and pragmatical habit

* It is observable that in all institutions having for their object the benefit of unchaste women, the difficulties in the way of application and admission are such as greatly to diminish their usefulness. For the London Penitentiary, the petition must contain the name, address, and position of applicant. A rote signed by the chairman, however, obtains entrance for any individual. In the Magdalen Hospital no recommendation is required; but the applicant undergoes an examination before a committee of men. Even as to the Lock Hospital, no person is admitted within its walls a second time. Vide 'Highmore on the London Public Charities.'

of thought, are least capable of intelligently comprehending the subject, or of calmly discussing it, that, 'in most cases of seduction (so called) the guilt is pretty equally shared between the man and the woman,' the fact remains that the outward and visible punishment falls on the woman only. We believe we are right in stating that a very large proportion of cases of child-murder are those in which domestic servants are the criminals, and we all know the course which events take in these deplorable affairs. A girl is seduced either under promise of marriage or not, it does not matter which. When she finds there is a prospect of her becoming a mother, the fellow abandons her to her fate. She perhaps manages to elude suspicion; and, when the critical hour arrives, surmounting as best she may the physical suffering, fear of detection and sense of shame overcome all other considerations, and in the first agony of pain and disgrace she murders the child, and stows it away in a box or some other receptacle, where it is, of course, discovered, and the matter forms another paragraph for the newspapers. It may be that her situation is expected, and she is made to leave, or, again, she leaves lest it should be suspected. Not the direst distress would persuade her to seek admission into the union workhouse; the terror of exposure and of the anger of her relatives determine her not to return to her home; and so, with a few shillings in her pocket, she hides herself in obscure lodgings, where she broods over her situation night and day, until the fatal resolution is formed. And her first act after delivery is to go forth reckless and despairing, and either to leave the child wrapped up, dead or alive, on some doorstep, or to drown herself and her offspring in the nearest canal. From such misery and crime hospitals of the sort described would assuredly offer a refuge. And it is safe to assert that, from the moment of admission, the idea of infanticide would be practically annihilated. In the official report of M. Schaetzen to the Belgian Council of State, in 1834, he sums up the results to which his lengthened series of observations have led him, and gives great weight and importance to the fact that the crime of infanticide was rarely committed when the child had lived for a few days, and had received the natural sustenance from its mother.

He says: 'As soon as any woman experienced the pleasure of being a mother, she no longer thought of attempting the life of her child: this barbarous act was committed only during the first moments of a woman's embarrassment between shame and natural affection: and, lastly, the life of the child was safe whenever the mother was sure that the fact of her being delivered was known to a second or third party. Another consideration is this, it is absolutely necessary that a woman should pay for the expenses of her confinement; and these (including medical and legal fees) amount,

amount, as we have shown, to an immediate outlay of about 5*l.*, before she can place herself in a position to obtain a shilling from the father, and this prospect is of itself often one not only of embarrassment but of despair in a destitute woman. A lying-in hospital would afford her a standing-ground for the moment. Neither can it be disputed that at such periods of weakness and suffering the offices of religion are peculiarly acceptable, and might, if judiciously administered, in many instances lead to a better course of life. In a country where publicity is the very backbone of things, and the management of charities is almost always placed in the hands of a committee, it may be doubted whether it would be possible to preserve that secrecy regarding the name and position of the inmates which is *de rigueur* on the Continent.* We find, on inquiry, that in some of the Roman Catholic houses of refuge in England, established for this and other purposes, so long as there is room for another inmate, no woman who presents herself is turned away; and, though strict conformity to rules is exacted, no questions are asked, and entire secrecy is observed.

Greater caution and supervision as respects children alleged to be still-born, brought for interment in workhouses.—With reference to this it is only necessary to record that in 1859, from January to November, the bodies of 93 children alleged to be still-born, were brought for interment to one workhouse alone (Marylebone), in order to show that attention should be drawn to the subject.†

Legal surveillance over illegitimate children and their mothers.—However expedient this may seem, we do not see what machinery could be set in motion to effect it. Would the parochial, the medical, or the police officers have jurisdiction in the matter? and how could a woman be prevented, if inclined to remove herself beyond surveillance altogether?

Enactments having for their object the better regulation of the relation between domestic servants and their employers.—When a domestic servant is known or suspected to be pregnant, we fear that the first thought of the master and mistress is at any risk to get her out of their house, and the sooner the better. The dread of responsibility and the fear of scandal overcome any considerations of Christian charity. This is not the place to insert a homily on the duty of women towards each other; but it is possible that a little less severity of judgment, and the conscientious exercise of a strict and kindly watchfulness, would often prevent the occurrence

* In the Hospital of San Rocco, at Rome, and in the Maternité, in Paris, the strictest secrecy is preserved, and the names of the inmates, if known, are never divulged.

† Dr. Robinson, of Newcastle, many years ago published a pamphlet to show that many thousands of infants represented as still-born, came into the world alive.
—Eds. *Meliora.*

of events above all others lamentable in their results. A regulation by which it should be made penal for a master or mistress to send away a woman known or suspected to be in that situation, without first either communicating with the parochial authorities, or ascertaining that her friends would receive and take care of her, would probably act beneficially.

With these remarks, which are necessarily suggestive rather than argumentative, we must conclude this article, in the hope that a subject so urgent and important will commend itself to the attention of the legislature.

ART. III.—*Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland.*

By four Visiting Justices of the West Riding Prison at Wakefield. London. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1862.

WHEN, in 1846, the famine caused by the potato disease forced the Government of this country to adopt a free-trade policy, Mr. Cobden is said to have remarked that bad potatoes had done that which good arguments had failed in accomplishing. We hope that in the year 1863 we may be enabled to make a similar observation with regard to the state of our convict discipline, and to say that bad garottings are doing what good arguments have been unable to effect; for at last the people of this country seem thoroughly awakened to the enormous evils resulting from our absurd, we might almost say wicked practice of imprisoning our convicts without reforming them, and, when the discharge occurs, returning them to the scenes of their former degradation, and endeavouring by every possible means to lose sight of them as soon as they turn their backs on the prison walls.

Years of such a course of procedure have brought our homes and our lives to their present state of insecurity, so humiliating to the age, so disgraceful to our boasted civilization. Nor can we with truth plead ignorance in defence of this mismanagement. Warning voices have from time to time arisen prognosticating the present evils, and pointing out the means for their prevention. But these voices have remained unheeded; nay, worse, their owners have been derided, and, with a strange inconsistency, sometimes by being called maudlin philanthropists, at others ruthless destroyers of the liberty of the subject. At last, however, quickened by the terrible garottings and burglaries we are constantly hearing of, this state of indifference and apathy is passing away; and let us hope that with the opening year a new era in prison discipline may be at hand.

The little book named at the head of our article proves that
if

if the public be only willing to learn, teachers will not be found wanting. It is the work of four Visiting Justices of the West Riding Prison at Wakefield, which, the authors tell us, was in 1847

‘—greatly enlarged, the new portion being constructed on the same plan as the “model prison” at Pentonville, and the whole furnishing accommodation for 1374 prisoners. This accommodation being more than was required for the West Riding, 412 cells were, and are still, let to the Government for *convicts*, who pass there the first or probationary stage of their sentences, for the most part in separate confinement. These men being to a considerable extent placed under our official charge, we have been naturally led to take much interest in that department of penal discipline which is distinguished as the convict system—somewhat infelicitously; for it applies—not, as might be supposed, to all persons *convicted of crime*—but only to those who have been sentenced to penal servitude, or who were formerly sentenced to transportation.

‘The cessation, to a great extent, of the latter kind of punishment—transportation—has naturally deepened the interest in the subject, in our minds as well as in those of others, because it involves the necessary consequence, that the convicts, when discharged, must, for the most part, be our neighbours in this country, instead of being separated from us, as formerly, by wide oceans; and therefore their doings, when at large, affect us more nearly, and are brought more immediately under our own eyes.

‘To us officially a further interest, of a painful kind, has been added by their frequent return to prison, and their bad conduct even there.

‘The latter consequences are, no doubt, to a *certain extent* the necessary result of the former; but whether they be so to the extent which actually exists, is a matter for most serious consideration.

‘The exceedingly bad conduct of “old convicts”—that is, of persons who, having previously undergone the discipline of the convict prisons, have again been sentenced to it for fresh crime—has long been matter of painful interest to us, as showing that such discipline has, apparently, rather made them worse than better.

‘The increasing number of such cases is a still more alarming symptom, and, coupled with the other, cannot but suggest grave doubts as to whether there must not be some serious defect in a system—well-ordered as, in many respects, it certainly is—which produces such results.

‘On more minute inquiry we find that the proportion of “old convicts,” to the whole number of convicts received at Wakefield, has steadily increased, year by year, from 7 per cent. in 1854 to nearly 31 per cent. in 1861, when, of 514 received into the convict department of the prison, 158, or 30·7 per cent., were men who had previously passed through the convict prisons; and men of this class are in conduct incomparably the worst we have to deal with.’

Reflecting on the facts before them, these Yorkshire magistrates were led to make investigations for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion on the whole number of convicts discharged, who relapse into crime. The Directors of Convict Prisons in England have published a return, ‘showing that, of 9,130 men discharged on license between October 1853, and March 1861, 834, or 9 per cent. have had their licenses revoked, and 1,038, or 11·3 per cent., have been again sentenced to the convict prisons.* As licenses are only revoked upon reconviction, the general result is, briefly, that 20 per cent. of these men have been returned to the convict prisons for fresh crime. Knowing that the committals to the

* Memorandum, Report Convict Prisons, 1860, p. vii.

Wakefield Prison of relapsed convicts, both to the Government Department and to the West Riding side, were out of all proportion to this estimate, the Visiting Justices entered into a calculation based upon the numbers of relapsed convicts whom they could identify in their own prison and neighbourhood, and they have arrived at the conclusion that the estimate in the Directors' return is much too low, and that, instead of 20 per cent., 'in all probability at least half of the ticket-of-leave men have returned more or less into crime.'

The Visiting Justices

'—doubt not that the Return includes all the ticket-of-leave men who have come to the convict prisons, and have been *identified as such*. But it is clear that a large number must have come in without being identified. That a larger proportion of them has been identified at Wakefield may be owing partly to more pains being taken there to identify old offenders, and partly to the greater facilities for that purpose which are afforded by the combination of a convict prison with a local House of Correction.'

Since the passing of the Penal Servitude Act in 1853, nearly 11,000 men must have been discharged on ticket-of-leave. We may, therefore, relying on the careful calculation of the Yorkshire magistrates, conclude that at least 6,000 have relapsed into crime—a most humiliating result to contemplate, and the more painful

'—when we consider the number of offences which men like these (who have learnt caution, if nothing else, by punishment, and the tricks of their trade by association with other experienced practitioners) may commit before they are detected—estimated by competent judges at perhaps 20 each*—the amount of crime represented by these figures is frightful to contemplate, especially when we see into how short a period of time it is condensed.

'We have seen the fact ascertained at Wakefield, that of the convicts who have come there under fresh sentences, 53 per cent. returned within one year. The Directors' own return, when analyzed, shows a result quite as bad, if not worse. It shows, that of the 1872 returned ticket-of-leave men whom it includes, 1168, or 62 per cent., came back to *convict* prisons before the end of the year succeeding that in which they were discharged. When we remember that some time *may* elapse between apprehension and trial, and that several months frequently elapse between trial and removal to a *convict* prison from the local prisons, we shall see that, in most of these cases, the apprehension must have been within no long period from the discharge. The crime which led to the apprehension must have been committed within a still shorter period, generally while their original sentence was still hanging over the men, and under cover of "Her Majesty's royal license to be at large."

The authors proceed to review briefly the recent history of the convict system in this country :

'When, in 1836, the English Government became awakened to the frightful evils of the old convict *mis-management*, the separate system, which had been devised in America, was introduced, and authorized by the Act of 1839. The Pentonville Prison was built to carry out, in its utmost strictness, that system by which the prisoner was to be so completely isolated from his fellows, that if two occupants of adjoining cells met outside the prison, they should not know each other. Commissioners were appointed to watch the results of the experiment, and

* Evidence, Committee of House of Commons on Transportation, Q. and A. 2018. reported

reported that, "after five years of close attention and experience, they believed the moral result to be without parallel in the history of penal discipline." Nothing could be more satisfactory than the conduct of the men while in prison, utterly secluded from every possible temptation; but, unfortunately, nothing could be less satisfactory than their conduct when they got out; so that, notwithstanding the great demand for labour in Van Diemen's Land, the colonists there would not employ them.

'A second stage of more gradual preparation for comparative freedom in the colonies was evidently required, and the public works at Portland were established, where the prisoners work in association, but sleep in separate cells. Thus the convict had to pass through three stages: first, strictly separate confinement; secondly, association on public works; thirdly, probation-gangs in Van Diemen's Land. Then followed discharge in the colony on probation-pass, or ticket-of-leave, under police supervision. But in 1852 every colony, except the Government establishment of Western Australia, had refused to receive any more convicts, and it became necessary to discharge the greater part at home. Thus the third stage of this carefully-devised system was cut off.

'Considering the much greater difficulty which the discharged convict has in obtaining employment, and the much greater temptations to which he is exposed at home than in the colonies, it would seem that a still more carefully graduated system for his readmission to liberty is necessary in the former case than in the latter. In England, however, no such precaution was ever taken as to male convicts.*

'Beyond the second stage of the Public Works Prisons, nothing has been done to prepare the public mind to receive the convict and employ him, or to train him to use liberty rightly. The Act of 1853 authorized shorter sentences of penal servitude in lieu of those of transportation, and also authorized the release of convicts at home, on tickets-of-leave, before the expiration of their sentences: 6,700 men were then under sentence of transportation, and these were from time to time discharged by ticket-of-leave, unprepared, upon a public, startled at finding itself obliged to consume its own criminality instead of discharging it on distant colonies. Many of the men thus discharged committed serious crimes. A panic arose. Ticket-of-leave man became a name of terror. It was applied indiscriminately to every discharged convict. Whether he were really a ticket-of-leave man, *i.e.*, whether or not any part of his sentence were yet unexpired, the public neither knew nor cared. The authorities and the license-holders alike concealed the fact as much as possible; and, practically, it made very little difference, the license being rarely, if ever, revoked unless upon reconviction; although in the "conditions" printed on every ticket-of-leave it is expressly stated that "to produce a forfeiture of the license it is by *no means necessary* that the holders should be convicted of a new offence;" although the same condition adds that "if he associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle and dissolute life, or has no visible

* For female convicts the Refuge at Fulham was most laudably devised to bridge over the chasm between strict confinement and liberty. It is, however, questionable whether the public will be found willing to receive into *domestic* service women from a purely government institution, which is, for that reason, regarded by them as a prison, even if it do not itself assume that character.

means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended and recommitted to prison under his original sentence,"—he knew, and still knows, this threat to be mere *brutum fulmen*, at which he can laugh with impunity. If so disposed, as soon as he has secured his gratuity, he burns his ticket-of-leave, *does* "associate with bad characters," *does* "lead a dissolute life," *does* live without work, under the eyes of the police, from whom the authorities studiously withhold all information about him; and who, if, as is often the case, they obtain it *aliunde*, are instructed not to meddle with him, till they can detect him in actual crime. The license professes in the terms of the "conditions," to be a "privilege" which the holder "has obtained by his *good behaviour* under penal discipline," but it was, in fact, granted to men whose conduct in prison had been exceedingly bad. So far as we can ascertain, it is still, under the Act of 1857, only deferred for a few weeks, or at most a few months, beyond the minimum period assigned by the regulations for carrying out sentences under that Act in case of gross misconduct.*

* 'A remarkable illustration of the mode in which the ticket-of-leave system has been administered in this country has lately come under our notice in the case of J. H., now a prisoner in the convict department at Wakefield. J. H., having been several times previously convicted, was sentenced to seven years' transportation on August 5, 1852. Being then only sixteen, he was sent to Parkhurst, where his behaviour was such that, on February 22, 1856, he was removed to the penal class at Pentonville for eight months on the ground of *three years' continual bad conduct*. His conduct in the cell at Pentonville, and, we may observe, generally when he was in separate confinement, was "good." From Pentonville he was sent to Portsmouth, and on September 4, 1857, he received the privilege "which, by his good behaviour under discipline, he had obtained," and was discharged on ticket-of-leave, having two years all but a month of his sentence unexpired. We understand that it was then the practice, before discharging a man on licence, to require him to name some person likely to employ him, and to ascertain the character and fitness of such person. J. H. was thus consigned to his own father, who had been described, in the form originally sent with J. H., as having been himself eight times in prison, and as being the father of "a family of passers of bad coin." If we are surprised at this, we are less surprised at what followed—viz., that, on October 16, 1857, J. H., having been at large for six weeks, was again committed for fresh crime; that, on October 21, 1857, he was convicted, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude; that, after ten months' "good conduct" in a cell, being sent to Portland—there for "idleness, insubordinate conduct, and trying to incite other prisoners to follow his example"—in fact, for being a ringleader in the mutiny (the alleged ground of which was non-remission of sentence, under the Act of 1853, though his was not of that kind)—he received twenty-four lashes, was reduced to third class, adjudged to forfeit past service as regards stages and all gratuity, and was again sent to the cell at Pentonville for five months; again forwarded to Portsmouth, and again, *mirabile dictu*, "obtained for his good behaviour under penal discipline" another ticket-of-leave on February 21, 1861! He had then eight months of his sentence unexpired, which is one month less than the maximum period which, by the regulations, may be remitted in case of "continued good conduct." This time the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society received J. H., but did not long retain their hopeful *protégé*. After again being at large for six weeks, he was committed on April 8, 1861, and, on August 7, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, under which he is now at Wakefield, the credentials

We stated a few pages back that the public have been repeatedly warned of what would be the result of our convict mismanagement. We could enumerate a long list of men, some of whom have set forth the theory of reformation, others who, as far as circumstances permitted, have reduced that theory into successful practice. Archbishop Whateley, Mr. Charles Pearson, Mr. Frederick Hill, and the Recorder of Birmingham are known in the first division, while the Reverend John Clay, Mr. Frederick Hill, Captain Maconochie, and Sir Walter Crofton are prominent in the second. The egregious folly of discharging prisoners without previously subjecting them to any test of reformation has been frequently placed before the public; and since the passing of the Penal Servitude Act the absurdity has been abundantly exposed, of solemnly warning every ticket-of-leave man on his discharge that 'if he associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle or dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended, and recommitted to prison under his original sentence;'* and then systematically falsifying it by never revoking a man's license until he has brought himself under the law by committing a new offence, when of course he would have been punished if convicted, whether he were a ticket-of-leave man or not. This worse than absurdity has been again and again set forth, but until now has remained almost unnoticed, certainly unheeded, by the public; while the authorities, secure in their belief of the efficacy of such a system as this, have neglected all warnings and refused to listen to the representations of the danger they were incurring, and of the mischief they were deliberately producing.

Our readers may remember that a most daring burglary was committed in February, 1857, at Ashover, about eight miles from Chesterfield, by a ticket-of-leave man. the circumstances of which are thus narrated in the 'Times' of February 23rd, 1857:—

'A BURGLAR SHOT BY A CLERGYMAN.—The most daring case of burglary which ever took place in Derbyshire occurred between one and two o'clock on Saturday morning last, at the residence of the Rev. J. Nodder, of Marsh

brought with him being "character bad conduct in gaol very good." Should this system of convict management continue to maintain that "stability" which we are told it has acquired (Report of Directors for 1860, Memorandum, p. xxxvi), we cannot but feel an unusual degree of confidence in a calculation of the orbit which J. H. is still likely to describe, founded on the preceding data. We cannot but see "looming in the future" Her Majesty's clemency again invoked to reward, by a remission of two years and some months of sentence, another course of "good conduct" in separate confinements, and of "continual bad conduct" for years in association, with a few more mutinies on public works, and to enable J. H. to take another short walk abroad, in order to qualify himself (should nothing more serious occur) for a fourth progress through the deterrent discipline of the convict prisons.'

* Condition No. 3 printed on the back of each ticket-of-leave.

Green, Ashover, about eight miles from Chesterfield. The house in which the reverend gentleman resides, stands by itself in a secluded place, about half a mile from the village. Mrs. Nodder slept in a room in front of the hall, and Mr. Nodder in an apartment at the back of the building adjoining the servants' bed-rooms. An infant about seven weeks old slept in a cot in Mrs. Nodder's room, but it awoke between one and two o'clock. While Mrs. Nodder was attending to it she heard a noise, which she first thought was occasioned by her husband stirring the fire in his room, and she took no further notice of it. In a minute afterwards she heard the noise again, and went to the window of her bed-room, and drew the blind a little on one side, when she saw the figure of a man outside the window, and close to the glass. She was in her night-dress, and immediately drew back, put on her slippers, lifted the baby out of the cot with one hand, and rushed out of the room, shutting the door after her, and holding it in her hand. While she was doing this, six of the lower panes of glass in the window, and the centre frame-work, were smashed, and two men entered the room through the window by means of a ladder, which they had procured from the stack-yard adjoining the house. Mrs. Nodder held the door until she was overpowered, when she rushed into a passage on the stairs, and locked the door, leaving the burglars fastened in the room. They were provided, however, with a "jemmy," or small crowbar, and with this instrument they broke the panels of the door, and unlocked it, and so got into the passage communicating with the bed-rooms. The first room they entered was that occupied by a lady named Miss Heeley, a niece of the reverend gentleman, who was so alarmed that she lifted up the lower sash of the window, and jumped into the yard, a height of fourteen feet, with nothing on her but a night-gown, and in this state ran for three quarters of a mile into the village to the rectory-house.

'After escaping from her room, Mrs. Nodder went into that occupied by her husband, and called out, "Papa, here are thieves, and they'll murder us." She had locked the bedroom door after her, and Mr. Nodder jumped out of bed, and armed himself with a pair of large horse-pistols, which were loaded, on the top of a cupboard which contained the reverend gentleman's plate. The burglars outside called out, "Now lads, now lads, come on; they're here!" Mr. Nodder, who was in the room, called out, "If you enter here, I'll shoot you." The burglars took no heed, but prized the door open, and one of them entered the room with a black mask over his face, and a black gown on his body, which covered his clothes. He had a candle in his left hand, which he held down towards the lower part of his body. Mrs. Nodder, who was greatly alarmed, said to her husband, "Oh, my dear, give them what they want, or they'll murder us." Mr. Nodder stepped about three yards back, said to the man, "I'll give you what you want," and fired one of the pistols at the man, and the shot entered his abdomen. The burglars now made a precipitate retreat, and as the man ran the shot fell from his clothes. They fled into a bed-room, and jumped through a window, taking the glass and frame-work with them. They had to alight in the yard, which was about fourteen feet from the ground, and adjoining the window through which Miss Heeley had jumped. Mr. Nodder rang the alarm-bell immediately, which brought about a dozen persons to the place, and a search was immediately instituted for the wounded man, as it was believed that he was so crippled with the shot and the leap through the window that he could not escape from the neighbourhood. Information was also given to Mr. Holmes, superintendent constable of the district, and also to Mr. Radford, superintendent of the Chesterfield borough police, both of whom made a minute investigation of the premises. The burglar who had been shot left traces of blood in the direction in which he had run: and the marks of blood and pieces of flesh on the window through which they had leaped left no doubt that either one or both of them were severely cut. A large yard dog, which was turned loose at night, made no alarm, it having been drugged. Footmarks were traced from the hall across the flower-garden, and in the direction in which they had run, by Mr. Radford, Mr. Milnes, a county magistrate who resides near, and Mr. Nodder himself; and in a field about two hundred yards distant Mr. Radford found a mask and a dress which had been used as a disguise, and three others were found during the morning, clearly showing that at least four persons were engaged in the burglary. * * *

'The police have obtained a clue to the burglars, which, we hope, will lead to their

their detection. A butcher who was travelling from Wirksworth to Chesterfield Market, overtook a man at Kelstedge, near Ashover, whose leg was bandaged up, and much swollen, and who lay by the roadside, just within a gate. The man, whose hands were cut, asked for a ride to Chesterfield, and he gave the driver one shilling to take him. He was assisted into the cart, and gave two different stories of how he had become lame. First he said he had been robbed; and secondly he said he had been engaged in a prize-fight for 50*l*. On their arrival at Chesterfield, the man was put down at the "White Horse," where he had his boots and clothes cleaned, and he was conveyed to the Chesterfield Station in an omnibus, and took a ticket for Derby.'

The story is continued in the 'Birmingham Journal' of February 25th, and concluded in 'Aris's Gazette' for March 23rd, 1857.

'The suspicion that the wounded burglar had come to this town was strengthened by the discovery of part of a Birmingham newspaper in a plantation near the reverend gentleman's house; and on Monday morning Mr. Holmes, the Ashover superintendent of police, came to Birmingham to consult the police as to the steps necessary to be taken. Inspector Glossop at once determined to search the houses where dwelt the A 1 burglars. The most likely of these he thought was a house in Duddleston Row, kept by a Mrs. Haden, the wife of a notorious receiver of stolen property, whom the Recorder transported for life a few years back. Mr. Glossop knew that here, when "at home," lived a man known to the police and his associates by the name of "Shog," who some time back "left his country for his country's good" for fourteen years, but who found his country so inconsolable on account of his loss, that in 1855 he accepted a ticket-of-leave, and once more made Birmingham detectives happy by the knowledge that he was in their midst, carrying on his "little game" more successfully than ever. There being no doubt that, by associating with his old friends, "Shog" had made the recall of his ticket-of-leave possible, Mr. Glossop had communicated with the Recorder, and the Recorder had communicated with the Home Secretary, and the Home Secretary had communicated with somebody, or nobody, as the case may be; but "Shog" remained at large. In spite of the snubbing thus administered to the police, Mr. Glossop thought that he might as well inquire after the health of "Shog," or anybody else who might be Mrs. Haden's lodger that morning. Down to Duddleston Row he and Holmes went. No one was found, though evidence most satisfactory that all Mrs. Haden's beds had been occupied during the night, one of these probably by the owner of a fur cap, very wet, which Mr. Glossop put in his pocket, not oblivious of the fact that on the night of the robbery rain came down in torrents. He also noted the presence of a bottle of hartshorn and oil, a medicament useful in case of a sprain, whether caused by the leap from a clergyman's window or otherwise. The hospitals were then searched, and all the doctors and leech-women in the neighbourhood of Duddleston Row visited, but yet no trace of a gun-shot patient discovered. Towards dusk the officers again visited Mrs. Haden, and found her preparing for tea. Although only herself and son were in the house, Mr. Glossop observed that three cups were on the tray. The only explanation of this was, "I always do put three cups," and once more was she relieved of her prying visitors. Fresh inquiries were made in the neighbourhood, and at last, in Allison Street, Mr. Glossop found a woman who acknowledged that at ten o'clock that morning she had applied six leeches to the sprained ankle of a man at Mrs. Haden's. Back to Duddleston Row the officers went. The neighbours positively affirmed that no man had left Mrs. Haden's house during the day. But ultimately Mr. Glossop visited an adjoining back-yard, where lived a woman who occasionally did a bit of "charing" for Mrs. Haden. She denied that any one was in her house; she was indignant at the proposal to let a strange gentleman inspect her bed-room; so Mr. Glossop seized a candle, and proposed to do so without her company. He had his foot on the first step, when a voice from the room above, in a resigned though tremulous tone called out, "It's all right, Mr. Glossop; come up." "Oh, Shog," said the officer, recognizing the voice, "is that you?" "Yes; come up," was the reply made, as Mr. Glossop entered the room. There, in bed, lay

lay the "wanted ticket-of-leaver," a well-made, desperate-looking, thick-set fellow, with huge drops of perspiration trickling down his face—this distilling process being probably the result of the minute's confab. held with the lady of the house, as at "Shog's" side lay the woman's husband, who had doubtless rushed up stairs on hearing the approach of the officers, and whispered into his ear, "They're coming." "Shog" was carefully conveyed to Moor Street prison in a cab, as he was unable to walk. On Mr. Glossop hinting that he wished to see whether he was wounded, the captive burglar at once stripped, saying he might as well do it first as last; and then it became obvious that the police had at last got "the right man in the right place." Immediately under his stomach, extending over a considerable space, were shot-marks, inflammation, and lacerations. Mr. Solomon, surgeon, was at once sent for, in order that the shots might be extracted (both for "Shog's" own relief, and to be used in evidence against him), but it was discovered that none had been left in the wounds, all of which were no more than skin-deep. A by-standing detective having remarked that there could not have been much powder in the pistol, "Shog" said, very indignantly, "If you had had it in you, you'd have known whether there was much powder or not." He'd "as soon have been shot dead as taken," he said; "but, anyhow, he'd only be lagged for life, and he'd work as little as he did before." His name is Thomas Wotton. Both before and since his transportation he was known to the police as the leader of a most desperate gang of burglars, who make Birmingham their head-quarters. And yet such a scoundrel was granted a ticket-of-leave, and allowed to retain it, in spite of the representations of the Recorder and police. Wotton was brought before the magistrates yesterday, and an order made for his being taken to Derby.*

He was a few days afterwards committed for trial. The most remarkable piece of evidence against him was that of the station-master of Saltley, who saw him and four other men start from his station for Derby the day before the burglary was committed, and knowing Wotton, *alias* 'Shog,' and two of the others to be men of bad character, remarked to the guard, '*There's surely something up in the north.*' And yet, as the Recorder of Birmingham says, notwithstanding all this knowledge, the 'hands of justice were paralyzed,' to prevent the outrage Wotton was about to commit.

The following continuation of the narrative is from 'Aris's Birmingham Gazette,' March 23rd, 1857:

'At the Assizes at Derby, on Thursday, Thomas Wotton, *alias* "Shog," the Ashover burglar, was arraigned before Mr. Justice Wightman for breaking into the house of the Rev. J. Nodder, at Ashover, on the 20th February. The prisoner, to the surprise of most persons in court, pleaded "guilty." The learned Judge, after commenting with severity on the offence, and lamenting the mistaken leniency which had liberated such a criminal on a ticket-of-leave, sentenced the prisoner to be transported for twenty-five years.'

With regard to this Thomas Wotton, the Recorder of Birmingham says: 'Having myself requested the superintendent of police to watch for six weeks the conduct of all ticket-holders known to be in the town, and then report to me their course of life, I received, as regards Thomas Wotton, the following information*:—"Went to work at Nottingham. He states he came to Birmingham at the suggestion of the Nottingham police. He has

* 'Repression of Crime,' p. 663. Parker and Son, West Strand.

always borne (since known to the Birmingham police) a bad character, and keeps company of thieves, and has again taken to thieving." The report from which I cite this passage is made upon the testimony of Inspector Glossop, Sub-Inspector Tandy, and Police-Sergeant Manton. I transmitted the document to the Home Secretary; but he informed me he was of opinion that it did not show "sufficient reason to revoke the licenses of any of these convicts." * Not sufficient reason to revoke the licenses after the words printed on each ticket-of-leave! Did not Thomas Wotton associate with thieves? Had he not borne a bad character since known to the Birmingham police? Had he not returned to the practice of thieving? What more could he do, except the very outrage he really did commit, to prove to Sir George Grey that he was not 'really worthy of her Majesty's clemency?'

We have thus traced the career of Thomas Wotton, completely exposing as it does the neglect of the authorities, this neglect being the direct cause of the Ashover burglary and the pain and fright inflicted on Mr. Nodder and his family. And though it is impossible to follow the career of many such men, we may reasonably conclude that this case is but a specimen of hundreds of others.

The foregoing events took place in 1857, now nearly six years ago; and when we reflect that the course of proceeding adopted towards the license-holders in Birmingham, in the refusal to enforce the solemn conditions printed on the ticket-of-leave, has been continued ever since, and that about 3,000 convicts are annually discharged, at least half of whom relapse into crime, we may infer that, bad as things were then, they are very much worse now, and are daily 'worsening.' The condition of insecurity to which our lives and property will be reduced, unless a change of measures takes place, and that right speedily, is too terrible to contemplate.

The Yorkshire magistrates remark that this indiscriminate discharge of convicts on license, whether they are reformed or not, does infinite injury to those—and there are many such—who desire to lead an honest life. They are naturally confounded by the public with the dishonest and evil-minded, and nobody will employ them. Our authors assert that

'The difficulty which discharged convicts have in obtaining employment arises, we firmly believe, far less from that kind of sentiment as to the "prison-brand," to which it is often attributed, than from a reasonable apprehension that they may prove troublesome or dangerous customers, founded on the knowledge that *some* are of that character; and that no means of distinguishing the worse from the better have been supplied by the English convict system. Where such means have been

* The Return sent to the Home Secretary contained the names of several other license-holders who were living in a similar manner.

supplied to a reasonable extent, the English public have shown themselves by no means unwilling to employ discharged prisoners, notwithstanding the *brand*.

'Several proofs of this have occurred within our own direct observation. In the Industrial Home attached to the Wakefield Prison, temporary employment is offered by the Government to every man discharged who chooses to avail himself of it, till he can obtain more permanent employment. He is, of course, free to leave when he chooses; but while he remains he must work and submit to discipline. This test soon *sifts out* those who have no real desire for employment—a considerable proportion. Of those who have shown their earnestness by remaining—to the number of 240—none have failed to obtain other employment; and, what is remarkable, most of them have obtained work in the neighbourhood of the prison, where it must be perfectly well known that they had been prisoners.

'Many years ago a Refuge was established at Wakefield, where females, selected from the prison, were received and trained. The plan has since been interfered with by the establishment of a Reformatory School for Girls, on the same premises; but, while it was continued under its original management, the demand for women from the Refuge, as domestic servants, was greater than could be supplied; and the same is now the case with respect to boys from the Reformatory Schools at Calder Farm, for the West, and at Castle Howard for the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire.

'In all these cases the "prison-brand" has not prevented the public from giving employment when its confidence has been restored by a *sifting* process, separating the better from the worse, as well as a reformatory process, making the bad better.

'Frequent reports having reached us from various sources as to the application, to convicts in Ireland, of a process of reformation and of sifting similar in principle—though modified as its subject-matter requires—to those which we had seen so far successful in this country, it was determined, at a meeting of the Visiting Justices at the Wakefield prison last autumn, that such members of our body as conveniently could, with the Governor, should visit Ireland, and endeavour to ascertain, by personal observation, the working of the convict system there, and how far it has been successful.'

Full details of the system introduced by Sir Walter Crofton into Ireland have already appeared in these pages, and need not be repeated here. It will be sufficient to state that the convict is made thoroughly to understand on entering the prison, that he must work himself out of gaol by his own good conduct. No fair outside, no hypocritical repentance will serve the Irish convict; he must by dint of hard labour and the slowly-acquired power of self-control, struggle upwards, through the different stages of discipline, its severity being gradually relaxed until he has fairly earned his discharge on ticket-of-leave; and he then retains his liberty so long only as he strictly fulfils the conditions of his license, the slightest infraction relegating him at once to prison. One condition appended to the Irish ticket-of-leave is that its holder must report himself once a month, to the Chief of Police of the district in which he resides, and that if he leaves the district for residence elsewhere, he must report such departure to the same officer.

In England this condition does not exist, and the English Board of Convict Directors assure us that it would destroy all chance of the license-holder obtaining work; he would be known to have been in prison; the 'brand' would be upon him and nobody would employ him. This is the first objection—best answered by the fact that years of experience of police supervision in Ireland have

have produced none of these evils—but that it has materially assisted in creating that sense of protection felt in Ireland against the depredations of license-holders, and, consequently, has rendered it very much more easy to procure employment for them there, than it is in this country.

Another objection is, that police supervision would be useless; and in support of this Sir Joshua Jebb made the following statement before the Social Science Congress last June. He said—

‘That the chief commissioner of the metropolitan police recently laid before the Home Secretary a complaint that a large number of ticket-of-leave men were pursuing criminal courses in London. By direction of the Home Secretary, a return was sent in to him, which showed that of about three hundred known to the police in their several districts as ticket-of-leave men, about half were pursuing such courses; which agrees nearly with the conclusion we have drawn (Introduction, p. 19) from what we have seen at Wakefield, and in the West Riding, as to the proportion of these men who relapse into crime.

‘Upon this, the Home Secretary directed that the ticket-of-leave men should be warned that if they continued to pursue criminal courses their licenses would be revoked, and that after a month another return should be sent in to him. At the end of the month *not a ticket-of-leave man was to be found.*’

Our authors naturally consider that this circumstance imperatively calls for police supervision, and very justly observe that—

‘As no explanation was given of this very remarkable result, we can but speculate as to how it came to pass.

‘The only apparent explanation which suggests itself to us is, that, finding attention drawn to their criminal pursuits, those who were following them migrated elsewhere, to practise their vocation upon those who have not the present advantage of residing within the district of the metropolitan police;* and if detected and convicted, to swell the *unknown number* of reconvicted ticket-of-leave men, to which we have several times referred. If, as it would appear, the whole three hundred thus migrated, the inference seems to be that even those who were not supposed by the police to be dishonest, felt that their conduct would not bear investigation; and if the migration were thus general, it would seem to indicate a degree of organization and community of purpose which confirms the view we ventured to suggest, viz. that the treatment of convicts in masses tends to produce action in masses on their part, outside, as well as inside the prison.

‘If it had been made a condition of their license that they should not change their residence without reporting such change to the police—as is the case in Ireland—and the police had been ordered to trace out and apprehend them for infringing such condition, we cannot doubt that they would have been able to do so in most of the cases, just as they follow any person charged with crime, who may have got out of the way; and extra-metropolitan districts would have been saved from invasion by a small army of men, practising crime under cover of Her Majesty’s Royal License.

‘We cannot but observe, however, that under the present system in England, to require the police to make out returns of ticket-of-leave men, is to demand work where no material is given to work upon. The police may often believe a man to be a discharged convict, from various indications familiar to a practised eye. They may even know him to have been sentenced to transportation or penal servitude. But whether he be a ticket-of-leave man or not, they cannot tell, without knowing the precise date and length of sentence, and the precise mode in which he was discharged; e.g., whether by pardon or on license. This

* This was written last June. Since that time, from the frequent garotte robberies within this district, we presume the three hundred ticket-of-leave men have returned to town for the London season from their tour in the provinces.

last information is withheld from them by those who possess it, as well as other particulars relating to the man; yet they cite the case just described to show the inefficiency of police supervision. Inefficient indeed it must be, while they do all they can to make it so. It is said that police supervision is a great question of State policy, touching the liberty of the subject. To us it seems, with all deference, to be simply a question

'1. Whether every convict, on his release with a ticket-of-leave, should be reported to the police of the town or district to which he is sent, as a select committee of the House of Commons deliberately recommended to be done.

'2. Whether the authorities shall make it a condition on which the license shall be given, that the holder should himself report his residence to the police—as it is admitted on all hands that they have a perfect right to do when they let him go at large before the expiration of his sentence—and as this case shows to be so needful for the security of society.'

The Yorkshire magistrates visited the Irish convict prisons, saw their inmates, examined their work, tested the reality of their earnings, called upon the employers of the ticket-of-leave men and women, and investigated their behaviour; in fact, they applied the most rigid tests in their power to the Irish system, and returned home so thoroughly convinced of its excellence that they forthwith determined to apply it, so far as was possible, in the West Riding local prison, which is under their direction.

The experiment was commenced in January, 1862, and its results hitherto are most satisfactory. This experiment of course has been tried under great difficulties, because the law does not empower the magistrates to grant tickets-of-leave to the county prisoners, consequently such prisoners are deprived of the chief motive power—the love of liberty—in working out their reformation. It is only to the convict that the remission of any portion of his sentence is legal. The ticket-of-leave belongs to convicts alone—to that class of criminals who derive a claim to this reward from the magnitude of their offences! The experiment, however, maimed and imperfect as it necessarily is, has been wonderfully successful, as shown by the great decrease of prison punishments and the increase of the prisoners' earnings, the former having steadily fallen (as Mr. Shepherd, the able governor, tells us in his Paper read in June last at the Social Science Congress in London), from 15 to 6 per cent. Does not this demonstrate that a common-sense, need we say a Christian, method of training those whose evil passions and thirst for self-indulgence have led them to injure their fellow-creatures, will, with regard to the great majority of criminals, bring them back to the paths of virtue?

Amongst the objections raised against the introduction of the Irish convict system, as it is called, into England, is this: We are told that that which suits the Celt will be inefficacious with the Saxon. The objectors must certainly forget that Christianity is adapted to all nations and all races, however widely their natures may differ. And it is agreed on all sides that the machinery, so to speak, of convict management, is the same in England as in Ireland. There is

is the division into classes—the prisoner gradually rising from the lower to the higher—and there is the ticket-of-leave. So far the machinery is the same. But the one is like a corn-mill in which the bran and the meal remain mixed together, while the other does its ‘dressing’ work so carefully that none but good flour can get through the machine.

The essential difference between the treatment of convicts in Ireland and in England is this: that in the former country they are dealt with *individually*, that is, each man’s peculiar mental and moral tendencies are ascertained, and his particular treatment is modified accordingly, while in the latter they are all treated (as Sir Joshua Jebb asserts is the best way) in ‘masses,’ and by ‘routine;’ as if each convict were an exact counterpart of every other. We may compare the English system to a hospital in which, no matter what is his disease, to every patient is administered precisely the same medicines and diet; or to the practice of an army surgeon who should after a battle amputate all his patients’ legs, though the majority of them might be wounded in other parts of the body. Should we expect many cures from such a course of medical or surgical treatment? And can we reasonably expect much reformation from a similar mode of proceeding with regard to moral disease? But does not the experiment, inaugurated by the Yorkshire justices and carried into effect under the able direction of Governor Shepherd, show that the system will be as successful with Saxons as with Celts, if we will only apply it in its integrity? And if we desire to place our lives and our property in safety, the sooner we take measures for a thorough reform of our convict discipline the better. Let us first comprehend the evil and then vigorously apply the remedy. And after all Sir Walter Crofton is an Englishman; and a system inaugurated by a Saxon and carried into successful practice among Irishmen cannot be said to be wholly Hibernian in its characteristics. We hope, therefore, that our Irish friends will not regret a partial change of name, and will gladly hail its adoption into this country as the *British* convict system.

In order to comprehend the difference between the English and Irish convict systems, and the results of both, our readers cannot study a clearer and at the same time a more succinct exposition than ‘*Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland.*’

ART. IV.—A PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

THE attention of the public has of late been led by a series of wretched events, more than, perhaps, ever at any former time, to the subject of capital punishments. What the effect has been of this on public opinion is as yet uncertain. Very probably the frequency of murders has made many converts to the one side of the question, and the frequency of executions to the other—both by an easily understood moral law tending to counteract and neutralize each other. But, in the mean time, we wish not so much to pursue any elaborate argument, or to suggest any original trains of thought, as to record a deliberate protest, along with a few reasons for it, against what is a frequent, a popular, but, in our judgment, a most unjust, cruel, inexpedient, useless, and pernicious practice.

That capital punishment is an old law or practice, there can be no question. Knowing the terrors and mysteries connected with death, and the extreme value attached to life, legislators, in every age and country, have included the punishment of death amongst legal penalties. Alike, Solon and Moses, Lycurgus and Confucius, have condemned not one, merely, but many crimes, to an extreme penalty, and thus have sought to guard human life and property by the strongest of sanctions. No doubt in this, experience proves that they have all more or less failed. But still we are ready to grant that at the time when their codes were constructed any other arrangement was almost impossible. Legislating for barbarous people, the very existence of society required the enactment of barbarous penalties. The great law of Christian love and the great principle of Christian brotherhood had not yet dawned upon the world. And since that law and that principle have been better understood,—*i. e.*, since the commencement of the present century, for then it is generally admitted that a great stride forward in civilization was taken—they have been gradually abolishing the punishment of death, till now it is only inflicted for the crime of murder. The laws of England, like those of Draco, had long been written in blood. When about the middle of the last century Sir William Blackstone wrote his Commentaries, he enumerated no less than one hundred and sixty crimes which were by the English law punishable by death. But now, greatly through the exertions of the benevolent Sir Samuel Romilly, seconded and enlarged after that statesman's death by the late lamented Sir Robert Peel, this number has been gradually, and amid much opposition, reduced. Although several crimes are still, we believe, exposed theoretically, under the Statute Book, to the extreme penalty of the law, that penalty is never extended in practice, as

we

we said, but to murder. Now this fact is itself a very significant one. It proves that the spirit of the age is, on the whole, opposed to sanguinary and capital punishments; that it has been consciously or instinctively approaching their ultimate abolition by reducing the crimes of which they are the penalty to their minimum in number, besides in various ways having mitigated the horrors connected with the condition of those who must still suffer from their power. In the light of advancing progress, limb after limb of that old tree, the gallows, has been dropping away, till only its central trunk, as it were, remains, on which the murderer, and the murderer alone, can now be fastened; and there are symptoms which seem to indicate that it, too, shall speedily be overturned.

Let us, ere going farther, take the liberty of saying that, while in our following remarks we may speak warmly, we are far from being fanatics on the subject. We do not believe that the abolition of capital punishments is to annihilate all crime, and to introduce the Millennium forthwith. We do not fancy all that support them to be hangmen at heart, Calcrafts in disguise. We believe some of them are as benevolent and as liberal-minded as any on the other side. We do not seek, and we do not need, to prop up our cause by any appeal to popular passions, by seeking to excite popular clamour, to coerce juries, to blackguard judges, to distort facts, or to coin fictions. It is not on ephemeral effervescences of feeling, on dark and dubious murder mysteries, on party prejudices artfully employed, now to whitewash, and now to blacken, according to particular points of view, but on broad, general, and enduring principles that we would base our opposition to capital punishments.

There are four main lights in which we may regard these punishments:—First, as to their justice; secondly, as to their expediency; thirdly, as to the particular mode of death; and fourthly, as to what substitute could be found for them were they finally abolished.

And, first, as to their justice. It is conceded at once that individuals have a right to protect themselves from violence by taking the life of their assailants when it is absolutely necessary. If a person try to take our life we have a right to protect ourselves by all reasonable means; and if we cannot secure ourselves except by taking the life of the assassin, we have a perfect right to do so. And, it has been argued, it is the same with States. They, it is said, have a similar right to defend themselves from such of their citizens as have committed the crime of murder. But notice, in the first place, that even in the case of individuals the right of taking away life is severely limited. It is only in cases of absolute necessity that it ought to be used. If a man can prevent
assassination

assassination by mastering the hand of the murderer, he has no right to plunge the sword into his heart; if he did the latter when he could have done the former, he would become a reckless manslayer, if not a deliberate murderer. And it should be remembered, secondly, that ere the State can proceed to execute the murderer, it has already mastered his hands, and reduced him to powerlessness. So long as he is held in strict confinement he is perfectly harmless, and society has no more need to defend itself against him by any active measures than against his shadow. He is, to all intents and purposes, dead, although he has not died by the brutal process of the gallows. No doubt he may escape, but that must be the fault of the magistrate; and it is a supposition that does not affect the argument at all. It is quite as probable that the exercise of kind firmness and moral education for a lengthened period may exert a salutary influence upon his character, and change him from a murderer into a Christian man. That the magistrate has the power of the sword—the power in certain instances of life and death—we concede. But it is only self-defence that can justify the exercise of that power. He can legitimately use it to defend his country from foreign aggression or to suppress internal rebellion. But he cannot legitimately use it to attack other countries, or to oppress his own subjects. And neither, we think, can he lawfully use it for executing a man who has fallen into his hands and has become utterly helpless. What is thought of the general who, after the battle is over, gives no quarter to the fallen and the fugitives? And what should be thought of those legislators who, after the murderer is down and effectually prevented from future mischief, seem to slake a savage thirst in his blood and call that justice which is in reality revenge? But it may be said that life demands life and blood blood. Now in reference to this system, as we would call it, of moral, ‘kind,’ let us look to the following considerations:—1st, It never seems, even in the Jewish economy, to have been carried out to its full extent. It was said by them of old time, ‘An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,’ but it does not seem to have been literally acted out. We never hear of a man who had driven a tooth out of his neighbour’s head having one of his own extracted in exchange, nor of the thief having his goods confiscated. But if life must be expiated in kind, why not property? 2ndly. This system has undoubtedly been repealed under the Christian dispensation. Christ’s words are, ‘Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil.’ And again he adds, ‘Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.’ We may be told, indeed, of the sacredness of life, but property is sacred too; and yet it is now secured by penalties
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much less severe than that of death. Besides, if life be sacred in one instance, it must be so in all: if sacred in the murdered person, it must be sacred in the murderer. The murdered person, no doubt, was innocent, and the murderer is guilty. But is his guilt expiable by no punishment short of an imitation of his own act? And why should one death be followed by another? It may be said, indeed, that the murderer kills his victim unprepared, with all his sins broad-blown, whereas the magistrate does his best to fit the criminal for eternity. But what mockeries usually are the conversions of the condemned! They are rather stupefied by fear than changed by the power of Divine love, and actuated, rather, we doubt, by the remorse of hell than by that repentance of earth which needeth not to be repented of. This has been proved a hundred and a hundred times by the fact, that when a reprieve has arrived the wretch has gone back like a dog to his vomit, or a sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. That the magistrate is responsible for the future fate of the criminal, we by no means maintain; but society is responsible for a law which tends to cast contempt upon the gravest truths and mysteries of our religion, which turns conversion and penitence into hollow delusions, and often sends persons into the future world with a lie, or a whole load of lies, in their right hand.

We hold, moreover, that it is unjust for man to execute man for murder, because he is no judge of the motives of others, and assumes, when he does so, a right which belongs to God alone;—because it is often extremely difficult to define what murder is, the law itself having done so very imperfectly, and society having a thousand opinions about it according to the ideas of a thousand persons;—because many crimes of this class may be traced to insanity, although it may not have reached its perceptible crisis of development; and because, whatever may be what is called the intrinsic demerit of murder, that, too, as well as the motives from which it springs, is not fully within the cognizance or computation of man, but is known to God only.

Well says the able writer referred to in the note:*

‘Why men are not agreed as to what is crime, and what is not? This very crime of murder is the least defined of all. Some deify it; soldiers, for instance; others commit it without blame from men—these we call duellists; others practise it for hire under the protection of the law, and these we call executioners; others practise it by inches, slaveholders, hard taskmasters, cruel slanderers, and the like; others execrate it in the unit and crown it in the mass: there is nothing that is now called crime that has not, in some age of the world, been counted a virtue. There is not a virtue now lauded by mankind, that has not, amongst some people, been counted a crime. Our virtues are crimes to others, others’ virtues are crimes to us. Men have been burned for religious faith, glorified for

* See, on this and one or two other points, an excellent paper in the ‘*Eclectic Review*’ for April 1848.

slaying thousands of their fellow-beings, hanged for stealing a loaf to save them from utter starvation, shot for rising in defence of their law and liberties, strangled for robbing a man of five shillingsworth of property, for breaking down the head of a fish-pond, for destroying a fruit-tree in an orchard, deified because they have amassed mammon, imprisoned and persecuted even unto the death because they have demonstrated the falsehood of astronomical systems, crowned with honour because they have been double-dyed traitors, destroyed because they have been too much in earnest to abjure their opinions. Nay, the innocent have often been killed by sheer mistake. While history remains, man can never contend that he can be infallible in punishing crime as crime. He has often assumed the sword of God and wielded it with foolish, blind, and savage ferocity.'

We shall be told of the Noetic sentence, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' But, in the first place, these words are about the obscurest words in the whole Bible. They have not only been translated in four different ways, but more than twenty different interpretations have been imposed upon them. One pronounces them a mere prophecy; another pronounces them a command; a third conceives that they give to any man the right of avenging blood; a fourth maintains that they confine the exercise of that right to God alone; a fifth asserts that they are intended to be the first assertion of the great doctrine of atonement by blood; another asserts that they should be read '*Whatsoever* sheddeth, &c.,' and refers them to deaths caused by brutes as well as men. And so on *ad infinitum*. Our notion is that even though we regard these words of Noah as containing a command, there were special reasons for its enactment then which do not apply now. Man was then young—in a new world—small in numbers, and his life required to be guarded with peculiar watchfulness, and by sanctions of extraordinary severity; the more, as violence and murder seem to have been the principal sins which brought a flood of waters on the world of the ungodly. And, taking the very strictest of the interpretations, it can be proved that its severity has been relaxed, even by Moses, long before the coming of Christ. He, we know, while condemning murder, built cities of refuge, to which the shedder of blood, who did so involuntarily, was permitted to flee; whereas, by Noah's law, according to the commonest and cruellest of the interpretations, who or whatever shed blood, whether by design or by accident, whether man or beast, must lose his life, and have his blood shed in exchange. And, once again, the Noetic dispensation has vanished away, and we now owe allegiance, not to Noah or Moses, but to Christ. One feels, at times, no little indignation at finding these 'beggarly elements' of ancient systems continually reproduced, and acting as baggage or *impedimenta*, arresting the march alike of human advancement and of Christian truth, and would cry out to those who would despotize over us from the broken urns of the past, in the language of the poet—

'Tyrants, in vain ye brave the wizard ring,
In vain ye check the course of mind's unwearied spring.'

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Under the Jewish economy, punishment by death was inflicted upon many crimes besides murder—such as adultery and sabbath-breaking; so that any argument founded upon it, if it proves anything, proves too much. And if men tell us that the severity of the law was divinely relaxed in reference to other crimes, but not in reference to murder, we ask in turn for the evidence, and may ask long ere it be furnished. On the other hand, the whole genius of Christianity is opposed to capital punishments. How Christ rebuked the idea of them when he took a penitent thief who was suffering, and suffering justly too, from the sentence of the law to glory along with Himself! How He struck at the root of the cross and of the gallows, and of offensive war besides, when He said, ‘They that take the sword shall perish with the sword;’ when He reproved the disciples who were for bringing down fire from heaven upon his enemies, by saying, ‘You know not what spirit ye are of;’ when He told them that they were to forgive their brother who trespassed against them, until seventy times seven; and when He died forgiving His own murderers. If ever men deserved to die by the laws of man and God, they were those who crucified the Lord of glory; and yet Christ, with his last breath, forgave them, freeing them thus from penalties in this life, as well as in that which is to come. How different from the spirit of the dying David, when he charged Solomon not to allow the hoary heads of Joab and of Shimei to go down to the grave without blood! In what light does the Gospel teach us to regard criminals? Not, as Carlyle would inhumanly teach us, as incorrigible ‘scoundrels,’ but as erring brethren, made of one blood, full of the same passions with ourselves; from whom, if we differ, it is not owing to any merit of ours; whom, perhaps, we, by our inconsistency, error, or neglect, have permitted to fall into error or crime, and whom we should seek by every possible means to reclaim to the paths of virtue, as members of society, instead of cutting them off without ceremony, as if they were mere ulcers or pieces of proud-flesh superinduced upon the body politic. The Gospel cries, ‘Owe no man anything, but to love one another;’ but Society, through the magistrate, says to the uneducated, brutalized criminal, ‘My dear brother, unfortunate friend, how I love thee now, although I must say I gave thee little proof of my love before—nay, was hardly aware of thy existence till lately; but how I love thee now! I have proved my love already by sending thee a chaplain, a Bible, and many tracts, but now, to complete the proof, and to put thee out of harm’s way, I’ll hang thee by the neck till thou art dead, and will say the while, with tears, “May the Lord have mercy on thy miserable soul!”’

We know that some will appeal, on behalf of the justice of capital punishments, to the stern desire for vengeance which the

sight or hearing of a murder—particularly such a thrice-horrible and brutal murder as that of Sandyford Place, Glasgow—arouses in every mind. But this feeling springs up in many minds with nearly as much power at the tidings of a rape, a seduction, or even a forgery of peculiar bulk and baseness. And yet none of these crimes are now touched by the law of capital punishments. And although this may be a natural, it is generally a distempered and exaggerated feeling, requiring to be cooled and corrected. Ay, and there is a word of Scripture, which seems expressly designed to correct and cool such extravagance of emotion. It is this: ‘Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.’ Lord Bacon calls revenge a wild justice; but, with his august leave, we must say there is less doubt of the wildness than of the justice of its deeds.

But now for the argument from expediency. Many who do not doubt the right of capital punishments, deny their expediency; and some, whose opinions as to their justice are only half-formed, support them as at least necessary evils. It must be admitted, first of all, that it is somewhat difficult to judge of the effects on society; whether favourable or the reverse, produced by, or by the absence of, capital punishments. We cannot tell, and therefore we cannot reason from, how many murders are crushed in the germ by the fear of death. And neither can we tell, and therefore cannot reason from, how much capital punishment may do in the reaction of defiance and disgust, to reproduce the crime it seeks to punish. Capital punishments, in themselves considered, do not seek the good of the offender. It is not of their essence, it is only by accidental connection, that any efforts should be made for the conversion of the criminal. This is, we imagine, an innovation produced not earlier, at least, than the establishment of Christianity. The genius of the scheme of capital punishments simply seeks to cut off the culprit, as an ‘abominable branch,’ from the tree of society, and to leave his soul to shift for itself. To him, therefore, punishment, strictly speaking, even professes to do no good, and does all the ill it can. On many other classes of the community, too, it produces positive evil instead of good. To obtain an uncertain good—the reduction of the number of criminals—it commits much certain mischief. It brands the innocent family of the victim with a degree of ignominy greater (such is the wretched state of the judgment and feeling of the popular mind) than the crime had stamped upon them. It creates, or at least fosters, entire classes of miscreants, from the hangman to the pickpocket and the prostitute, to form, so to speak, ghastly appendages to the gallows from age to age. It tends to brutify still more the brutal taste which demands and rejoices in public executions. It offends the feelings of a large portion of the community, and shakes the faith of others, and hurries away hundreds whose minds

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are rather stupefied than changed into the dubious twilight or frowning darkness of the unseen state. In other words, it is a reckless, cruel, revengeful, public and useless MURDER, both of the body and the soul; and, in spite of all the sophistry of some of its defenders, and the misled ability of others, shall soon be generally so regarded. We were struck, since writing the above, to find, from the life of Chalmers, that the great lawyer, Dr. Lushington, was in the habit of speaking in private of capital punishment as 'judicial murder.'

Yes, it is a *judicial*, but can hardly be called a *judicious*, murder: its cost far outgoes its profit. When would it be thought that, if such exhibitions were to do good, they would be most likely to effect it? Surely, while the exhibition was going on. Surely one would expect then to witness the deepest solemnity—a shadow of almost preternatural awe—a pervading sense of the evil of that sin, which is about to receive a portion of its reward—a feeling as if a rehearsal of the proceedings and punishments of the Great Day were about to take place. No such thing! Sometimes, indeed, intense sympathy with the sufferer, as in the case of poor Mary Timnay, does produce extraordinary excitement; but that excitement is rather a fierce protest against the proceeding than a proof of its moral power. More frequently there occur those disgusting scenes, described by Charles Dickens in his famous pamphlet, as 'witnessed by himself, of gross levity, coarse jesting, and wretched slang, characterizing the mob assembled on the occasion he portrays;—a mob composed chiefly of the very worst characters in London. We shall never forget the first execution and the last we ever saw. It was in Edinburgh, in 1831, and when we were a mere youth. We remember well rising rather early in a cold December morning, and walking, with a companion of our own standing, from Bristo Street up the steep West Bow to the High Street. As we went, crowds were pouring along, and boys were crying to each other, 'We'll need to haste, else we'll be owre late to see the hanging. It'll be famous fun.' Arrived within some twenty or thirty yards of the place of execution, we found a vast multitude of the most motley materials assembled. There were young students, like ourselves. There were people from a considerable distance in the country, who must have risen and travelled in the dark. There were a few decent citizens mixed with the very dregs and vomit of the closes and wynds of the High Street, including both sexes and all ages. Some were swearing at their neighbours for crushing them or trampling on their heels. Some of the females seemed to feel a slight tinge of sympathy—for females are generally compassionate; others were cracking jokes, and others complaining of the cold of the morning. At last the two men (carters, if we remember rightly, who had murdered a comrade)

appeared on the scaffold. At their first forthcoming there was a kind of hush through the assembly, which was speedily, however, broken by exclamations, such as that from a man immediately beside us, who cried out, 'Mony a bottle of porter have I drank wi' thae chaps.' Then followed the disgusting mummerly of the dying speeches, which, luckily, from the distance, we could not hear; and then, amidst a general shudder, which did not, however, last above a minute or two, the wretched men were sent swinging and struggling into the eternal world, the crowd almost instantly beginning to disperse, and resuming, as they hurried away, their tone of levity and their coarseness of language. And upon all this the great round sun, having just risen above the German ocean, looked on like the Eye of God; and the contrast between the scene and the celestial spectator was to us absolutely horrible. We returned, silent, sick at heart, utterly disgusted, and miserable beyond expression; and we yet remember the breakfast of that morning as one of the most melancholy meals we ever partook of in our life.

With emphasis we ask of such scenes, *cui bono*? If they do no good at the time, but evil, neither is there any evidence of their doing good afterwards. In tyroes, such as we were when we saw that execution, disgust and horror were excited, not at the crime, but at the punishment. Had we gone often afterwards, and with many haunted the gallows-tree, like them we should have either become quite callous by custom, or even, as some do, learned to derive a fiendish luxury from such spectacles. What a frightful thought that, of the execution of a fellow-creature becoming a popular amusement—an amusement so popular, that cock-fighting, bull-baiting, nor any other of the savage amusements of the past, ever drew such crowds as it; and thousands who never go to church, nor almost anywhere else, flock there as to a congenial scene—and not to learn a lesson of morality, but to see a sight of horror, and to get a thrill of excitement. And when the circumstances of the scene are depicted in the newspapers, the evil influence is frightfully extended; and myriads, who would shrink from mingling with the rabble round a gallows, yet gloat in private over the details. And here let us specify, as one of the worst evils connected with capital punishments, the false interest and sympathy bestowed upon the criminal. As if the public were conscious a great wrong were to be done to him in death, they often give preliminary compensation by treating him as a saint and a martyr. He becomes the sole talk of the country, the cynosure of every eye; his portrait is in every shop-window; books and pamphlets, memoirs and anecdotes of him are published, and circulated in thousands; and the poet-laureate, the prime-minister, or even Italy's patriot hero, sinks for a season into insignificance beside the ironed murderer in his cell.

May we not ask, in fine, here, can a practice, which cannot be proved to prevent murder, and which can be proved to produce those hardening and searing effects upon the mind, heart, and conscience, from which murder is likely to spring—which exerts no reformatory influence either upon the criminal or upon the classes whence criminals usually come—which, if it does not altogether neglect to seek, yet seldom, if ever, secures the genuine repentance of the murderer—which is liable to tremendous abuse by the magistrate, and often has sacrificed the innocent instead of the guilty—which poisons the public mind—which creates an appetite for the falsest and worst of all unnatural excitements—which attracts to itself the vilest classes of the community—which is the means of damaging, by the unhealthy notoriety it gives them, the criminals it professes to train for eternity before launching them into it—which has introduced a degrading element into our very literature and art, and in spite of which, nay, in consequence of which (particularly of the uncertainty connected now with the execution of the penalty), the number and the horror of murders are enormously on the increase—can such a law or practice be pronounced expedient? Common sense, common humanity, and Christian feeling unite in answering, No.

A great deal, doubtless, of the ignominy, as well as of the disgust and horror connected with capital punishments, springs from the mode of death followed—the death by hanging, the death of a dog—inflicted indiscriminately upon men and women. But we certainly would not propose any alteration of the mode of punishment, if the punishment be continued, since we are persuaded that the worse the way of doing a bad thing, the better for showing that bad thing in its true light, and leading to its extinction. This, doubtless, is the age of advance and improvement; but we, for our part, have little desire to see new and elegant modes of murder, whether private or public. It is high time that we were looking out for a more excellent way, and trying, at least, to find out some substitute for a punishment, which in all its forms is unjust and inexpedient, repulsive to human feeling, and directly contradictory of the principles and spirit of the religion of Christ.

But the question will be put, What substitute can be suggested? We would say, on the whole, imprisonment for life. This, first of all, secures the grand point of protecting society from one who has offended against it in the rankest manner. Secondly, it brands, in a very strong way, the crime. The leper in old times was shut up in a several place; and so let the murderer be left alone and secluded, and find the memory of his sin to be his constant and his only companion. Thirdly, if accompanied by labour, it secures from the criminal a degree of usefulness to the community. If it does not make a saint out of a sinner, it makes a working bee out
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of a wasp. Fourthly, it gives the murderer ample time, humanly speaking, for repentance and reformation, if not for high moral and intellectual advancement. And, fifthly, it is calculated to exert a great terror on the human heart. To be shut up in a living tomb, to feel that one is to be released when the carpenter brings the coffin, and no sooner—to be cut off from all the sweet and tender ties of life—to have the very sunlight saddened to the eye, and the green earth excluded from the view—to be ‘alone, all, all alone,’ and alone for ever, is a dreadful prospect, and calculated to appal the stoutest heart. A man named Campbell, sentenced in Glasgow, in 1831, to death, thus addressed the judge: ‘I thank you, my lord. Death is sweeter than confinement. Cowards die many times—I will die but once.’ And ‘no wonder, perhaps, after all, that the callous eye of the Sandyford-Place criminal quivered, and her hardened frame trembled, when she was told that perpetual imprisonment was to be her doom. It may be said, indeed, that there are other crimes punished in this way, and it may be asked, how are we to distinguish and proportionate between their punishment and that of murder? We reply, let the perpetrator of other crimes have a chance of liberation after a period of probation and trial; but let the imprisonment of the murderer be total and final. Like the dishonoured vestals of old, let *him* be buried alive—let not a chink of possibility of escape be allowed to shine into *his* dungeon. Let there be inscribed on the door of *his* cell the tremendous words which Dante saw on the gate of Pandemonium: ‘He that enters here must leave hope behind him.’

Yet, after all, we are less disposed to put confidence in this or in any other substitute for capital punishments than we are in the more thorough intellectual and moral and religious education of the masses, in good government, in a steady national prosperity, founded upon more solid and equitable commercial principles, in the deeper interest taken in the lower by the upper classes, and in the various other methods which may tend to cut off the dark sources of murder, mainly fed by ignorance, poverty, degraded position, vicious habits, uncertain means of livelihood, and the want of true Christian enlightenment and hope. At all events, remedies more profound than the cruel expedient of the gallows can alone prevail to say to the many-folded river of crime, ‘Hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’

- ART. V.—1. *Is Alcohol Food?* By Thomas Inman, M.D., Liverpool.
 2. *The London Medical Review*, 1862. Art. ‘Alcohol as an Aliment in Disease.’
 3. *The Cornhill Magazine*. Art. ‘Is it Food, Medicine, or Poison?’ By Francis Anstie, M.D.

THE freaks of philosophers are amusing enough in physical science, because they happen to be harmless. A barrister has just published a book impeaching Newton’s ‘Principia’; and while men laugh at the absurdity, matter fortunately maintains its gravity. But when physicians play ‘fantastic tricks’ before high Heaven in relation to social usages involving the deepest interests of the human race, the mirth they excite is but poor compensation for the mischief they produce. Sensuality is ever on the watch for excuses; and when the physician palters with facts and language in order to supply them, he not only insures our contempt, but challenges our indignant rebuke. He as lamentably forgets the responsibilities of his profession as the Laureate’s solemn hortative:—

‘Hold thou the good : define it well,
 For fear divine Philosophy
 Should push beyond her mark, and be
 Procuress to the lords of hell.’

Dr. Inman, the author of the first paper indicated, which was read before a Medical Association, no sooner mounts the steed of philosophical theory than he shows himself to be totally destitute of the first rules of logical equestrianism;—his horse, in fact, becomes master, and he mistakes the curvetings and erratic circles in which it moves, for progress towards a goal. Having read, and partly understood, Mr. Grove’s work on ‘The Correlation of Forces,’ Dr. Inman fancies that he has discovered, and in haste immediately propounds, a new theory for the cure of disease. He announces, with great pomp of phraseology, such axioms as these for the basis of a Medical Principia:—‘That disease is the result of vital weakness, and that if you can impart vital strength to the patient, you will assuredly restore him to health. We will not trouble our readers with the various changes that are rung upon this truism, which so vividly reminds us of grandpapa’s once famous suggestion for catching sparrows—‘Put a little salt upon their tails.’ We are not, however, reviewing the last theory of disease, which will quickly pass to the shades, where a long train of its predecessors await it in silence, but we name it as significant of the sort of reasoning we are to expect in this discussion on Alcohol. Dr. Inman loosely defines food as anything which

which supplies material whereby the body is nourished. What precise idea are we to attach to the fact of being 'nourished?' He asserts that the histological history of food and water is the same as that of ale or porter, and that there is no 'real distinction' between them! Now, of course, unless he is merely quibbling with words, he means to institute a comparison between the alcohol in the ale and porter, and the food—otherwise, in relation to the question, 'Is alcohol food?' the statement is altogether impertinent. With whatever small remnants of the original malt may exist in the beer, and with the water so plentifully mingled with it, the temperance men, as we understand them, have no quarrel. The plain question to be solved, then, is this: Does alcohol act like food or water in the body? Is it as warming and nourishing as the one, or as innocent and useful as the other? Food is digested; alcohol is not. All food warms the blood, directly or indirectly; alcohol does not, for it is never decomposed in the circulation. Nitrogenous food nourishes the body, in the sense of assimilating itself to the tissues; alcohol does not. Food makes blood; alcohol never does anything more innocent than mixing with it. Plastic food feeds the blood-cells; alcohol destroys them. Food excites, in health, to normal action only; alcohol tends always to inflammation and disease. Food, in short, gives force to the body; alcohol excites reaction and wastes force, in the first place, and, in the second, as a true narcotic, represses vital action and corresponding nutrition. If alcohol does not act like food, neither does it act like water. Water is the subtle but innocent vehicle of circulation, which dissolves the solid food, holds in play the chemical and vital reactions of the ultimate tissues, which conveys the nutritive solutions from cell to cell, from tube to tube, and which carries off and expels the effete matter of the frame, yet without fever or inflammation. Water neither irritates tissue, wastes force, nor suppresses vital action; whereas alcohol does all three. Alcohol hardens solid tissue, thickens the blood, narcotizes the nerves, and, in every conceivable direction, antagonizes the operation and function of water. In fine, Dr. Inman's alleged comparison, when closely looked into, turns out to be a perfect contrast in every positive relation, and to be like water but in this solitary particular—that while the water floats out of the body the noxious matters of the circulation, and the alcohol artificially introduced—they all go out together. A most important analogy, certainly; and, for the basis of a scientific generalization, about equal to the ethical philosophy which would classify judge, jury, and jail-bird together, because they all alike go out of court! Dr. Inman irresistibly reminds us of Y. Z. Y. in 'Somebody's Luggage,' who made the wondrous discovery that 'there is *this* in common between the 29th of February in Leap year and the 1st of March in other years

years—that they both follow the 28th of February!’ How simple is the Inmannic philosophy of physics and physic: ‘All matter follows alike the eternal law of change—*ergo*, the properties and actions of all matter are alike—*i. e.* there is no real distinction.—Q. E. D.’

Before dismissing Dr. Inman, we will cite from him three specimens of foolish physiology and consummate credulity:—‘Nature has provided, in the salivary glands, the liver, and the lungs of every mammal, an apparatus for converting all food, especially farinaceous, into alcohol; and we have no evidence that such conversion does not take place!’ Now our readers will recollect that, in reproducing in ‘*Meliora*’ the results of the valuable and conclusive experiments of Drs. Lallemand and Perrin of Paris, and those of Dr. E. Smith of London, we furnished clear and copious evidence even of this negative—a negative, however, which the opponent of temperance has no right to demand. When alcohol is eliminated from the body through every outlet of lung, and skin, and kidneys, for periods ranging from ten to thirty hours after it has been taken, the counter-proof required from the advocate of alcohol assuredly is, positive evidence that that agent was ever detected within the body when it had not been introduced from without. The fact is, we have not the faintest shadow of any proof for the supremely ludicrous statements of Dr. Inman—‘No evidence that any organ of the body is a brewing-vat,—no evidence that sugar is converted into spirit by either stomach, lungs, or liver,—no evidence that the secretions, or the blood, ever contained a single drop of alcohol, generated from within.’ The experiments of Schultz, Böcker, and Virehow demonstrate indeed, that so far from this agent being capable of ‘incorporation’ with the blood, as alleged, the blood-discs repel the attempt of alcohol to combine with them; while no organ rests a moment until either the intruder is cast from the temple of life as a disturber, or the vital resistance of the organism is overcome by the action of the narcotic. All the laws of vital structure and functions are opposed to the conditions of vinous fermentation; and it is, moreover, an absolute certainty, established by experiment, that abstainers’ blood and secretions yield no trace of alcohol. They perspire none, they breathe none, they eliminate none, simply because they make none; but, if they did, the supposititious fact would only the more establish the supreme folly of drinker, maltster, brewer, distiller, doctor, all engaged in acts of supererogation so wasteful and so unnecessary. If Nature brews by a Divine apparatus ‘not made with hands,’ man needs hardly trouble himself with his costly patents.

Dr. Inman, it seems, is the victim of a logical formula, which, if good for this thing, is equally good for everything. We are to believe

believe that anything is (runs his philosophy), if we have no evidence that it is not! On this principle, before the days of Rosse telescopes and lunar photographs, our grandfathers had the logical right to believe that the moon was composed of a famous Cheshire commodity, inasmuch 'as they had no evidence that it was not a mass of curd ripening to a rich old cheese.'

Now we have the positive evidence of tests that the bodies of dogs and men to whom no alcohol is given, yield no alcohol; and the further positive evidence that when alcohol is artificially introduced into the system, the behaviour of the vital organism towards it differs *in toto* from its behaviour towards food, and that the body continues to eliminate it for long periods of time.

Drs. Inman and Anstie vainly endeavour to evade the force and significance of this fact by alleging that all the alcohol is not gathered up—which, indeed, would be obviously impossible with any known instruments and processes. But what is their evasion in reality, save an absurdity? It is to suppose, that after the vital organs and tissues have for so many hours treated alcohol as an intruder, kicking it from chamber to passage, and from passage to door, and window, and drain, they suddenly alter their conduct and relationship, and begin to treat some fancied remainder as a friend and factor—the burglar becomes a brother—the foe is transformed into a lover—and the deadly poison transmuted into life-giving food. When a reasoner has reached this climax, he is in that condition in which the gods cannot help him.

Superstition may more truly be said to be the mother of drinking than of devotion; and in this quality both Drs. Inman and Anstie shine with darkest lustre. The former accepts with greedy faith, for example, the crude testimony of sundry persons who declare that they have lived, for long periods, on some kind of alcoholic drink, and nothing else. A nursing-mother with abundance of milk took nothing but brandy and water for many weeks. A young man afflicted with disease of the heart took a pint of brandy a day, with no other food, and in this way lived for nigh two years and a half, keeping his flesh and good spirits nearly to the last! He died at the age of twenty-five; dropsical for the last two years. A man told Dr. Inman that, in consequence of severe salivation, he lived for a fortnight on beer alone, yet he looked like other people, and said he had lost no flesh. Other cases are cited, some having children for their subjects, until we come to the case of a lady who was a hard drinker. She had two sons in succession, each of whom she nursed, living for a twelvemonth (each time?) wholly upon bitter ale and brandy and water, still keeping up her flesh, her good looks, her nursing, and her activity. Though her nervous system was thoroughly exhausted, there was no emaciation, nor absolute muscular prostration. How the muscles continued

tinued to act without a supply of nervous power Dr. Inman does not attempt to explain.

It has rightly been objected that the cases are hearsay and guess-work, and therefore good for nothing. It does not even seem that the doctors weighed the patient, in any one case.

The waiter in 'Somebody's Luggage,' says that his defunct Master was possessed of one of those *unfortunate* constitutions in which spirits turns to water, and rises (dropsically) in the ill-starred victim.' But Dr. Inman's friends are more fortunate, for they possess those fortunate constitutions (on his theory) in which either 'spirits and water turn to food and flesh, blood, body, and brain;' or spirit turns those usually wasting and plastic elements of vital organism into a kind of lithonomic substance that suffers no change, but approximates to the spiritual and immortal tabernacle—a true philosopher's stone. Cock-and-bull stories like these of Dr. Inman have no value in science, and must take their place with the incredible tales of seven years' trances, and other vulgar superstitions and collusions.

The 'British Medical Journal' for September 13, gives the case of S. L., of whom it is said that at the age of eighty-two her strength failed, and her appetite nearly left her. She was persuaded to try and take small pieces of bread and butter, or a little soft biscuit, with brandy-and-water, having herself endeavoured to relieve a general feeling of uneasiness and sinking by taking small doses of laudanum. The laudanum (which she preferred) and the brandy were increased in quantity, until each week witnessed her taking upwards of two pints of laudanum and upwards of two gallons of brandy. These large quantities continued to be used weekly during several of the last months of her life. Her illness began about the latter end of the summer of 1828, and she died in June, 1830. For some months before her death she took no food whatever. She wasted, of course, to extreme attenuation.

This case, now, we can so far understand as to place within the circle of credibility. A very aged woman, kept warm, narcotized, and still in bed, will suffer the minimum of wear and tear; and we know that persons in middle life may be shut up in an avalanche of snow for thirteen days, and yet live; but when, on hearsay evidence, we are asked to believe in such medical Munchausens as Drs. Inman and Anstie are pleased to publish for the delectation of the tipling world, we are forced to exclaim—'Hold, enough!'

The 'Cornhill' has recently revived the old traveller's tales concerning the South American coca-eaters, who are said to live, in health and strength, upon a chewed leaf, and to carry this on, without wasting, for many weeks. What a happy thing a supply

supply of coca-leaf would prove in the present distress in Lancashire! If the wonders alleged be true, one wonders why so cheap a remedy has not been adopted. A bag of leaves would feed a county, according to Mr. G. H. Lewes!

After all, what is the germ of truth at the bottom of these exaggerated facts? We conceive it to rest here. Great drinkers undoubtedly do retard waste by reducing life; while, at the same time, they imbibe some form of food (especially in rum, wine, and ale)—the ‘remains’ of the substance out of which the drink was made—besides a vast quantity of water, which, so to speak, circulates and economizes every fragment of available nutrition in the system. But the doing, for months and years, without food, or with next to none, is pure fudge. Now, accepting this modification of the facts, what should be our judgment? What is Dr. Inman’s? We must recall the language of M. Velpeau, in addressing his Clinical class:—‘We judge of facts by the lamp of our intelligence; and this lamp is sometimes too small, sometimes too great, and is always fitted with glasses which modify the objects more or less; and then, as facts have many faces, we often see only that face of them which pleases us. Difficult, indeed, is the interpretation of facts.’* For our part, we see no proof of tobacco, alcohol, and opium being food in the mere circumstance that they all ‘satisfy,’ or rather, silence ‘hunger’ for the time. To tell a starving operative that you will feed him with a good dinner, and then present him with a paper of tobacco as the fulfilment or equivalent of the promise, would surely be regarded as the bitterest mockery. It would not be even true that it ‘acts like solid food,’ for it acts in a way distinctly different. Dr. Inman, indeed, says of his cases, that as ‘it is illogical to conclude that they lived on air,’ they must have lived on alcohol. Now, in truth, logic has nothing to do with this matter of fact at all—can, indeed, draw no inference whatever, on one side or the other. And as a fact, *à priori*, we cannot conceive why the body cannot avail itself of the innocent nitrogen, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, water, and salts of the atmosphere, for building up its own structure, as much as of alcohol, which is a volatile and burning spirit containing but three of the co-essential and complex elements of food. In truth, however, the body cannot live on air, or water, but it can do so quite as much as it can live on tobacco, opium, coca-leaf, or alcohol. If brandy and opium are food, one does not see why the old lady whose experience has been cited should have wasted away to ‘extreme attenuation,’ since these descriptions of nutriment were so abundantly supplied. In that case, however, we are not asked to believe in the arrest of the great

* ‘Journal de Medicine.’ Paris, 1860.

law of life—which is incessant change—as in some of Dr. Inman's cases; nor are we required to believe the further paradox, that alcoholic food, which has a stronger affinity for nervous matter than any other portion of the frame, feeds the muscles, with whose composition it least assimilates, and leaves the nervous system 'thoroughly exhausted'!*

Of the articles of Dr. Anstie in the 'Medical Review,' and of their facts and reasonings, as they reappear in more popular and jaunty costume in the 'Cornhill,' we have to say, that if they are not quite so absurd as the lecture of the Liverpool physician, they are equally unsound and more mischievously sophistical. Dr. Anstie, after glancing at what he calls 'the new pretensions put forward by the teetotalers'—new only to his own ignorance—proceeds 'briefly to tell the story of the alcoholic controversy,' and contrives to mistell it in many particulars. He begins by saying that 'the physiological dogmas of the teetotalers were in flagrant contradiction with the principles established by the first scientific authorities of the day.' We will not be hyper-critical on this conjunction of 'authority' and 'principles,' but 'established principles' must, of course, be standing yet. Now we should have preferred to have them stated, since they are palpably superior to any mere 'history.' He goes on:—'Liebig, the great chemist and physiologist' (?), 'about thirty years ago propounded his famous classification of food, and reckoned alcohol as a heat-producing food. This theory had a great success'—with the theorizing doctors. Our readers know all about it. Dr. Lees refuted it in his 'History of Alcohol,' published in March, 1843, shortly after it was propounded—which was not 'thirty,' but only 'twenty' years ago. Historians of controversy ought to be more careful about their dates.

'Practical evidence,' says Dr. Anstie, 'seemed to speak in its favour. Dr. Todd's practice contributed to establish a conviction of the truth of Liebig's doctrine. Patients suffering under acute disease, for days unable to take anything but alcohol, recovered with scarcely any emaciation. The inference seemed plain—the alcohol had united with the oxygen, and prevented it from feeding upon the tissues.' Dr. Anstie abstains from recording the fact that one out of every four of the patients of Dr. Todd so treated—died; and that the cure killed the Doctor himself, as well as Mr. Hindley, the Member for Ashton. We might mention greater names—but refrain. When Dr. Anstie says that some of the

* 'Alcohol,' says Dr. Anstie, 'possesses a peculiar affinity for the nervous system, and tends to collect itself in that part of the body.' So that, where this remarkable food goes in greatest excess, it leaves the system most in ruin! 'The nervous tissue,' says he, 'has some strange attraction for it'—yet it allows this system to become most attenuated!

'followers of Dr. Todd unfortunately quite mistook his principles, and went to the absurd length of investing brandy with the character of a specific against almost every disease,' he utters a bitter satire upon his profession; for that is precisely the way in which eight out of every ten of them still look upon alcohol. Here we note the fact, then, that Liebig, Todd, and the whole herd of their followers, fell into all kinds of illogical inferences and pernicious practices, simply because they did not know what a real proof was, and could not distinguish between 'seeming' and 'science.' Dr. Todd, it appears, regarded alcohol as an arrester of waste, not as nourishment; yet we frankly admit that, while wrong in the theory on which he accounted for the effect, he might possibly be right in his practice; for if alcohol did not protect the body from the action of oxygen by using it up, it might, as an anæsthetic agent, lessen the vital reaction of the tissues, and thus indirectly diminish waste. But, on the other hand, it is certain that this exciter of nervous action vindicates the law of waste, as we have seen, by leaving the nervous system first exhausted. Our knowledge of history, and our observation of life, equally attest the fact, that the moderate use of narcotics tends to their excessive use. If there be any 'principles established' at all in medicine, this is one. Dr. Anstie, however, boldly denies its truth. He declares that alcohol (and we suppose he will say the same of tobacco opium, coca, hashish, etc.) has no tendency to create an appetite for itself, taken regularly and moderately, and that the same quantity will continue to produce the same effect! If this be so, then indeed we must needs grant that the first action of these agents in no respect differs from the first action of food; for were they to produce an abnormal activity of the tissue, they would necessarily lessen its vital reaction, and consequently induce the necessity of a stronger stimulus (*i. e.* either an intenser agent, or an increased dose of the former), in order to establish the same degree of reaction. The 'Cornhill' (p. 707) correctly states that 'no force can originate otherwise than by devolution from some pre-existing force.*' Now the clear corollary from this principle is, that unless alcohol, opium, coca, etc., in the devolution of force pre-existing in tissue, act like food in rebuilding the structure, they must of course leave it weaker; and it is impossible to

* On a third perusal of Dr. Anstie's article, we do find a crude sort of rule for the right or moderate use of alcohol. It occurs in connexion with disease, but we do not see why it should not likewise serve for our dietetic discrimination:—'The moment the faintest symptom of intoxication appears, we may be sure' (if we know the symptom) 'that the further use of this agent would be injurious,' (p. 715). In plain English, drink to the borders of drunkenness, and then stop like a calm philosopher, full of self-control, not of wine! Need we say how impossible such a canon is; and how dangerous, if possible?

reduce the one factor of reaction without necessitating an increase of the other. Diminish the susceptibility, and you *must* increase the stimulant, is certainly an undeniably 'established principle,' which Dr. Anstie's verbal theory would in vain deny. Fact, however, utterly upsets the impudent fiction; for thousands of persons have found that after abstaining from a moderate use of tobacco or wine for a time, and again recurring to the use, the same quantity produces a more sensible effect. It is therefore untrue, what is stated by Dr. Anstie, that the daily 'elevation of the nervous force will subside, leaving matters as they were before the dose' (p. 711). After all, we must give him the benefit of his own inconsistencies, for we find him, in his paper on Tobacco, recommending that noxious weed, on the ground 'that smoking is a direct preservative from the danger of becoming entangled in drinking habits.'

Dr. Anstie contends, perhaps rightly, that all the symptoms of drunkenness—even the display of passion and violence—when the moral sense becomes first paralyzed, and leaves the brutal propensities in full play, are signs of 'depression,' not of true 'excitement.' Speaking of the confused and clouded memory of the drinker, he says, 'the operation of chloroform is, in many respects, similar to that of alcohol given in large doses.' We do not find any specific description of the dose that is not poisonous; but 'a radical distinction' is asserted between the two. Are we, then, to conceive of the matter thus:—That the action of alcohol upon living tissue is 'a pure stimulant' if the dose be two dessert-spoonfuls mingled with twenty of water, but 'poisonous' diluted with a dozen? Or that a single dose is innocent when operating between ten and four o'clock, but a second dose very noxious when taken at half-past three? Are we to believe that the tissues have an instinct which teaches them to discriminate these accidents and degrees of distinction? and that they treat their visitor Alcohol, not according to his essential nature, but according to the company he keeps, or the time that he calls?

Dr. Anstie next attempts to confuse the broad distinctions of language between food, medicine, and poison, by telling us that they cannot be separated 'by rigid lines'! At certain obscure points perhaps not; but is that any reason why we should ignore the plainest and widest distinctions? In the chain of being, there are links undoubtedly where it is hard to determine whether the creature is plant or animal; but shall we therefore confuse our common-sense by refusing to distinguish between beets and bats, cows and cabbages, radishes and rats? It may be difficult for Dr. Anstie to define the difference between an old woman's simples and his own recipes, but the veriest simpleton could not fail to discriminate between the things. This controversy does
not

not hinge upon absolute definitions, their perfection or imperfection, but upon the broad experiences and plain facts of life.

At last we stumble upon a small fragment of common sense.

'Acute disease,' says Dr. Austic, 'till quite lately figured itself to the imagination of medical men as some strong Demon, which possessed the bodies of men; a demon which required to be chastised. Now we know but too well, that all disease means "something less than life." The result of this discovery—' (which teetotalers have been preaching from the beginning)—'has been, that physicians have turned' (from their old 'established' fancies?) (I.) To the remedies which promise to aid nutrition . . . substances such as cod-liver oil and steel, which act absolutely in the same way as common foods, by becoming formed into tissues of the body.' (p. 714.)

After this severe exposure of the medical 'authorities' of whom Dr. Anstie made so much at starting,—men who have slaughtered thousands by the rules of an imaginary system—we expected the demonstration to follow, that alcohol does aid nutrition, by becoming flesh, bone, or tissue. Instead of that, he runs off into another series of quibbles and quiddities. So far, then, he has just proved, in his confused manner, not that Food is poison, or Poison food, but that the best medicines (so called) are really tissue-forming food! Cod-liver oil and steel, to some extent, no doubt, are assimilated in the organism, and therefore are purely food, not poison in part, food in part, and physic in part.

As to the definition of Medicine, we agree with Dr. Markham, in the 'British Medical Journal,' that 'remedies produce, and are given to produce, an abnormal action: the very term Medicinal indicates disease.' If drugs have only the same relation to the structures as beef, why not give beef? If you have no 'ailment' to heal, why prescribe 'medicine'? Where there is no disease, there needs no doctor. But Dr. Anstie goes on to speak of the other half of medicines, besides those that 'stick to the ribs,' or form the blood.

'Or (II.) Such as Arsenic, Mercury, Iodine, and the like; (III.) Sedatives including opium, the whole object of which is to preserve the integrity of the nervous system; (IV.) The various Exciters of secretion, by which we endeavour to carry off those effete portions of the body which, by their retention, interfere with the nutritive effects of the new materials. *Queer food* it is, that doctors give their patients! One of the most deadly poisons is, in small doses, an excellent tonic, namely, Arsenic. [Hence,] there seems to be a radical difference, and not merely one of degree, between the effects of large and of small doses of alcohol.' (p. 714.)

We have not been able to detect any proof of this; and the illustrations about other drugs than alcohol do not in the least render the assertion more plausible. Dr. Anstie, we observe, is also shifting the point at issue, which is not the distinction between poisons and medicines, but between those jointly and food. He has, however, accumulated evidence against himself, for his second, third, and fourth classes of medicine, are, by his own description,

tion, totally unlike food in their action, and do not make blood, flesh, or nerve. The same reasons why we should not, in any moderately normal state, use arsenic, mercury, and iodine, to preternaturally excite the tissues; or excretory stimulants to increase the work of the eliminating organs; or sedatives to lower the purifying functions, or retard the intimate nutritive changes which are always transpiring,—would equally lead a wise man to avoid alcohol, which first wastes power, and then depresses the nervous system, thereby at once arresting vital action and retaining effete matter.

Dr. Anstie asserts, what is quite true, that in the depressed condition of the system in inflammatory and febrile diseases, the nervous system allows of the use of large measures of alcohol *without any sensible excitement*, or reaction. But mark the illogical inference which is drawn:—

‘The very fact that the “poison-line” of alcohol can be shifted by an alteration in the state of bodily health, is, to my mind, one of the strongest confirmations of the theory that there is a radical distinction between the effect of large and small doses. So long as there is any need for alcohol in the system, it will fail to intoxicate.’ (p. 715.)

Well, this proof is as strong as anything our logician has advanced. We concede its relative strength; but what now is its absolute worth? Can anything, indeed, be more helplessly puerile? We have in our own experience often seen the ‘food-line’ of mutton shifted by an alteration in the state of our bodily health, so that what the stomach digested one day, it repudiated a few days later, even in lesser quantity. Were we, therefore, ever so witless as to conclude that this fact of alteration in one of the factors of a joint effect, was, to our weak mind, ‘one of the strongest confirmations of the theory that there is a radical distinction between the effect of large and small doses’ of mutton chop?

We have already laid it down as a law, which admits of no exception, that to lessen the vital energy, which is one of the factors of ‘reaction,’ is to necessitate an increase in the stimulant applied, in order to reproduce the original degree of reaction. In great loss of blood, where the nervous system is at once deprived of its natural excitant and restorer, this law is plainly observable. Dr. Anstie thus explains it, and in so doing at once records sound teetotal doctrine, and refutes his own dogma, that alcohol is food, and that stimulus is strength.

‘The nervous system, the very centre and basis of the vital functions, has been drained of blood and exhausted of force, and unless it be quickly restored to its wonted activity, life must cease. Under these circumstances, the rapid absorption of a substance, which, like Alcohol, has a special proclivity towards the nervous system, is precisely the best means for reviving the failing circulation in the nervous centres, and upholding the powers of life [*i. e.* keeping the machinery going] until the body can be supplied with its ordinary Nutriment in sufficient quantity to restore the condition of healthy nutrition.’ (p. 715.)

When we resume the examination of some current fallacies in a future number, we shall enter more fully into the whole philosophy of the action of medicines; but we must here anticipate a few passages of a second article in the '*Cornhill Magazine*,' which we cannot just now pursue through all its mazes of error. Amongst other strange things, Dr. Anstie contends that in acute disease it is only the free use which is exempt from 'the danger of a craving for alcohol being generated.' So that now, in acute disease, the moderate use has a tendency which is denied to exist in health! The following passage seems to be written in good faith; otherwise, from its matter, we might well have suspected it to be an ironical parody:—

'It is idle to appeal to a set of imperfect chemical or physiological experiments, and to decide on their evidence that we ought to call alcohol a medicine, or a poison, but not a food. In the name of common sense, why should we retain these ridiculous distinctions for any other purpose than to avoid catastrophes? If it be well understood that a glass of good wine will relieve a man's depression and fatigue sufficiently to enable him to digest his dinner, and that a pint of gin taken at once will probably kill him stone dead, why haggle about words? On the part of the medical profession, I think I may say that we have long since begun to believe that those medicines which really *do* benefit our patients, act in one way or another as foods, and that some of the most decidedly poisonous substances are those which offer, in the form of small doses, the strongest example of a true food action. (!) On the part of alcohol, then, I venture to claim, that though we all acknowledge it to be a poison, if taken during health, in any but quite restricted doses, it is also a most valuable medicine-food. I am obliged to declare that the chemical evidence is as yet insufficient to give any complete explanation of its exact manner of acting upon the system; but that the practical facts are as striking as they could well be, and that there can be no mistake about them.'

Amidst all this extravagance, Dr. Anstie naïvely confesses the important truth, that he is ignorant of the manner in which alcohol acts upon the system. How then can he call it food? Are we really ignorant of the history and action of food? If the French, German, and English experiments on alcohol are so 'imperfect,' where, in physiology, will you find any worth notice? In truth, however, Dr. Anstie does not believe himself. He has not ventured to say, anywhere, that alcohol is turned into tissue. He has not adduced a single experiment capable of proving the fact. The nearest approach to this position concerns the compound 'beer.' He takes the case of a labouring man, drinking a quart of beer daily, and quotes Liebig as to the economy of using alcohol. He says the beer-drinker eats less; and then puts forward this dilemma: 'Either the appetite is morbidly depressed by the alcohol, or the beer is itself a nutriment.'* It might be both, without at all bringing the conclusion that the alcohol in the beer is the nutriment. Dr. Anstie must be aware that he has not a single fact

* Mr. Potto Brown, of Houghton, a very large farmer, says:—'I sometimes weigh my abstainers before harvest, and find that they lose less weight than the beer-drinkers.'

which logically, or scientifically, establishes his dogma—a dogma with which even his own language is perpetually at variance. He cannot fix upon any particular quantity, or period, that makes the difference between alcohol food and alcohol poison. He concedes that $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of alcohol in the form of rum, makes a decidedly poisonous breakfast. 'Queer food,' indeed! He says, 'there is no doubt that in excessive doses, alcohol, if it be food at all, is a very bad one,' and strange to say, all his grand examples are cases of excessive doses. He thus states the action of this alleged food:—

'A great many tavern-waiters and potmen live almost entirely upon drink, and rarely get intoxicated in a high degree. They eat almost no solid food. A considerable proportion succumb, in from a few months to two or three years, to diseases of which the starting-point is mal-nutrition—degeneration of tissue.'

A result of food quite unaccountable! Granting that 'a minority drag on a sodden and degraded existence, some of them to an advanced age'—what is the inference? Why does Dr. Anstie shrink from naming his conclusion? Will he dare to stultify his reputation by saying that he even believes that alcohol is transmuted into tissue? Will he tell us why the body can use one ounce, or one pint per day, to that end, and not two? Will he try to give a meaning to his words, and tell us what he supposes can possibly determine the tissues to make all the selective discriminations really involved in his terms 'use' and 'abuse'? Dr. Anstie's verbiage will be best tried by putting it to the concrete test. For example, let *a* represent 'use,' *b* slight excess, and *c* much excess. Does the action of the tissues suddenly change when the first portion of *b* enters the circulation, and again when *c* is introduced? Does a bit of muscle reject an atom of alcohol which came with *b*, and persist in looking out for the innocent atoms of dose *a*? Again, if *b* does mischief, and *c* is positive poison, what shall we say to the man who lived (according to Dr. Anstie) on a bottle of gin per day? No explanation can be given, as in fact none is required, since Dr. Anstie does not pretend that alcohol is food in the accepted sense of that word. He therefore speaks of 'alcohol acting as food in *some other way* than that of transformation,' which is a sophistical way of saying, 'food that acts in some other way than food!' The hard necessities of his argument compel him to attempt a new definition of food, so as to include narcotism—'anything which will keep the body from perishing so quickly as it otherwise must'—on which principle the mesmeric trance, or sleep, or opium, or contracted ventilation, would all become food! And after all, hear the miserable conclusion reached by all this prostitution of mental power in advocacy of the drinking system: 'For all we know to the contrary, the constant presence of a small residuum of alcohol in the

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tissues

tissues, particularly of the nervous system, may be as great a necessity for the fullest health under the circumstances of civilized life,' as the constant presence of water! Truly,

'A tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.'

In our analysis of the fallacies of Drs. Inman and Anstie, we have had in view hitherto the exposure of sophisms which might in common have a pernicious practical effect upon the weak and ill-informed reader; but we would desire to make a distinction between the two doctors in another relation. Dr. Inman goes astray from sheer philosophical incompetency; from dabbling in matters for which his mental capacity and training both unfit him. He blunders naturally, and will never do either better or worse. Dr. Anstie is a younger man, of a higher type, and his errors, though partly traceable to the love of paradox, and the weak ambition of propounding novelties, are chiefly due to a false intellectual bias. It is in this respect that his example may serve as a useful warning. He is the victim of what is called in the history of philosophy—the metaphysical method. As the Berkleyans, Kantists, and Hegelians have so long been lost in the dreams of idealism, eclipsing the facts of consciousness by the thick veil of dialectical phrases and logical antinomies, ignoring every realistic basis for positive truth in the region of physiological and psychological fact—a field fruitful in result to such inquirers as Morgan, Müller, Hall, Carpenter, Morell, Spencer, Laycock, and Brown-Sequard,—so Dr. Anstie has sought, with a painful ingenuity, to shroud the clear facts of life in a fog of verbal generalizations and a mist of abstract definitions. Herbert Spencer has clearly foreshadowed the course of mental inquiry on the basis of fact—has not only indicated how the laws of intelligence run parallel with those of the vital and nervous forces—but traced the actual genetic process from the rudimental, instinctive, preconscious elements of the soul up to the most complex acts involved in reason. Now, were Dr. Anstie to argue that there was no difference between motion, instinct, and thought, because in the development of mind there was a step, a link, a moment, which evaded definition, and refused to be brought under the 'rigid' formula of abstract phrases, that philosopher would very justly turn away in silent pity. Again, no one has ever yet given a definition of 'life' that will, logically, hold water. Bichât, Schelling, Coleridge, Lewes, Spencer, have all tried, and have all signally failed. What then? Would any but a fool deny the fact of 'life,' because the phrase cannot be accurately and perfectly defined? Who can tell where 'matter' ends and 'mind' begins? Are we, therefore, to say that one never ends, and the other never commences? Is our imperfect power of notation—our inadequate expression of natural distinctions

distinctions—to be made an instrument for confusing thought and inducing universal scepticism? We may serviceably quote, for Dr. Anstie's benefit, a piece of advice recently given by an eloquent writer in the 'Saturday Review' to those dreamers who seek truth by the broad *à priori* path which so surely leads to Utopia :—

'The only escape from the scepticism to which all purely metaphysical systems have inevitably come round, lies through getting out of the vicious circle of verbal quibbling, and the barren logomachy of dialectics, into the clear, open region of natural fact and observation.'

Whenever Dr. Anstie shall break the net of his own definitions, by which he is now hampered and entangled, and come into the open field of temperance Fact, he will learn that the best and highest as well as the rudest and roughest work of life, goes on with greater ease and perfection, and that life itself, as proved by infallible statistics, is of more value and tenacity when conducted upon the method of the teetotaler, than upon that of the most careful drinker of intoxicants. The subtle, wondrous skill of a Blondin, the tremendous 'milling' of a Sayers, the lofty achievements of a Garibaldi, all render loyal tribute to the truth of the temperance doctrine, that alcohol disturbs, not strengthens our human frame and human faculties.

ART. VI.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

IT is impossible to write even the briefest record of the social events of the past quarter without lending direct and almost absorbing attention to that great national calamity, the 'Cotton Famine.' It is true that Lancashire and some other parts of the country are feeling the pressure of this tremendous deprivation of one of the great staple articles of commerce and manufacture; but throughout the whole kingdom, by the force of human sympathy and the law of brotherhood, the hearts of all true Britons are touched with tender considerations, prompting to noble and generous deeds of Christian philanthropy, to alleviate the weight of misery and want. Relief Funds are being raised, and Relief Committees have been formed in all directions, and with every possible ingenuity of philanthropic zeal and devotion all ranks and classes are co-operating in this godlike effort to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and

warm the shivering unemployed. Of the poor suffering operatives we cannot write in terms of commendation and eulogy too emphatic. Their conduct, as a whole, has been beyond praise, and has done more to elicit the generous and full-handed contributions of the considerate and benevolent, than any other circumstance connected with this great national affliction. And the manufacturers themselves, notwithstanding their vast losses in capital and plant unemployed, have, as a body, done nobly. Many of them are among the most munificent contributors to the Relief Funds, and others are magnanimously undertaking the charge of feeding and sustaining the whole of their workpeople, in some cases amounting to several thousands. Sewing classes for the female factory workers have been instituted, schools and reading-rooms have been opened for youths and men, and free lectures, musical entertainments, &c. are provided

vided and sustained by private contributions for the benefit of the unemployed. In view of all these ameliorating agencies, we are almost tempted to be thankful for the affliction. Out of this great distress have been evolved sympathy and love, which are welding the hearts of the people together, and preparing for higher and nobler developments of social order and national character. As one instance out of thousands that might be recorded, we adduce the following noble example of princely beneficence :—

‘Sir Elkanah Armitage, of Manchester, has fed and clothed the whole of his workpeople, some 1200 in number, ever since the mills have been closed, and intends to do so as long as the necessity may last. He has been heard to say, “I will share my property with my distressed workpeople as long as I have a shilling left; this is my special mission, and as I do not ask the public to give one penny to any who have been in my employ, but to take the whole burden on myself, so it will account for no large sum appearing against my name in the subscription list.”’

At a county meeting held in the Town Hall, Manchester, on the 2nd December, under the presidency of the Earl of Sefton, the Lord Lieutenant, an additional sum of about 70,000*l.* was subscribed to the Relief Fund, the Earl of Derby heading the list with 5,000*l.* The Earl of Crawford, who had given most liberally in his own neighbourhood, subscribed 2,000*l.*; Lord Sefton, Lord Egerton of Tatton, Mr. J. P. Heywood, Messrs. Rathbone Brothers, each 2,000*l.* The American Chamber of Commerce gave 1,000*l.*, as also did Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Colonel J. Wilson Patten, M.P., and Messrs. Wrigley and Son. The total amount of contributions, up to that date, omitting the Lord Mayor of London’s fund, was 540,000*l.*, of which sum 40,000*l.* had been contributed by the colonies, 100,000*l.* by the whole of the United Kingdom outside of Lancashire, and 400,000*l.* by Lancashire itself. This is in addition to the direct and private disbursements of the mill-owners and others, of which no accurate estimate can be given, although there can be no doubt that these exceed all that is being done by other means. Many are the deeds of charity that will be unregistered and unrecognized, except in the records of Heaven,

to be disclosed only at the great day, when it will be said, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.’ In his admirable speech, the Earl of Derby said :—

‘I have pointed to the noble conduct which must make us proud of our countrymen in the manufacturing districts; and another feeling which I am sure will not disappoint the country is, that those blest with wealth and fortune will regard this moment as providentially given to enable them to show their sympathy, their practical, active, earnest sympathy with the sufferings of their poorer brethren, and with God’s blessing, used, as I trust the opportunity will be, and as it has been, it may be a link to bind together more closely than ever the various classes in this great community (cheers), showing that the poor have a claim, not only to their money, but to their sympathy, and satisfying the poor also that the rich are not overbearing, grinding tyrants, but men like themselves, who have a heart to feel for suffering, and as prompt to use the means which God has given them for the relief of that suffering. (Loud cheers).’ His lordship gave statistics of the extent of the distress, and said that of 335,000 persons engaged in the different manufactures in the districts, 40,000 were in full work, 135,000 on short work, and 180,000 out of work altogether. This number, he added, was likely to be greatly increased in the ensuing six weeks. The poor-rate pressure is increasing, and, in some places, is becoming exceedingly heavy. At Ashton, it is already up to 19*s.* in the pound. Small shopkeepers and owners of cottage property let to the operatives are feeling the distress very acutely, and deserve some consideration and relief.

A return issued December 5th presents a comparison of the pauperism of the two counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, conjointly, in each of the weeks of October, 1861 and 1862. To show the progress of the distress the following figures will suffice :—In the first week of October of this year, as compared with the corresponding week of October, 1861, the increase of pauperism was equal to 164·65 per cent.; second week, 173·11 per cent.; third week, 185·84 per cent.; fourth week, 199·69 per cent.; fifth week, 210·42 per cent.

cent. This is an alarming and rapid increase. On the first day of the fifth week of October, 1862, the number of out-door paupers relieved in the two counties was 233,995; corresponding day of preceding year, 66,359.

There is still another aspect of this great question of distress that we must not overlook. But few of our journalists, statisticians, statesmen, and public men will speak out on the connection between 'drink and distress;' and yet it is well known to them all that it is owing to the drinking habits of the operatives, that such a vast majority of them have no reserve fund to fall back upon; but as soon as employment fails, are plunged into dire distress, being destitute of food and necessary clothing. The few articles they have had have been taken to the pawn shop, and portions of the proceeds have been often absorbed for gin, beer, and tobacco. Again, it is well known that much of the relief money finds its way to the gin-shop and the beer-house. Were it not for this fatal propensity the work of the Relief Committee would be greatly simplified and very considerably lessened. The sober and thrifty workman can be easily aided, and may be safely relieved with cash. Not so the man who has the habit of spending his hours and his earnings at the drinkdens. He is the first to clamour for charity; and unless closely watched he will deceive even those who administer the funds contributed by the public, many of whom give out of slender and decreasing capital, and have to deny themselves of many harmless luxuries and needful comforts, in order to be able to aid the suffering poor. No doubt, very many of the distressed operatives have learnt, and are learning, a severe but salutary lesson; and are now shunning their former drinking haunts, and breaking off their drinking habits. And we doubt not but that the lesson learnt in adversity's stern school—that the drink appetite can be subdued, will, in some cases, remain when better times and brighter days come round. Where this shall be the case, how many will have reason to rejoice because of the discipline of sorrow, and to thank God for an apparently adverse dispensation! And ought not the general community to learn a grand lesson of self-denial in respect to an unnecessary and hurtful indulgence, the cost of which exceeds

the total amount of the national taxation, and the nation's disbursements for charity and relief? This point has not been altogether overlooked; it has been put forward prominently by the United Kingdom Alliance, in an excellent 'Address to the distressed operatives,' in which they say:—

'By abstaining from these liquors you are deprived of nothing useful. You know this as well as any class of the community. You are convinced that they are unnecessary either for health or true happiness; and that if the sale were entirely prohibited, it would be better for you every way—physically, morally, and commercially.'

In an address to the upper and middle classes, the Alliance asks the pertinent question—'What do you think of this liquor traffic, in view of these times and circumstances?' and concludes with the following appeal:—

'You are the governing classes of the country. From the laws your representatives have enacted, Lancashire alone has 15,000 liquor-shops, in which much of the wages of the operatives has been and even now is squandered. From a Parliamentary return, dated July, 1861, we find in this county 6,378 houses licensed by the magistrates, and 8,467 beer-houses licensed by the Excise, under the Beer Act of 1830. Taking these figures and estimating the receipts of each beer-shop at five shillings per day, and of the spirit-vaults and public-houses at an average of a pound per day, we have upwards of 60,000*l.* per week expended in Lancashire alone, in the impoverishment and degradation of the people. This is a startling sum to be wasted weekly, whilst the entire nation, and even the world, are appealed to for help. Is it not time this licensed system of temptation and demoralization should be grappled with? It is sapping the resources of the people. It is even now in the cotton manufacturing districts absorbing tens of thousands of pounds weekly, relief money amongst the rest; and we have once more a corroboration of Mr. Recorder Hill's statement, that "Whatever steps we take, and into whatever direction we may strike, the Drink-demon starts up before us and blocks the way."

'We plead, therefore, with all classes to discountenance both the use and sale of intoxicating drinks, and to assist in obtaining the power for the inhabitants

of each district, to prohibit the sale whenever they may so determine.'

The Rev. Canon Stowell, M.A., in his speech at the great meeting of the Alliance in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in alluding to this topic, gave the following manly and Christian utterance :—

'We must get rid of the temptation, banish the system, and sweep the snares away. They are disgraces to our country. It is strange that our Government should not see their duty in this great matter. We read that the pelican—perhaps it is fabulous—tears her own breast to distil her blood that she may nourish her offspring; but our own beloved land is reversing the picture, and instead of giving her own blood to nourish her young, is enriching her revenue by the life-blood of her children. A more suicidal act it is scarcely possible to conceive. It is revenue solely that they want? Why, I would pledge myself that in ten years after they have passed this Act (the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance), they will get five times more revenue, and get it, not from the demoralization and degradation, the ruin, temporally and spiritually, of persons, the noble working classes, but by their

elevation, dignity, moral majesty, and by their Christianity. Then would the trade of the country be in all the legitimate materials of social comfort; our shoemakers and tailors would be engaged; then we should have no coats out of the elbows, and no stockings undarned, and no children barefoot or in clogs, but all have good comfortable shoes, and husband, and wife, and children decently clad. Why, the revenue would come in tenfold, because of the increase of legitimate traffic and commerce.'

The London 'Spectator,' in one of its recent articles, on the Lancashire Distress and the Relief Fund, showed that its editorial eyes are being opened to the Drink-demon and his ravages, and significantly remarked that 'one-fifth of the national drink-money' would extinguish the distress that is now being endured in the cotton manufacturing district. Truly, the sum of one and a half million saved from drink and given to relieve distress, would be a munificent and ample supply, and like true charity, such a stream of benevolence would be thrice blessed, enriching those who give as much as or more than those who receive.

ART. VII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *The Governess; or, The Missing Pencil Case, and the Country Churchyard.* By the Rev. J. T. Barr.
The Two Apprentices. By the Rev. J. T. Barr.
Leaflets of the Law of Kindness, for Children. Edited by Elihu Burritt.
Ada Malcolm. By Elizabeth Morpeth.
Old Oscar, The Faithful Dog. By H. G. Reid.
Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes. By the Rev. T. H. Walker.
Winnowed Grain; or, Selections from the Addresses of the Rev. J. Denham Smith.
John Hobbs: A Tale of British India. By George Draco.
 London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.
2. *Report of the Proceedings of the General Sunday School Convention, held in London, 1862.* Second Edition.
The Teachers' Pocket-book and Diary for 1863.
The Introductory Class: a Plea and a Plan for the Training of Young Persons for the Teachers' Work; with a Sketch of the Proceedings of an Introductory Class. By Wm. H. Groser, F.G.S.
The Sunday School Teacher's Class Register. 1863.
The Silent Temple. A New Year's Address to Sunday School Teachers. By Wm. H. Groser, F.G.S.
The Two Streams. A New Year's Table for Sunday Scholars. By Cousin William.
 London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

3. *The Magdalen's Friend*: and Female Home's Intelligencer. A Monthly Magazine. Edited by a Clergyman.
London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, Paternoster Row.
 4. *Our Moral Relation to the Animal Kingdom*: being a Digest of the Statements of the Bible in Respect thereto. Published under the Sanction of the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., D.C.L., President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Fourth Thousand.
London: Morgan and Chase, 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.
 5. *Occasional Paper, No. 1. Special Address of the Council. Association for Promoting a Revision of the Prayer-book, and a Review of the Acts of Uniformity.*
London: 17, Buckingham Street, Adelphi.
 6. *Arbitration and a Congress of Nations*, as a Substitute for War in the Settlement of International Disputes. By John Noble, jun.
London: Henry James Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane.
 7. *The Good Samaritan. A Sermon.* By the Rev. Henry Gale, B.C.L., Rector of Treborough.
London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.
 8. *The Life-boat*; or, Journal of the National Life-boat Institution. October.
London: Wm. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street and Charing Cross.
 9. *The Baptist Magazine.* Vol. VI., No. LXXI.
London: Pewtress Brothers, 4, Ave Maria Lane.
 10. *Conscience for Christ*; or, August the Twenty-fourth. A Lecture by the Rev. Wm. Roaf, Wigan. Published by request. Illustrated.
The Model Church. By the Rev. L. B. Brown, Berwick-on-Tweed.
London: William Freeman, 102, Fleet Street.
 11. *What my Thoughts are*; or, Glimpses and Guesses of Things Seen and Unseen. Being Leaves from a Note-book, kept for a Friend.
The Secret of a Healthy Home. By Mrs. W. Fison.
London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.
 12. *A Trip to Constantinople*: The Women of Turkey; Harem Bondage; and Miss Nightingale at Scutari Hospital. By L. Dunne, late Foreman of Her Majesty's Stores at the Bosphorus.
London: J. Sheppard, 30, Rochester Row, S.W.
 13. *Supplement to the Last Missing Link*; or, Should the Laity, Men, Women, and Children, everywhere, Learn to Read the Scriptures in the Original Languages?
Cambridge: T. Dixon, Market Street.
 14. *Old Jonathan*; or, The District and Parish Helper.
Legitimacy, Citizen Kingship, and Imperialism. 1830 and 1861.
London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.
 15. *Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts*, for the Use of the Poor: an Attempt to Teach the simplest Natural Phenomena, and to Explain the Functions and Structure of the Human Body.
The Temperance Congress of 1862. Liverpool Sketches. By Hugh Shimmmin.
London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand.
1. 'THE Governess; or, the Missing Pencil Case,' is one of Mr. Partridge's charming little story-books, beautifully and copiously illustrated. The governess is a pious young lady, upon whom, through the wicked machinations of a servant, a charge of theft is fixed, inducing much suffering and loss to the victim, whose reputation is cleared only a short time before her removal to another world. The latter half of the volume is filled with another tale, 'The Country Churchyard,' by the same author.
- Another of Mr. Barr's useful little tales, 'The Two Apprentices,' gives, in modern guise, the contrast, as old as Hogarth, between apprenticed good sense and principle, and vice and folly.
- The name of Elihu Burritt is in itself a sufficient indication of the character of the 'Leaflets of the Law of Kindness,

'Kindness for Children,' of which a single sixpenny packet contains sixty-four. Each 'leaflet' is of four pages, and has in it some pleasing anecdote illustrative of the power of Christian love. A little girl in our family who has access to it is charmed with the collection, and resorts again and again to it, as to a delightful library.

An amiable heart the lady seems to have who wrote 'Ada Malcolm.' But in her tale she has placed some remarkably and outrageously old heads on certain very young shoulders. In the course of the story we find a child nine years of age addressing several short speeches to her friends whilst actually expiring in a fit of croup! These are faults of inexperience. The spirit of Ada Malcolm is excellent.

Mr. H. G. Reid, in his interesting account of 'Old Oscar,' ably seconds the work of the Animals' Friend Society.

From Mr. Walker's book on 'Servants, Wives, and Homes of the right sort,' much excellent counsel for young women is commended to easy perusal by being conveyed in connection with life-like sketches of character, all ingeniously united so as to form a continuous tale. The tone is hearty. Piety is presented, not forbiddingly, but in due conjunction with good-nature; and if in one or two passages the author's evangelical theology and dissenting polity are more strongly pronounced than some readers will care to find, this circumstance will all the more recommend his little work to readers of his own school. To add that it is brought out by Mr. Partridge in his usual style is to say all that is requisite for the excellent appearance of the volume.

'Winnowed Grain' is the title of a selection from addresses of a revivalist minister, the Rev. J. Denham Smith. Not so original and rich as the 'Life Thoughts' of Henry Ward Beecher, yet it reminds us of that book, consisting, like it, of passages jotted down by a hearer of sermons, and brought together as grains of winnowed corn are,—just as they happen to fall and lie. Occasionally we observe stray chaff in the heap, but in every page there is wheat, and the collection, as a whole, is one which would undoubtedly delight any earnestly pious mind of the 'evangelical' school. It is excellently printed, and very neatly bound.

'John Hobbs' is a story honoured

with a preface by Archdeacon Jeffreys, who not only certifies it to be a beautiful and well-told tale, but adds that the principal characters are real, and some of the leading events fact, not fiction. The design of the narrative is to commend total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. It is a tale of British India, and a sprinkling of such words as 'bungalow,' 'qui hi,' 'chillum,' 'sahib,' and 'panee,' assist to give it local colour. Readers who do not dislike features like these, and to whom occasional long didactic passages are no obstacle, will find the book both interesting and profitable.

2. Of the works in our list published by the Sunday School Union we can speak unreservedly in the language of praise. The most important one is the report of the proceedings of the great 'General Sunday School Convention,' held in London in September, 1862. We are pleased to find that already this is in its second edition. It is impossible to open it at any part without being impressed with the great abundance and value of the suggestions which every earnest Sunday-school teacher who studies the volume must feel render it a perfect treasury of good counsel for his own use. It ought to be in the possession of every one who attempts to impart religious instruction to the young. The report occupies 244 closely-printed pages, and there is something to be really grateful for in almost every page.

The 'Teachers' Pocket-Book and Diary' for 1863 is a very useful article for the pocket. It contains an address to teachers, a list of lessons for Sunday-school tuition, a register for scholars' names, residences, and attendance; tables of Scripture weights and measures; a copy of the constitution of the Sunday-School Union; lists of country unions and metropolitan auxiliaries; also the names of the officers and committee, and an account of the operations of the Union. The calendar for the year is interleaved for the entry of engagements; and, in addition, there is large space allowed for the jotting down of notes and hints, for the lessons to be taught on each Sunday in the year. And whilst there is so much to make this volume a *vade mecum* for the teacher, other matter, such as lists of bankers, eclipses, foreign coins, London exhibitions, law terms, the royal family, transfer days, &c., will enable those

those who use this pocket-book to find any other unnecessary.

The 'Class Register' for Sunday-school teachers is the most complete thing of the kind that we have met with. Its object is to assist Sunday-school teachers in the fulfilment of their important duties by giving them an easily-kept record of all particulars worthy of being remembered in connection with the *personnel* of their classes.

Mr. Groser's 'Plea and Plan for the Training of Teachers,' is the work of one evidently well acquainted with what is required for such training; and in the 'Silent Temple' he supplies an address to Sunday-school teachers which may be read with advantage at the outset of the new year.

The 'Two Streams' is an excellent new year's fable for Sunday scholars.

3. The 'Magdalen's Friend,' under the editorship of a clergyman, continues to plead the cause of a class who, too often, when penitent, find no helpers. It pleads earnestly and well. We are sorry to find that if no strong effort be made to save it, it is likely to cease. Such a result would be much to be deplored.

4. A minute account of the attitude of the Bible in relation to the animal kingdom, with a view to urge kindlier considerations for the inferior creatures, which are so much in the hands of man to be well used or to be abused, is given in the tract entitled, 'Our Moral Relation to the Animal Kingdom.' It has reached its fourth thousand.

5. Certain alteration of the Liturgy of the Church of England, and a review of the Act of Uniformity, are recommended in the publications numbered 5 upon our list.

6. Mr. Noble's essay on 'Arbitration and a Congress of Nations as a Substitute for War in the Settlement of International Disputes,' pretty nearly exhausts the subject. Would that the evil passions and the stupid blunderings of statesmen, diplomatists, and, we must add, populates, might allow so reasonable a lesson as this to be taken to heart! The time will come; meanwhile, it is well that earnest and capable men like Mr. Noble lose no opportunity of pleading the cause of that great world's federation which will assuredly become realized when the years of the world's nonage shall have died away.

7. Mr. Gale's sermon on the 'Good

Samaritan' is a straightforward, honest, and vigorous protest against the liquor traffic, preached in St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate Street, London, preparatory to the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention which was held in September. It has already, as we happen to know, had a very wide circulation in another form; and will, we hope, be still further circulated and read, now that it is attainable in the convenient form of a cheap pamphlet.

8. Who is there that will not bid God-speed to the labours of the National Life-boat Institution, which has almost surrounded the shores of these islands with apparatus for the rescue of shipwrecked mariners, and annually saved many, many lives?

10. A 'Bi-centenary Lecture,' delivered last August by the Rev. William Roaf, forms the substance of the little book entitled 'Conscience for Christ.' It has twelve good illustrations on wood, the subjects being 'The Sabbath, according to the Book of Sports,' 'The Martyrdom of Elizabeth Gaunt,' 'The Interruption of Henry Jacob's Church,' 'The Pillory, with Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton,' 'The Preaching of Owen in Parliament,' 'The Conference at the Savoy,' 'The Day of Ejection,' 'The Arrest of Richard Baxter,' 'The Arraignment of Cartwright in the Star Chamber,' 'The Death of Philip Henry,' 'The Westminster Assembly of Divines,' and 'The Assertion of Liberty by Cromwell.' This list shows from what quarter of the world of ecclesiastical controversy the wind blows in the lecture before us. The roll of the drum military is heard in it, and the blast of the challenging trumpet.

The 'Model Church,' by Mr. Brown, had birth, the writer informs us, as a prize essay; and when we state that the adjudicators were B. Scott, Esq., S. Morley, Esq., and the Rev. Professor Unwin, we sufficiently apprise readers whose sympathies are not with dissent, that they will not find the church of their own ideal depicted here. In the first chapter, the author treats of the nature, in the second of the constitution, in the third of the government, and in the fourth of the characteristics of the Christian Church from his own 'congregational' point of view. He endeavours to treat of the Church, 'not in its chequered history of eighteen hundred years, but in its primeval bloom and beauty in "New Testament times,"

times," while yet its virgin robe was unstained, and its radiant crown undimmed.' There is vigour in the treatment, and there is no shrinking from the presentation of sharp points of difference for the pricking of such readers as may incline to controversy.

11. Personal attachments, and their probable destiny after death, are the principal subjects of the 'glimpses and guesses of things seen and unseen' in the little book entitled 'What My Thoughts Are.' The style is much after the manner of Madame de Gasparin. The tone is that of a pensive intelligence yearning towards a knowledge of the things that await it hereafter, refusing to see the present life except as a vestibule to the future, and not so much cheerfully and outwardly active in God's service now, as hoping to be so by-and-by, when the mortal body shall be cast off as mere impediment. And yet, though 'the pale cast of thought' is somewhat too pale for rosy health, the sentiment is not unwholesome; the 'glimpses and guesses' are such as the most robust soul may find it good at times to essay, and the speculation, whilst claiming the right to be free, is guided and chastened by its fealty to Christian truth. We like this little book, and add it with pleasure to our library.

A lady who has won for herself the esteem of thousands by her exertions in promoting the health and well-being of members of her own sex in all ranks of life, is the author of the tract in our list which bears the mark of the Ladies' Sanitary Association. Mrs. Fison imparts herein 'the secret of a healthy home' to all who choose to explore that mystery, and does this in a plain and simple style, eminently adapted for usefulness.

12. 'A Trip to Constantinople' is, in sad truth, sad rubbish.

13. An Irishwoman is the compiler of the 'Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts.' She freely acknowledges herself indebted to sundry authorities for the facts presented, and confesses that she has 'taken words, as well as facts, and quoted literally everything which suited the subject.' Her object she explains to have been 'merely to separate simple truths from more abstruse and scientific ones.' She disclaims all desire to teach the educated, and professes to have put together what she hoped might interest

the unexercised mind, and perhaps lead to further inquiry. Examining how far she has succeeded in the accomplishment of her design, we cannot overlook a marked preference of long and hard words over short and easy ones; and this is the only fault we shall find with her work. Intended not for the educated, but for the unexercised mind, we must insist that every phrase should have been constructed as simply as possible, a point which the author would do well to bear in mind should her book fulfil our good wishes by going into other editions. When desiring to ask to what height the air is thought to reach, she inquires 'How far is the atmosphere supposed to extend?' and, throughout, there is the same disposition to avoid plain speech, although addressing the unlettered. For the rest, the book contains, in catechistic form, a large assortment of valuable statements bearing on sanitary matters, and would be found very useful by readers of a somewhat more advanced class than those to whom the writer's modesty would restrict her readers. We are glad to find that the author is a determined foe to the liquor traffic.

Were we disposed to be captious, we should object, *in limine*, to the title of the report of the Temperance Congress which Mr. Tweedie publishes. 'The Temperance Congress of 1862' might mislead one unacquainted with Temperance matters into the supposition that this was the only, or, at any rate, the only notable Temperance Convention of 1862. The report before us contains an account of the proceedings of the first assemblage in order of time, but not the first in order of rank, for which, in the Temperance annals, will the year 1862 long be conspicuous. The volume contains copies of many very excellent papers, &c., read before the August congress, and of some others to which we can by no means apply that adjective. The good, however, largely exceed the bad; and the volume is one which every ardent advocate of Temperance will find it advantageous to possess.

Mr. Shimmin's 'Liverpool Sketches' are, for the most part, very sad, and, we fear, very true. He lays bare some terrible sores on the body social. His graver essays, however, are relieved by a few of a laughable character. We would quote, but our space is exhausted.

